

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

Foreign Literature, Science, and Art

VOL. CXXXVI.
THIRD SERIES. VOL. V. }

MAY, 1901.

No. 5.

THE VICTORIAN STAGE.*

A retrospect of the English drama from the accession of Queen Victoria to the present time, aiming at a complete record of the various changes in taste and manners which society has undergone during so long an interval, and gauging the fidelity with which they have been reflected on the stage. would, it is needless to say, require a volume to itself, and one very different from any of those which stand at the head of this article. Even a much less ambitious attempt, confined to a criticism of all the best-known plays and most popular actors of the Victorian era, would be entirely beyond the scope of a Quarterly Review article. All that we propose on the present occasion is to note some of the salient points which the retrospect presents, some of the leading contrasts which it affords between the middle and the close of the Victorian era, and some of the comparisons which it suggests between the comedy of the nineteenth and the comedy of the eighteenth century.

The Victorian period of the drama

divides itself into two parts, which though they run into each other, have sufficiently distinct characteristics. Sixty years ago we find the "legitimate drama" struggling to hold its own against opera, burlesque, and melodrama. Some good pieces were produced, but they did not represent the real life of the period, or "take" with society as the new drama has taken. "London Assurance" is a conspicuous example of this defect, and betrays a total absence of that social knowledge which the author, when it was written, had enjoyed few opportunities of acquiring. The talk of the servants is even more absurd than it is in Sheridan's plays, of which indeed "London Assurance" is an obvious imitation. But it may be doubted whether the dramatists of that day aimed at producing anything like real life, like what they themselves saw either in private life or at their clubs and taverns. Now there was a reason at that time why this did not affect their popularity. During the twenty years that passed from about 1830 to 1850 the

*1. The Drama of Yesterday and To-day. By Clement Scott. Two vols. London: Macmillan, 1899.

2. Dramatic Criticism. By J. T. Grein. London: John Long, 1899.

3. Nights at the Play. By Dutton Cook. Two vols. London: Chatto and Windus, 1883.

4. Some Notable Hamlets of the Present Time. By Clement Scott. London: Greening, 1900.

5. Helena Faucit (Lady Martin). By Sir Theodore Martin. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1900.

stage was gradually losing its hold upon the fashionable world; and the majority of play-goers neither knew nor cared whether the scenes set before them professing to represent that world were true to nature or not. It was sufficient that they were thoroughly amusing. Those who were satisfied with Sir Mulberry Hawk, Lord Frederick Verisopht, and Old Wardle, as types of the Kentish squire or the London rake, men whom you might meet at any time in a country manor house or a West End club, would not enquire very particularly whether such men as Sir Charles Coldstream, Alfred Evelyn, or Sir Harcourt Courtley, really lived and moved in English society. They paid for a good laugh, and they got their money's worth.

Now in most of the comedies of the eighteenth century, certainly in the best, the author does intend to hold the mirror up to nature, and to reproduce the society of his own day. It must be allowed that that society was easier to reproduce than our own. It was easier then for the actor who was not to the manner born to put on the outward semblance of a gentleman than it has been since. Dress and demeanor went much further, and there was less room for observing the little niceties of behavior which now distinguish a gentleman or a lady from one who is neither. In Bulwer's "Paul Clifford," the highwaymen passed muster very well in the Assembly Room at Bath, save that one of the party talked and laughed a little too loudly. To be properly dressed, to know how to wear a sword and carry a cane, how to make a bow to a lady and swear a round oath to a lackey, was all that was necessary to constitute a stage gentleman in the reign of George II. As the other sex are naturally more imitative, more gentle, and more graceful than the men, the task was still easier for them, so that

there was no difficulty in finding actors and actresses quite equal to keeping up the illusion in society dramas.

If we turn to the comedies of Murphy, Bickerstaff, Cibber and others of that era, we shall see at once they are meant for pictures of real life, and as long as they continued to be so society went to look at itself through the dramatic mirror. If we can trust the novels of that day, if we can trust the modern imitations of them, such as "Esmond" and the "Virginians," if we can trust the evidence of the Essayists, from Steele and Addison down to Mackenzie and Cumberland, the stage in their day really was a reflection of living manners, of what one might see or hear in the "gilded saloons," in the clubs, and in all places of public amusement frequented by the best society. It was easy, says Mackenzie in "The Lounger" (1786), for a clever actor so to play the hero of a comedy as to make young people confound the copy with the original, and suppose that a real gentleman was the same kind of man as the fictitious one; and therefore the immoral hero had a bad effect. But he could not do this equally with the hero of tragedy. It is clear, therefore, that the eighteenth-century comedies were meant to reproduce upon the stage the life of the boudoir and the ball-room, and that they did to a great extent succeed. As it became more difficult to do this, as there were fewer salient points on which the actor could depend, as the gap between life on the stage and life off it became wider and more apparent, English comedy began to decline, with the result which we have already noticed.

Webster's offer of five hundred pounds in 1843 for the best comedy of "high life" shows that he felt, at least, the want of something different from "London Assurance," which came out in 1841. The prize was awarded to

Mrs. Gore, for a comedy entitled "*Quid pro Quo*," which was acted at the Haymarket in 1844. Mrs. Nisbet, Mrs. Glover, and Buckstone were all in the cast, and they all did their best. But "*Quid pro Quo*" was not likely to succeed where "*London Assurance*" failed. The champion destined to awaken the sleeping beauty was not yet found. Something very much better was required to bring back the world of fashion to the stalls and boxes. On this point we have the testimony of Mrs. Gore herself. In her preface to "*Quid pro Quo*" she says:—

Were the boxes often filled, as I had the gratification of seeing them for the first representation of "*Quid pro Quo*," with those aristocratic and literary classes of the community who have absolutely withdrawn their patronage from the English stage, . . . a new order of dramatic authors would be encouraged to write, and of performers to study. But no one familiar with the nightly aspect of our theatres will deny that they are supported by a class requiring a very different species of entertainment; . . . a mere daguerreotype picture of the manners of the day would afford little satisfaction to play-goers accustomed to the disproportion and caricature established with the custom of the stage.

This "aristocratic and literary" company which came the first night did not come again. It was twenty years before they returned to the play. Meanwhile, a reaction was slowly setting in, though we think it must in justice be allowed that it was not fairly established till Robertson made his first great hit. We cannot, indeed, see that he is entitled to such marked pre-eminence as is claimed for him; or that the comparison drawn by his biographer—to whose filial admiration, of course, something must be allowed—between the drama as Robertson found it and the drama as he made it,

is a just criticism, "*Pieces*," says Mr. Robertson, "which reflected the form of English society were received by lovers of the drama as a breath of fresh air in a vitiated atmosphere." We should not say that the atmosphere of the stage was particularly vitiated forty years ago. It was not that which kept the world away from the theatre. This is very clear, for the atmosphere is sufficiently unwholesome now, and yet society breathes it with delight. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact that the production of "*Caste*," "*Ours*," "*Society*," and what are known generally as "the *Caste* plays," was coincident with a marked rise in the popularity of the stage.

"The new drama" was in some respects a return to nature. Mrs. Gore's prophecy had been fulfilled. A class of playwrights had sprung up whose realism made them something quite different from Bulwer, or Tom Taylor, or Charles Reade, or Boucicault, or G. H. Lewes. "*The Way to Keep Him*," for instance, on which the "*Serious Family*" is founded, might have been a true reflection—"a daguerreotype picture"—of eighteenth-century life. The "*Serious Family*" is only a caricature of modern life. But the later school of dramatists aim at reproducing on the stage the manners and morals of society as closely as Colman or Cibber, Bickerstaff or Murphy. After a long interval we have returned to the methods of what many critics still consider the most brilliant days of British comedy; and a very important question which we have to ask is whether our dramatic authors are succeeding in the task which they have set themselves. We may ask this question with regard to both authors and performers; and—to take the latter first—if it is no longer so easy to counterfeit the character of a lady or gentleman on the stage as it was when costume was more marked

and manners more formal than they are now, nevertheless it may be granted at once that such parts are usually very well filled at our best theatres. This appears to be, partly at least, owing to a cause with which some leading theatrical critics cannot be sufficiently angry. Mr. Clement Scott, for instance, complains that the old-fashioned, hard-working, conscientious actor, full of stage traditions,¹ devoted to his profession, and caring nothing for social recognition, is thrust to the wall by sprigs of aristocracy and "society schoolgirls" who neither possess any natural aptitude for the stage nor take the trouble to acquire it. Really finished acting is therefore, we are told, in danger of extinction. But is such the impression left upon one's mind after witnessing such plays as "The Liars," or "The Squire of Dames," or "The Passport," or "Liberty Hall," or "The Fool's Paradise," or "Lady Ursula?" As to the truth of these dramas we shall have a word to say presently. But surely the acting, if in some cases it lacked power, seldom or never lacked finish. The fact that so many ladies and gentlemen have found room for themselves upon the stage is due, among other causes, to the change in manners which we have already mentioned. It shows that they were wanted. The supply has followed the demand; and in the plays that we have ourselves witnessed we see no signs of that crudeness and carelessness which Mr. Scott denounces when he enlarges on the superiority of the old school of actors and the laborious study which produced it.

It is moreover to be remembered that what is complained of as injurious to the English stage has also its good side. The change in question

has tended to raise the social status of the actor. Actors and actresses are now welcomed in society. They have the manners and the habits of the class with which they mingle, and to which many of them naturally belong. This result has undoubtedly contributed greatly to the success of the drawing-room drama during the last quarter of a century. The theatre has again become the fashion. The aristocratic spectators who crowd the stalls and boxes see the characters which are taken from their own class simply and naturally acted. The social education which is open to a large proportion of the theatrical profession has enabled managers and proprietors to minimize the difficulties created by those changes in the external aspect of society to which we have before referred and to bring before the curtain the ladies and gentlemen of Mayfair and Belgravia, of Pall Mall and Piccadilly, in such faultless guise that they might have stepped from the stalls on to the stage at that moment.

Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do for the plays themselves exactly what has been done for the actor and actress. Modern life is externally so quiet and undemonstrative, the fine gentleman of to-day shrinks so rigidly from anything that is impulsive or emotional, and has so constantly before his eyes Lord Monmouth's great rule of conduct, the fear of making himself ridiculous, that to produce any effect upon the stage it is absolutely necessary to raise it somewhat above the actual level. It requires a little artificial color, as the actress requires a little rouge. Incidents and actions must be accentuated; and it would probably be impossible for the most accomplished dramatist to construct a play which, while an exact and unembellished copy of what we should not be sur-

¹ Sir Theodore thinks that Helena Faucit's early success was partly due to her ignorance of stage traditions.

prised to see at a London reception, should be neither insipid nor unintelligible. Broad effects are wanted on the stage; and the faint smiles and furtive glances and almost imperceptible gestures, all that makes up the by-play at a large party, would be invisible to nine-tenths of the audience, if not to the whole of it, across the footlights. It is this supreme necessity which, in spite of admirable acting, still imparts a certain air of unreality to many of our most popular modern plays. On the stage the colors must be heightened, and they harmonize ill with the outward quietude, the general pallor, of contemporary life. It was different a hundred years ago. Strongly comic stage incidents, if not such as actually occurred, were then not inconsistent with the general tone of fashionable society; they bore about them no air of improbability. But they are improbable, if not impossible, at the present day.

We will give a single instance of what we mean. In that amusing piece the "Liars," a lady's husband is so immersed in business, and apparently so unconscious that it is any part of his duty to make himself agreeable to his wife after marriage, that she is on the point of consoling herself with some one else. The husband hears of it and rushes into a room where among a group of guests stands the favored lover, with the lady on his arm, ready for an immediate start. The husband is furious. A common friend intervenes, and what is his remedy? The wife has consented to elope; she has already been unfaithful in her heart; and her husband is informed that it will be all right if he only takes her out to supper! The gentleman who prescribes this treatment is one who has a great reputation for composing marital quarrels, and getting ladies out of difficulties. He does not give this bit of

advice to the husband in secret, but proclaims it openly before the assembled group. "If you don't make love to your wife, some other fellow will," he says. And the way to prevent this misfortune is to treat her to lobster salad!

Little incidents of this kind are constantly turning up in these fashionable pieces and destroying the illusion. Something of the kind seems to be indispensable to add piquancy to our domestic comedy. But if that quality can only be purchased by the introduction of broad farce, it is too high a price to pay for it. The contrast between the pure realism of the whole play and the absurdity of the comic "relief" is too marked; and no gift of genius in the actor who presents it could make it appear otherwise. There is of course a farcical leaven, to which no one can object, in almost all comedies. But it should neither be relied upon as the centre of attraction nor introduced, however sparingly, in violation of all those social conventionalities which legitimate comedy is bound to respect.

To turn again for a moment to the performers themselves, as distinct from the plays in which they act—we cannot help enquiring whether, with all the grace and finish, all the humor, and all the ease which characterize our best comedians, there is still not something wanting to the perfection of their art; a something rather to be felt than described; a something which, whether we call it greater earnestness, or greater reality, or greater power, should make us one of the party on the stage, and forgetful that we are only lookers-on. There is a good deal in Mr. Grein's book with which we cannot agree. But we think he is approaching a truth, though we regret to say so, in what he writes of "Lady Ursula." At all events it will serve to illustrate our meaning:—

The part [Lady Ursula] allotted to Miss Millard was worthy of a great actress; and a great actress would have lifted the play. But Miss Millard played nicely, sweetly, coyly, like a London *bourgeoise* of the outer circle who delights in male fancy dress, with due deference to Mrs. Grundy. It was an agreeable performance in a minor key.

Mr. Grein is decidedly wrong on one point—there is nothing of the *bourgeoise* in Miss Millard's acting; but he is right upon the whole. Lady Ursula is one of those performances which on coming away we at once pronounce "charming." To vary Mr. Grein's words, it is only pretty, where it ought to be powerful.

We have next to consider a much more delicate question; the morality of the modern stage. We remember, when "Liberty Hall" came out, hearing a lady well known in the ranks of fashion, and an indefatigable player, express lively satisfaction that a play had at last been produced to which you could take your daughters. It is undeniable that authors do not scruple to present upon the stage now what they would not have ventured to exhibit during the earlier years of the Victorian era. Vice and profligacy will of course supply food for comedy as long as the theatre exists. But there are two ways of introducing vice. It may be said that many of the heroines of the society drama go no further than Lady Teazle did, if so far. But in the "School for Scandal" the scene between Lady Teazle and Joseph Surface, with the discovery of the former, is turned into a farce; and Joseph's arguments in support of his suit, and the lady's explanation of the only motives which could make her consent to it, are so laughable, and so far removed from anything resembling passion, that no harm is done. There is no suggestiveness, no implied

recognition of vice as a matter of course. The whole thing is a caricature.

It is very different with some modern plays, the chief interest of which is made to consist in bringing the two worlds, the *monde* and the *demi-monde*, into as close juxtaposition as possible, and even in blurring the lines by which they are separated from each other. We are told that the popularity of such plays is due to the fact that they do really represent a corresponding deterioration in the tone of English society and the moral standards which govern it; and that in this one respect, at all events, they reproduce the very form and fashion of the time. In two books which have lately been published by authors of repute, to whom the doors of society are open, we find this deterioration deplored as an acknowledged fact. The Warden of Merton, who may be supposed to write with knowledge, says in his "Reminiscences" that there is, he fears, an inner circle of the fashionable world in which much is habitually said and done which in the earlier Victorian era was a comparatively rare exception, even in the gayest society; and Mr. Lilly, in his recently published volume, "First Principles in Politics," tells us still more confidently that "one of the notes of the age is a pronounced laxity of practice—and, what is worse, of theory—about sexual matters." What weight is to be attached to the gossip of club smoking-rooms is, of course, a matter of opinion. But the fact remains that "society" lends a favorable ear to such plays as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Gay Lord Quex," and "The Profligate"; and that, if some ladies of fashion hesitate to let their daughters see them, many do not. Now if what Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Lilly assert is really true, we must not suppose that it is the license of

the stage that has led to the corruption of manners, but rather the corruption of manners which has encouraged the license of the stage.

If there is any truth in the above remarks, it would seem that the palmy days of pure comedy must be looked for in the past; and the gradual encroachment of the novel on the province of the drama points the same way. The fact is, every kind of comedy, be it of intrigue or character, must of necessity be more or less the comedy of manners, dependent, that is, on the aspects and the conventions of society at any given time; and if the manners of the *fin-de-siècle* do not lend themselves readily to theatrical representation, we have only to expect that our dramatic productions will bear traces of the difficulties which they have had to contend with. The "repose" of Vere de Vere cannot well be imitated on the stage, and the mirth which is introduced to relieve it is only purchased at the cost of congruity, probability or decency.

Mr. Robertson was the first playwright to set himself seriously to work to overcome these difficulties, and to present real life upon the stage in all its natural simplicity. His popular career may be said to have commenced with "David Garrick" (1864), and to have culminated with "Caste" in 1867. "Society" and "Ours" appeared between the two; and "Play," "School," "Dreams" and "War" followed them. We cannot say that we think any of them models of constructive art. They were plays of home life, depending to a great extent on those domestic incidents with which we are all familiar and which English people always love. The two most popular of the series are, we suppose, "Caste" and "School." But the misfortune of "Caste" is that there is neither plot nor point in it. The marriage of George and Esther is no re-

buke to caste; and the marriage of Sam and Polly is no contrast. "School" is even weaker in construction than "Caste." The young ladies' school, which gives its name to the piece, is not in the least degree wanted; while the expedient of Bella Marten turning out to be a lost heiress and the cousin of Lord Beaufoy is too stale to cause the slightest throb of excitement. But in both cases the performers came to the rescue. Hare, Bancroft and Marie Wilton formed a trio who would have made a triumphant success of any well-written play.

In our opinion "Society" is Mr. Robertson's best. There is a real plot in this, and fairly well worked out, but the story keeps less closely to real life than most of the others. Sidney Daryl, the literary barrister, is an old friend in whose reality we have little faith. He is a kind of cross between Charles Surface and Arthur Pendennis—the kind of man whom young writers, with little knowledge of the world, are fond of imagining, and what aspiring youths fresh from Oxford or Cambridge would like to be taken for. Sidney Daryl is thoroughly conventional, as much so as Charles Torrens in "London Assurance." The "man about town," living in chambers in the Temple, writing a smart magazine article when he is in the humor, for which he is paid enormous sums, constantly receiving letters from the editor of the "Times" begging for a leader on the question of the day, deeply in debt—this is an essential feature of the character—member of a fashionable club, with the *entrée* to all the green-rooms in London—this is the ideal hero of many a young man on first leaving college, though it is needless to say that he exists only in the imagination of such as have no other sources of information. These aspirations have been the ruin of many a clever fellow who but for this silly

vanity might have been a respectable member of society, and died a county-court judge. We need not detain the reader any longer over what are known as "the Caste plays." Aided by some of the most skilful and gentlemanly actors and one of the most bewitching actresses of our time, they undoubtedly hit the public taste, and "caught on." Their realism we suppose was their novelty; they showed the public on the stage what they could see at home, and to appetites jaded with the traditional heroes and heroines, the plots and contrivances of the earlier and mid-century comedy, they came as a refreshing change.

We now turn to Mr. Pinero. The worshippers of Robertson say that had there been no Robertson there would have been no Pinero. But Robertson and Ibsen have both gone to the formation of Mr. Pinero as we now know him. If Robertson discarded one stage convention, Ibsen, we are assured, discarded another. If Robertson made the drama more natural and simple, Ibsen, we are told, made it still more real by a larger admixture of vice and misery; he banished from his stage "the trickery of happy endings," which long tradition had raised to the rank of a principle. At this point, then, we are confronted by two questions; what is the end of comedy; and, secondly, if we determine that our play shall not end happily, by what necessary process is our end to be attained? Those who object so strongly to the conventional happy ending seem sometimes to forget that comedy is concerned only with one aspect of human life; that it is a species of satire directed not against crime but folly; and that to introduce into it the machinery which we associate with the darker forms of guilt is to break a butterfly on a wheel—in other words, to confound comedy with tragedy. It is true

enough that in real life the two go side by side; but they are not necessarily or inseparably mixed up together; and comedy, we repeat, is concerned with only one of them. We cannot think, therefore, that the traditional happy ending is deserving of the censure which some modern critics have heaped upon it. If the great end of comedy is, as Dr. Johnson declared, to make us laugh, why should we think it an improvement that it makes us weep?

We may be told that this is only a dispute about words. Dismiss the word comedy, it may be said, and the difficulty is at an end. The division into comedy and tragedy is not an exhaustive one; and the drama which combines both is a truer picture of human life than that which is confined to one. There is some truth in this reply; but the question is whether justice can be done to this combination on the stage. It can be done by the novelist we know. But the action on the stage is compressed within too short a space of time, the canvas is too narrow, to admit of the proper proportions and due perspective being observed. Take Ibsen's "Wild Duck" or Pinero's "Hobby Horse" as examples. The comic parts of these are a very bad preparation for the tragic ending. In the "Wild Duck" nothing prepares us for Hedvig's suicide. The incidents which lead up to it are sordid and vulgar, and inadequate either to bring about such a result or to throw the mind of the reader or spectator into the necessary mood for sympathizing with it. Mr. Pinero, in writing the "Hobby Horse," seems to have been aware of the "restricted conditions of dramatic composition," and how much they interfere with the perfect evolution of the comic and tragic elements. Then why struggle with such difficulties, which can never be successfully overcome?

Whether an unhappy ending must always be brought about by means of vice, profligacy, or crime is another question which the modern school seem inclined to answer in the affirmative. That this is a mistake, however, it requires no very wide research to demonstrate. The "Bride of Lammermoor" and "Kenilworth" are standing examples of this; and the "Mill on the Floss" would be another if the drowning of Tom and Maggie had any connection with anything which had gone before. But both Ibsen and Pinero seem to take it for granted that the only kind of catastrophe worth producing on the stage is that which is caused by immorality, and immorality sometimes of a very coarse and revolting character. Surely it cannot be said that this is required in the interests of art. In the "Wild Duck" the discovery of Hedvig's parentage is effected in the most disgusting fashion; while in "The Ghosts" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," between which there is a strong family likeness, the flavor of the vice set before us is particularly nauseous. Unless it is contended that, in the fullest sense, there is not a single human action which is not fit for dramatic use if it happens to be wanted for the better evolution of the plot, it is not easy to see why a line should not be drawn at such scenes and characters as we are asked to contemplate in the dramas we have named. There is plenty of room for human frailties and vices to do their proper work upon the stage, and develop their natural consequences, without being exhibited in forms not only painful to modesty, but repugnant to ordinary good taste. Yet this is the kind of realism to which we are required to do homage as a special mark of the dramatic renaissance which distinguishes the close of the Victorian era.

We have no hesitation in adding that

this so-called realism is often very unreal, and shows little insight into human nature. A woman like the second Mrs. Tanqueray is not the heroine of suicide. Her one conversation with Captain Archdeall is sufficient to show the stuff she was made of. Such creatures do not take poison; they are too fond of life. As much may be said of Dunstan Renshaw in "The Profligate;" and it was a wise instinct which dictated his reprieve when the play was first produced in London. Suicide was too good for him; and though he certainly intended to destroy himself, the fact that he failed prevents the audience from feeling a sympathy of which he was totally unworthy. There has been a great run upon suicide in the modern drama. It is a very convenient exit for a troublesome character, we grant; but it imparts a sameness to the Ibsen and Pinero drama which we could well dispense with. These dramatists will discover in time, we think, that society, like the old lady who had ceased to relish her murders, has had nearly enough of this highly-flavored dish. At all events, we protest against this kind of plot being called realism. Of course, if either dramatist would consent to a verdict of temporary insanity in the case of their unhappy victims, there would be no more to be said; but that would not be "high art." As a matter of probability, the number of persons who commit suicide in full possession of their faculties is so few as to make these recurrent instances in the drama not a reflection of truth, but exactly the reverse. Legitimate comedy, we may repeat, is not intended to take life too seriously, and even to those writers who despise such canons, it is open to distinguish between different kinds of misery. If a play is not hilarious it need not be morbid, and if the ending is not happy it need not be nasty.

We should be unjust however to Mr. Pinero if this was the last word we had to say about him. All his plays are not Ibsenite; and we should like to know to what extent he endorses the opinion of his editor, that Ibsen was necessary to "clear the air" for him.

The author of "Sweet Lavender" required no such assistance as this from the author of "Ghosts." "Sweet Lavender," however, was written in 1886, before Ibsen had begun to make his influence felt on the English drama, which is chiefly seen in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and in "The Profligate." There is a touch of it in "The Hobby Horse," a very disagreeable play; but it was perfectly easy to ridicule pseudo-philanthropy without introducing such a painful and we would say unnatural situation as that between the lady and the curate. Mrs. Jermyn in the play must have seen that Noel Brice was falling in love with her. What woman would not have seen it? But Mr. Pinero makes her totally unconscious. Pseudo-philanthropy lends itself very readily to comic treatment, witness Mrs. Weller, Mrs. Jellaby and Mrs. Pardiggle; and Mr. Pinero was going out of his way to make an amiable young married lady and a guileless young clergyman the victims of this particular folly. As a satire the plot is both watery and clumsy. Ibsen seems rather to have thickened the atmosphere for Mr. Pinero than to have cleared it for him. Somebody of course had to be miserable at the end; that is *de rigueur* with the Ibsenites. But the lady should have been the victim of a hopeless attachment as well as the gentleman. They should have indulged in one last embrace and then torn themselves asunder. The knowledge that they were destined to pine away in secret for years to come could not have failed to be highly gratifying to all those

cheerful playgoers who agree with Mrs. Gamp that life is a "wale."

It is not easy to see why a bad ending is more like real life than a good one. People do get into scrapes and get out of them again every day; they even make love to other men's wives without anybody being consigned to hopeless wretchedness. We did not suppose that Mr. Sullen broke his heart when his wife went off with Aimwell. The novelist or dramatist who first hangs his characters "up a tree" and then cuts them down before they are quite gone is guilty in the eyes of Ibsen and his school of a vulgar weakness. It may be so; but it seems to us that the universal craving for "happy endings" is something like a proof that they cannot be so unreal as the new school represent them to be. There are of course bad endings to equivocal complications in real life but it is not the part of pure comedy to deal with these; and if we take the mixed drama in which tragedy and comedy are combined, it will not seldom be found that both have been spoiled. There is not room for both even in a five-act play.

The Victorian drama has not been rich in tragedy, and what we have to say on this subject had better be deferred till we come to our actors and actresses; but it shines greatly in farce, burlesque, and melodrama. To attempt to pick and choose out of the legion of plays over which three generations have split their sides would be a hopeless task. They all have this in common, that they depend even more than modern comedy does on particular individuals. "Box and Cox" was nothing without Buckstone. "Parents and Guardians" was nothing without the Keeleys. The Adelphi farce was nothing without Wright and Paul Bedford. These were actors whose entrance on the stage, before they had spoken a word, was the sig-

nal for a general titter; their faces were simply irresistible; and it was only necessary for them to open their lips for that titter to become a roar. It did not matter what they said, and they indulged freely in gag. We doubt if there is anything on the stage now, unless it is "Charley's Aunt," quite equal to the farces which filled the London theatres from 1840 to 1860. Among others never to be forgotten, besides those just mentioned, are "The Camp at Chobham," "The Area Belle," "To Oblige Benson," "Boots at the Swan," "Lend me Five Shillings"—"all these and more come flocking," as Milton hath it, at the call of memory, which carries us back to the middle of the century. No doubt we have some capital farces at the present day, but somehow they seem to want the rollicking fun, the abandon, we might almost say the sincerity, of the earlier ones.

Perhaps it may be thought that with the improvement and refinement of comedy the taste for broad farce is less decided than it used to be. Yet he will scarcely say so who has been present at the performance of "My Milliner's Bill," or "The Magistrate," or "The Widow Hunt," or "Charley's Aunt," or "The Curate," or "The Private Secretary," plays which we select at random, and not as being necessarily the most laughable of those which keep the stage. "There is touch-and-go farce in your laugh," said Mr. Crummles to Nicholas Nickleby; and though we never knew exactly what particular species of drollery was signified by "touch-and-go," we were willing to take it on trust; and we have known several actors of whose eyes, noses, mouths and legs the same might be said, with the additional point in their favor that their gravity was more comic than their levity. We are not sure that we have any actor now, unless it is Mr. Penley, who is a

walking farce in himself. Still it cannot fairly be said that farce is less popular now than it was in the days referred to, when an Adelphi farce was regarded as the greatest theatrical treat which a Londoner could enjoy. In spite of the little difference we have mentioned, English farce still holds a position higher of its kind perhaps, though it may be a lower kind, than comedy. There is one thing in favor of it, namely, that there can never be any mistake about it. In looking at a farce which professes to be that and nothing else, we are at liberty to abandon ourselves wholly to inextinguishable laughter, unchecked by any troublesome doubts of its artistic claims upon us. But when we are trembling on the border line between farce and comedy we feel no such freedom; and with a large class of spectators this will always constitute a point in favor of the less formal drama so long as the theatre exists.

Melodrama still holds its ground in its old hereditary home, but not in its original glory, nor need we say much about it in the present article. It hardly calls forth the highest powers of either actress or actor. Madame Céleste indeed made herself a great name in melodrama, but it is a name which we prefer to forget. The artificiality of melodrama places it almost beyond the range of dramatic criticism; and though it may be thought perhaps that this is no less true of farce, there is a difference between the two showing that the same canon is not equally applicable to both. Farce, after all, is only comedy in her cups: a grotesque exaggeration of what might really happen, and which in the wildest caricature retains some of the features of ordinary sober life. Now this is not so with melodrama. We are not reminded by it of anything that ever happens, or is likely to happen, in real life, and we are scarcely

therefore in a position to criticize the actors in it, as men engaged in holding the mirror up to nature, though it be nature in a distorted shape. We admit, of course, that farce is only a very imperfect test of real histrionic ability, but still it is some test, and we have not felt called upon to exclude it from a notice of the English drama. We are considering the truth and nature of the modern English drama, and melodrama has little to do with either.

The English stage at present is not destitute of tragic talent, though the nineteenth century has given us no native tragedy of the first class. Our tragic actors have established themselves for the most part on Shakespeare, and it is remarkable that of his best representatives several have not been Englishmen. Since the accession of Queen Victoria our leading tragedians may be counted on one's fingers—Macready, Phelps, Kean, Fechter, Salvini, Sarah Bernhardt, Irving, Miss Glyn, Lady Martin, and Mrs. Warner almost exhaust the list. But he who has seen Macready as Lear, Fechter as Hamlet, Salvini as Othello, and Lady Martin as Lady Macbeth, has seen some tragic acting which will make him regret the less that he was not born a century and a quarter sooner. If we add Sir Henry Irving's Shylock, in which he excels all his predecessors, we have named, we think, the best tragic performances of the Victorian era. We should say that in versatility, Lady Martin excelled them all; and on this point Sir Theodore Martin, in his deeply interesting "Life" of this delightful actress, lays particular stress. Our article was in type before the "Life" of Lady Martin appeared, nor had we seen Professor Wilson's opinion of her Lady Macbeth when the foregoing paragraph was written. We are happy to find so dis-

tinguished a critic in agreement with ourselves. After seeing the performance he exclaimed, "We have all been wrong; this is the true Lady Macbeth," and thenceforth he abandoned the view that Mrs. Siddons was the ideal impersonation of Shakespeare's heroine. This is a question on which those only who saw both Mrs. Siddons and Lady Martin have any right to speak. The former is said to have been deficient in that quality which Sir Theodore Martin thinks essential to the highest histrionic art, a sense of humor and the power of giving expression to it.

Sadlers Wells was for a long time the home of the legitimate or rather, we should say, the Shakespearian drama; and here Phelps and Mrs. Warner, who started together in 1844, made a gallant attempt to revive genuine tragedy, as Webster had done to revive genuine comedy, and to lure back to it the audiences which had crowded to hear Kemble and Siddons. The theatre opened with "Macbeth," and it was the opinion of some competent critics that in this character Phelps was superior to Macready. Mrs. Warner is said to have played Lady Macbeth with "great care and force." But the undertaking was a failure. Phelps kept it up for eighteen years, though in 1847 he lost the services of Mrs. Warner, who was succeeded by Miss Glyn, an accomplished actress, but who did not enable Phelps to effect the great object which he had in view. Since Macready's death, Fechter, Salvini, Henry Irving and Lady Martin are the only four tragedians who have been the talk of society and been really run after. The dreamy, poetical and refined character of Hamlet was admirably given by Fechter, who also looked the part to perfection; and Salvini's Othello was a still more wonderful performance. Here human passion was portrayed

with all the violence of despair mingled with all the agony of grief, first for the infidelity of Desdemona and then for the loss of her, without the slightest suspicion of rant or any superfluous gesticulation. We should assign to Salvini's Othello the first place in tragedy during the last fifty years; and we hardly know whether to give the second to Fechter or to Lady Martin. In the banquet scene in "Macbeth" she rose to the summit of her noble art.

We shall wound no susceptibilities, we hope, if we add that Miss Ellen Terry is better fitted for Beatrice, Rosalind (which, however, she has never played), or Juliet than for Ophelia or Desdemona. Her personal charms, her animal spirits, her girlish gaiety, maintained to the last, and her clever assumption of characters which really suit her, have made her decidedly the reigning favorite of the last thirty years; and she is probably, take her all round, the most popular actress of the Victoria age. We cannot honestly say she is the best, but she and Sir Henry Irving will always be remembered, with Phelps and Mrs. Warner, and with Charles Kean and Mrs. Kean, as the leading dramatic revivalists of the last half-century. Their efforts have been attended with varying degrees of success; but there is no doubt that they have contributed greatly to that restoration of the stage to the favor of the higher classes in which the Kendals, the Bancrofts, the Hares, the Wyndhams and Alexanders, with such actresses as Mary Moore, Marion Terry, Gertrude Kingston, Winifred Emery, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Millard and Miss Olga Nethersole have also had a large share. Charles Kean's Shakespearian revivals at the Princess's were chiefly remarkable for their scenic effects. Kean himself was a gentlemanly actor in the higher comedy, but his wife was the favorite. Her

Viola in "Twelfth Night" was a treat not to be forgotten.

Among recent attempts to revive the Shakespearian drama, that of Mr. F. R. Benson deserves notice, not so much for any unusual merit in the acting, as for a certain originality in methods and aims.

Many actors have brought out isolated plays of Shakespeare with more or less success; Mr. Benson has made it his business to produce him continually. Most managers who have sought to popularize the great dramatist have relied chiefly on splendid scenic effects, and an almost pedantic accuracy in costume and decorative details; Mr. Benson's object is to show, in the words of one of his critics, "that Shakespeare can be played for Shakespeare's sake." When a piece is placed on the stage in such a way as to distract attention from the picture to the frame, no honor is done either to author or actor. Mr. Benson's presentations are a protest against this system. His staging is simple but adequate; and careful study, combined with vigor, intelligence and a refreshing freedom from affectation, claim for his efforts the encouragement of all those playgoers who worship the greatest of playwrights, and who care more for the play than the spectacle.

Among the comic actresses of the present day, though comparisons are odious, we have no hesitation in assigning the first place to Mrs. Kendal. She is so easy and so natural, and, what is a great point in her favor, seems so thoroughly at home in her best parts, that we might feel inclined to say of her what Goldsmith said of Garrick:—

On the stage he was natural, simple,
affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off he
was acting—

If we did not know that the second line was wholly untrue of Mrs. Ken-

dal. Still, we may say she is never more natural than when she is on the stage.

Lady Bancroft essayed the part of Lady Teazle at the Prince of Wales's in 1874; but, as was to be expected, she appeared rather as the country hoyden than as the finished woman of fashion which Mrs. Kendal and Miss Winifred Emery have taken to be the true interpretation of the character. According to Mr. Dutton Cook, however, Marie Wilton was playing the part as it was played by Mrs. Jordan, who must have known as well as anybody what Lady Teazle was intended to be. Lady Bancroft is said to have made a most satisfactory Georgina in "Money." But farce after all is her forte rather than comedy.

For broad farce, the nearest approach to the popular style of fifty years ago has been made, we think, by Mr. Toole, Mr. Penley and Mrs. John Wood, whose powers in this line are simply irresistible. In her fearless freedom from all squeamishness or prudery she reminds us occasionally of Miss Woolgar, though very unlike her in person. Lady Bancroft is the more finished actress of the two; but we doubt if Mrs. John Wood has not produced more laughter.

Of our leading actors at the present day we cannot, we must confess, place Sir Henry Irving at the head. In some kinds of tragedy and in some serious plays which are neither tragedies nor comedies, he is excellent; but not more excellent than Wyndham, Hare, Alexander, Cyril Maude, Arthur Cecil, Beerbohm Tree, Forbes Robertson, Clayton and Kendal in their respective walks. Many of our tragic actors have been equally good, if not better, in comedy. Sir Theodore Martin quotes the dictum of Socrates, that "the genius of comedy is the same as that of tragedy, and that the writer of tragedy ought to be the writer of comedy also." We can-

not enlarge on this text, suggestive as it is. But Sir Theodore continues: "This is equally true of the actor. He will never reach the highest point in his profession unless he possesses the double gift of tragic passion and humorous expression. This combination, possessed by Garrick in a remarkable degree, is by no means common." Macready and Phelps, however, possessed it. Macready was thought to make an excellent Sir Peter Teazle; with the help of Count D'Orsay he succeeded greatly in Evelyn; while Phelps was adjudged to be at his best as Lord Ogleby in "The Clandestine Marriage."

Sir Henry Irving might, perhaps, succeed in Joseph Surface if he could bring himself down to Mephistopheles in a laced waistcoat and peruke. It is a character that is seldom well acted. In the last performance of it at the Haymarket Mr. Valentine was not a success—Mr. Cyril Maude, as Sir Peter, and Mr. Kemble, as Sir Oliver, carrying off the honors among the gentlemen. But the actor of whom we feel we should never tire, who is always natural, humorous and genial is Mr. C. Wyndham. To see him in "The Squire of Dames," with Miss Fay Davis, is to witness a scene which haunts one. "You are the only eligible man I have met since I came to England," says the American young lady, "who hasn't proposed to me." "You see I have been so busy; I'll do it to-morrow," says Wyndham, with a smiling glance at the fair challenger. At this point Wyndham is simply perfection. The tone of his voice, the expression of his face, the turn of his head, all assist each other, and all share alike in a result which is comedy of the highest order. We have spoken of the ease, the adroitness, the air of good society which marks our modern actors and actresses. Where so many possess these, it is as difficult as it would be invidious to award the palm to any

one in particular. But probably among our younger actors no better example of this combination could be found than Charles Wyndham.

Mr. John Hare excels in the exhibition of suppressed feeling, whether serious or otherwise. An example of this may be seen in the "Scrap of Paper," and a still better one in the "Fool's Paradise," already mentioned, a play founded on the case of Mrs. Maybrick, in which he plays the physician. But he has made a particular class of characters his own—"the shrewd, sarcastic and yet kindly elderly gentleman"—so says Mr. Dutton Cook in his "Nights at the Play;" and it is the statement of a very competent critic. Mr. Hare was one of the pioneers of the new style of comedy to which we have so often referred. Writing of Tom Taylor's comedy of "Victims," originally brought out at the Haymarket in 1857, and revived by Mr. Hare when manager of the Court Theatre in 1878, Mr. Cook observes:—

The comedy pleased, however, at the Haymarket, supported by the strong company then directed by Mr. Buckstone; nor does it fail to amuse at the Court Theatre. But by the more subdued and refined system of interpretation now assigned to it, the coarseness of the play's artifices and the rude unreality of its characters stand fully betrayed. Twenty years ago an element of bolsterous farce was indispensable to comedy at the Haymarket, while of acting generally it may be said that it was then required to be rather theatrically effective than punctiliously lifelike. Mr. Hare's strict regard for truth and nature, and his affection for a *mise en scène* of fantastically picturesque quality, seem out of harmony with dramas of rough humor and broad caricature. The dignity of comedy perhaps paired off long since with the dignity of history; still in plays affecting to portray modern life, manners and character, a certain reserve seems desirable in regard to

the means employed to stir our mirth.

We should hope that Mr. Cook is wrong both about the dignity of comedy and the dignity of history; but he is right about Mr. Hare. The dignity of comedy has been to a great extent restored, though the inevitable drop of farce with which it still seems necessary to season it is like adding sugar to champagne. Still the work which has been accomplished by the actors and actresses who in the last year of the nineteenth century were in possession of the English stage—performers who have made their reputations for the most part within the last thirty years—is immense. The change is well described in the passage we have just quoted by one who saw the beginning of it. "In plays affecting to portray modern life, manners and character, a certain reserve seems desirable in regard to the means employed to stir our mirth." This "certain reserve" has been introduced. The "rough humor and broad caricature" of the mid-century have given way to the refinement and quietude which have once more brought comedy into touch with the best society. This indeed is a great work to have accomplished, though traces of the old style "*veteris, vestigia culpæ*," still survive; and things are still said and done in comedies supposed to represent the fashionable manners of the day, which would never be heard or seen in a lady's drawing-room.

Whether the dramatic revival which has been witnessed by the present generation signifies the permanent restoration of the stage to all its former popularity remains to be seen. Speaking of the Shakespearian revival at Sadlers Wells in 1845, Mr. Clement Scott quotes an interesting passage from the *Athenæum* of that date, in which the writer says: "Society may

have outgrown the drama, and by many it is suspected that such is actually the case in England." The suspicion was premature, as we have seen, and yet it may be doubted whether the evidence on which it rested was not the result of causes something more than ephemeral, and not unlikely to survive the reaction which set in forty years ago.

When books are the luxury of a few, the stage is the resort of the many. As a taste for reading is diffused, and the means of gratifying it extended, the hold which the drama once possessed on the popular mind is naturally weakened. It is only to be expected that with the decline of its importance there should be some diminution of its excellence; so that both the highly educated and cultured classes, as well as those below them, no longer find what they want in it, so fully as they did of old. In a thoughtful and reflective age, when the public mind is occupied with problems both social and religious which go to the very root of established creeds and traditions, it is inevitable that a spirit of greater gravity should pervade society than is altogether consistent with the full enjoyment of theatrical representations. If Mr. Ruskin is right in his estimate of the "melancholy" of the present age—a melancholy born of the feeling that we are drifting away from all our old landmarks and anchorages towards "we know not what mysterious doom"—we have here a reason for distrusting the permanence of that unquestionable popularity which the theatre commands at present. It is clear, moreover, that the demand for mere amusement has

enormously increased, and the music-hall usurps the place of the theatre. The political and social issues now before the world are so large and so engrossing, the changes so perturbing and so rapid, the daily stress and strain so exhausting, that we have neither time nor energy to spend on the serious discussion of dramatic themes, or the full enjoyment of the higher stage. The result is a deterioration of taste, and the presentation of much very poor stuff upon the boards. What we want is to be amused, we care not how; the frivolity of the drama seems an indispensable relief from the seriousness of life.

For the drama to attain its highest popularity and success we require a light-hearted age, and an age not much given to reading, or to brooding over the riddles of humanity. Such an age was the eighteenth century. Such was that embodiment of it so admirably described by George Eliot in her picture of "Old Leisure." Shall we ever see a revival of that spirit? This, one would say, is impossible. Yet, in default of it, or something like it, we fear that the English drama, or English comedy at all events, has seen its best days. We have pointed out certain social and moral differences between our age and that of our grandfathers, which seem at first sight to justify the suspicion entertained by some dramatic critics fifty-five years ago. Events may prove that the decay which they then observed was a transient phase of our dramatic art, and its subsequent revival the lasting one. For many reasons we trust that it may be so, but we dare not play the prophet further.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The swearing of the troops in Flanders is as nothing to the swearing at Westminster, when six hundred and seventy gentlemen take the oath of fealty to Queen and Constitution. A new Parliament is being brought into existence. In the dun-walled chamber, with long, dull benches, called the House of Commons—a musty-odored place, and a disappointment in size to the visitor from the provinces—there are long queues of newly appointed legislators waiting their turn to kiss the Book.

Around the table are the expectant faces of new men, fresh to Parliament, with the flush of the honor of being an M.P. still upon their cheeks. The local political association has declared that the new member will make his voice heard in the Tribunal of the people, and he himself has promised to maintain the best traditions of English political life. But, if an ordinary man, he will have years of Parliamentary stage fright. When he summons courage to address the House in nervous syllables, it will be when the House wants to dine, and so he will talk to a dozen old fogeys drowsing in corners. He will maintain the best traditions of politics by keeping his temper when he wants to take his wife and daughters to the theatre, but cannot do so, because the Party Whip will tell him that a division may be taken at any moment, and he must not leave the House.

This new Parliament will lack nothing in dramatic interest. The Government is strong, but the sections of Radical Opposition are more in line now than they have been for some years. The Irishry have determined that they shall be Ishmaelites, and

from them there will be the customary outbursts of Celtic fury.

Staid and decorous though members may be individually, the House of Commons as a whole can be as rowdy as a medical class when the lecturer is unpopular. When the House is tired of a man, it behaves in a way that can hardly be called kind. There is a hubbub of chatter, and shouting and laughter. The Speaker sternly cries "Order, order!" and for about two minutes there is a lull. Then the roar breaks out again. "'Vide, 'vide, 'vide!" men begin calling, eager for a division to be taken. The shouts are not indiscriminative. "'Vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide!" is kept going in solid thumps for all in the world like the stamping of the gallery boys in a theatre when impatient for the curtain to rise.

The cruellest interruption is the yell "Agreed, agreed!" to everything the boresome person is saying. "I am not to be shouted down," defiantly screeches the orator. "Agreed, agreed!" laughs back the House. "In my opinion this is a question—" ("Agreed, agreed!" and rippling laughter)—I say it is a great question not to be treated—"Hear, hear! Agreed, agreed, agreed!" and loud laughter). Is not this a burning matter? ("Agreed, agreed!") Now what I say is—" (Agreed, agreed!") So it goes on until, crack-voiced with shouting, the unappreciated enlightener of Parliament sits down in disgust, and receives one rousing cheer from the House, delighted at having at last snuffed him out.

On great nights, when full-dress debates are in swing, then the House is a striking sight. Though there be six hundred and seventy members, there is only seating room for about four

hundred. The Treasury bench is packed with Ministers and Under-Secretaries, wedged tight like an inside omnibus seat on a rainy day. Across the table on the front Opposition bench, is a row of ex-Ministers and ex-Under-Secretaries, equally uncomfortable. As for the overflow of members, they squat in the gangways, with their feet on one another's coat-tails; or they crowd awkwardly down by the great doorway behind a toe-line which marks the bar. To stand inside this would be to stand inside the House and invite the Speaker to shout "Order, order!" in his severest tone.

On these big nights, with hundreds of men huddled together, all excited, all having party passion strong within them, with hate now and then showing strong, electricity is in the air and nothing in this world,—save it be physical warfare in close combat—can overpass, in the stirring grip of interest, the warfare of words, rapier thrusts and axe blows upon the floor of the House of Commons.

Mr. Chamberlain's personality dominates at Westminster. You see the effect of it on the stray visitors to the House. Mr. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, emerge from the shadow of the Speaker's Chair, walk along to their places, sit down, enter into conversation with their colleagues. The Strangers' Gallery makes no sign of recognition. But when Mr. Chamberlain steps from behind the Chair, and, with head jerked forward, and just a slight frown on his brow, quickly picks a way to the side of Mr. Balfour, then the Strangers' Gallery rustles. Mr. Chamberlain seizes from the table one of the Order Papers for the day before he sits down. Having sat down he holds it to his face for about fifteen seconds, reading it intently. With impatient gesture he then throws it from him. He refixes

his eyeglass, gives a side look at the clock over the door, puts his feet straight out in front of him, nurses his elbows, and there sits, motionless, sphinx-like, until called upon to answer a question.

There are no orators in the House now, except, perhaps, Mr. John Redmond, but among the debaters Mr. Chamberlain is pre-eminent. He is never in a hurry; he is always thoroughly acquainted with his brief; he never leaves anything to chance. Among the many well-dressed men in the House he is among the best dressed. Besides a taste in orchids, of which he receives two blooms a day from his conservatories at Highbury—he has an excellent taste in waistcoats and ties. As to his buttonholes, sometimes the orchid is like an enormous purple foxglove; at other times it is like a crimson starfish. The flower is always big, and it is always bright.

No statesman is more feared than Mr. Chamberlain. His very name is anathema to many members of the Opposition. He is hardly loved by some of the old fogeys on the Government side. But every man knows his power. In talking he is pertinent, dogmatic, now and then vicious, showing that he has passion, although under complete control. His words are clear, inclined to be mellow; there is never an involved sentence. At the beginning of a speech he trifles with his notes, neatly written on notepaper and placed on the brass-bound chest at the corner of the table, and which bears a hundred dents inflicted by Mr. Gladstone's ring. Mr. Chamberlain runs his fingers along the side of his notes, getting the edges straight. Then he runs his little finger along top and bottom, doing the same. As he unfolds a principle, he taps his left hand with the forefinger of his right. When explanatory, he taps his two hands together with the fingers slightly apart.

Then suddenly, like a flash of lightning reaching a point involving his personal honor—there is a quiver on the parchment face, a tightening of the lips, a narrowing of the eyes. He steps back an instant, grips the edge of the chest, as though holding his passion in, and with a taunt, that sometimes comes perilously near a sneer, he throws his hands from him as though he were casting aside his opponent in contempt.

No man has received such hard blows as Mr. Chamberlain. No man can hit back so well, so witheringly, and make his foe on the opposite bench curl with vexation. Few care to "stand up to Joe." Only one man does so, and does it persistently. That is Mr. Lloyd George, an excitable, gleaming-eyed little Welchman, who finds joy in baiting Mr. Chamberlain, very much as Lord Randolph Churchill found delight in baiting Mr. Gladstone.

A very different kind of man is the chief debater of the Opposition side—Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Chamberlain uses the sharp blade of invective. Sir William wields a slogging hammer. Colossal, elephantine, his coat buttoned awkwardly, Sir William is always raising his elbows while addressing the Chamber, and thrusting out his arms as if the coat were too tight about the shoulders and he wanted freedom. He is hoarse and clears his throat in every sentence. His notes are written on scraps of paper, many-sized. When he wants to quote, he can rarely find the quotation. "Well, it amounts to this," he will say, and proceed to paraphrase. In the middle of the paraphrase he will stop, rummage again among his papers, and exclaim, "Here it is!" and then start to read. You never get any shuffling like that from Mr. Chamberlain.

The first quarter of an hour Sir William is a trial to patience. He is dull; he is ponderous; he rambles. But all

this time he is "getting up steam." The voice gradually loses its huskiness. The irritating clearing of the throat ceases. On the broad, mobile features there comes the glow of animation. There is the kindling of fire in his words. And then he starts pummelling the Tories with amused scorn and extravagant simile. When the word passes to the smoking-room, the tea-room and the lobby that "Harcourt is up and in good form," there is a scamper back to the House, and the dull green benches are soon crowded. He makes his foe turn red and uncomfortable. But never, like Mr. Chamberlain, does he make him squirm. He will awaken the Radicals into applause. But there is ever a touch of mirth in the yell. The whole house chortles at his humor. He himself chortles, becomes as pink as a peony, and sometimes has a difficulty in giving the joke a safe delivery. No one knows better than himself when he is about to say a good thing. When it is particularly good he turns round from the table, faces his friends on the Opposition benches, and, opening his arms, booms the humor. When he has convulsed everybody there, he wheels round, purple-faced, and smiles expansively on the Tories.

Both Mr. Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt know all the rules of the Parliamentary game. Neither is above straining a tactical point, if to his advantage. Mr. Balfour, though Leader of the House, doesn't know the game. He has never taken the trouble to become thoroughly acquainted with it. He can rarely make a statement on the course of public business without being prompted by somebody from behind. Yet you will search the House through and find no one who is so loved by all, even the Saxon-hating Irishmen, as is Arthur James Balfour. I have heard men complain of degeneracy in House of Commons manners. But if in the past they were more dig-

nified and courteous than now-a-times, it is in Mr. Arthur Balfour that we see the link. He is gracious, kindly, transparent. And it is because of this, and not because of either statesmanship or political longsightedness, that his position as Leader is as secure as anything in this world can be.

Mr. Balfour's manner in the House is the delight of the caricaturist. Long and lanky in figure, and with the softened countenance of the dreamy philosopher rather than of the persistent politician, he enters the House giving indications that he is bored. He doesn't sit; the caricaturists allege that he sprawls. He slides his slim body forward until he is really resting on the small of his back; he sticks his feet upon the table and humps up his knees. He yawns frequently, and rarely tries to hide it.

When he has to explain the course of business, the face of Sir William Walrond, Chief Government Whip, is a study in anxiety. It is the same when he has to introduce a new measure and unfold its principles. The impression he leaves on the mind of the listener unfamiliar with the House of Commons and its Leader, is that he has just glanced through the bill after lunch, and that he has a rough and not very accurate idea what it is all about. He leans his elbows on the chest; he turns to those behind him for guidance; he is obviously confused. Now and then his mistakes rouse a good-natured titter. But the House recalls his famous phrase, "I am a child in these matters."

There is, however, a ring in Mr. Balfour's voice, a conviction in his gesture, that captivates the House. Slim, his long body bent, his long arms stretched out, his fingers twitching—a Cecil mannerism, noticeable in his uncle, the Prime Minister, and his cousin, Lord Hugh Cecil—the color of hot argument strong on his cheek, he

is a dramatic figure, full of supine energy, lacking nothing in intellectual alertness.

Yet it is not his prepared speeches, his set orations, that stir the House most. He is at those times tied by his notes. He doesn't "let himself go." Like all Scots, he delights, when arguing, in the splitting of hairs. You see the cleverness of it all; you see the Ministerialists seize point by point and drive it home with a cheer. When it is all over, however, you do not hear men say, "He has put quite a new complexion on the whole thing."

To have Mr. Balfour at his best is to hear him when he speaks without preparation, when something has been said on the other side which nettles and angers him. Many a time does he saunter languidly into the House while a dragging debate is in progress. Lackadaisically he lies back on the Treasury bench, lifts up a small blotting-pad, and with stylographic pen, begins writing. Every now and then he raises his head and looks with curious glance across the floor at some man who is haranguing rampantly. He goes on with his writing. Something else attracts his attention, and he looks up again. Then he puts the unfinished letter away in a little red dispatch-box, throws his head back, gazes wide-eyed at the roof, and occasionally runs his long fingers across his chin.

Suddenly his chance comes. He springs to the table; he seizes the tag-end of the other man's talk as his reason for interposing. Then, with nothing but the spur of the moment as incentive, he plunges into really stirring speech. You know his brain is aflame, for the words come tumbling a little faster than he can conveniently give them utterance. He is serious, he is satirical, he catches the humorous side and pours forth ridicule. Ridicule kills. And it is these hap-hazard brain-hot speeches of Mr. Balfour's that crystal-

lize, in a short thirty minutes, all the talk of the previous hours.

The lot of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, nominal Leader of the Opposition, is not a happy one. To many men the holding of such an office would be an honorable joy. But to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman it is neither an honor nor a joy. There is a lot of independent thought, and not a little individual jealousy, among the Opposition, and men with strong views are more inclined to maintain them publicly than sink differences and obey the main duties of an Opposition—to oppose the Ministry. One of the things that retard the success of his leadership is his name. All popular public men have names that slip easily from the tongue. "Campbell-Bannerman" is too big a mouthful, and the shortening of it into two letters "C.-B." suggests familiarity without a background of respect.

He is exceedingly sensitive. When the long figure of Mr. Balfour is stretched across the table, heaping scorn upon C.-B.'s "qualified" opinions, it is easy to see how uncomfortable C.-B. is. He twists in his seat; at the hardest hits he gives a quick screw of the chin; he is constantly pulling at his knuckles; whilst addressing the House he gives you the impression of having to pump every word out with an effort. Yet he has the saving grace of "pawky" humor. With his head hung slightly on one side, while his fingers rest gently on the table before him, he can say amusing things with a solemn face. And of the men I have mentioned—indeed, of all the men on the two front benches—he is the most human. When there is a graceful tribute to be paid, a few words of sympathy to be said, he has no equal. His short speeches last session on the assassination of the King of Italy and on the death of the Duke of Coburg were from the heart, and appealed to

the heart of every one who listened.

In hard contrast is Mr. Asquith. Frigid, unemotional, lawyer-minded, with full-toned voice and vigorous, compact speech, he is marked out for being the future Liberal Prime Minister of England, were it not that his unsympathetic manner makes him unpopular with the rank and file of his party. He is admired and cheered; but how many care for him personally? He is a trenchant debater, the strongest man undoubtedly on the Opposition side. The thin, satisfied smile that he wears shows he is fully acquainted with the fact. He is the successor to Disraeli as a phrase-maker. His sentences are polished and they are apt. Listening to him, however, you can never shake away the thought, "What a clever lawyer!"

A companion of his on the front Opposition bench to whom the eye and the mind frequently wander is Sir Edward Grey. With boyish face, pouting lips, wavy black curl on forehead—a really good-looking fellow—he somehow seems out of place on that bench, alongside stout, ageing and scant-haired politicians. Fly-fishing is the real business of his life, and politics an evening hobby. He speaks with a quiet, undemonstrative insistence, usually running a finger along the pattern of the brass-work of the chest which serves as elbow-lean, unfolding his views as a traveller would when tracing a new railway route on the map. He is a sound man. He gave evidence of this ten years ago. Political friends expected much from him. They are still in expectation.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is as long as Mr. Balfour in inches, and as thin, grizzly bearded, with questioning, yellow-lashed eyes, and a tongue with a rasp in it, but never a firework in his speech. He has much about him of the old

Tory squire, and not an ounce of the political opportunist. He is brusque, and he snarls out his thoughts when he is ill-tempered. But he is high-principled, consistent, knowing exactly the road he is on, contemptuous of shilly-shallying, and, the story goes, well able to use expressive Anglo-Saxon in private when some of his *confrères* want to make too big a dip into the public purse, of which he holds the strings. Now and then when the debate is dull, Ministers unbend, loll on their elbows towards each other, and chat and joke, and idle an hour away. They take things easily, and stick their feet on the table. Sir Michael never unbends, and he never puts his feet on the table. You would think him unsociable. He crooks his legs beneath him, with knees pushed far forward; his hands lie idly in his lap. He just looks at the wall and blinks.

Lord George Hamilton is another man who doesn't talk. He gets pieces of paper, folds them into squares and triangles, then tears them into very small pieces and makes paper snowstorms. You can tell how long the Secretary for India has been in the House by the quantity of strewn paper on the floor.

There is Mr. Wyndham. Being Under-Secretary for War, South Africa gave him his chance. For years he was looked upon as an exceedingly handsome, well-dressed dandy, with an affected manner—a man who knew a little about soldiering and a great deal about literature. Yet he has eaten hot sand fighting dervishes at the back of Suakim, and he has proved that he is more than a dilettante historian. The sterling qualities of the man shone out from the instant political responsibility came his way. He is still the hazel-eyed, exquisitely-groomed young man, and the cause of many remarks in the Ladies' Gallery. But his high-pitched, affected style disappeared as soon as

he obtained a place on the Treasury bench. He can make a string of military details interesting. He appreciates argument on the other side. But behind his dulcet voice and dandy ways there is decision and there is strength.

We shall have lively times in this new Parliament, and the Irishmen will largely provide them. They are an emotional, tempestuous crowd of Celts. And yet their leader, Mr. John Redmond, is neither emotional nor tempestuous. He is as phlegmatic as an Irishman can be. He sits in the top corner of the benches below the gangway, where he has the whole House before him. Rather short, rather stout, he has Napoleonic features, and is inclined to force his hand within his waistcoat, frown, and strike Napoleonic attitudes. His speeches are florid, and always end with the same peroration. The Shakespearian quotation of "ministering to a mind diseased" has done him service these twenty years.

On the bench immediately in front of him is Mr. T. M. Healy. Mr. John Dillon has it when "Tim" is away, but as they are not friends he slips along the bench on his approach, and the gesticulatory but good-natured Mr. Swift McNeill plays the part of buffer. Saturnine and caustic, standing with his hands behind his back and his head hanging forward, his big eyes showing through thick-glass spectacles, Mr. Healy is vinegary, stinging, frequently vindictive. He never has notes, and it is impossible to tell whether his speeches are prepared or impromptu. He drones in monotone with always a curl of the lip, and he says entertaining but vitriolic things as he would say, "It is a rainy afternoon."

John Dillon is all emotion. A big man, wearing ill-fitting clothes, pale-faced, sad-eyed, with tufty black

whiskers covering a long jaw, his hair straight, plastered over his forehead, he is an ideal-looking conspirator. He is deadly in earnest, and has not a laugh in him. Everything is "nothing short of an outrage"—his favorite phrase. He is as close an attender in the House as the Speaker himself. The Chamber may be a wilderness; the talk may be on a subject that cannot interest him; but there he always is, through the dreary hours, night after night. If they gave medals in Parliament for regular attendance, Mr. Dillon would win easily.

An unusual figure that flits abashed about the Ministerial benches is Mr. Lecky. He is a learned man out of place. The atmosphere of St. Stephen's does not agree with him. Gaunt and ungainly, never knowing what to do with his hands, but carrying them up against his breast so that they look like seal's flippers, especially as he often wears black kid gloves, he wanders about the Lobby the very picture of disconsolateness. He advances to his place in the House with a long undulation of body almost swanlike. His voice is sweet, but apologetic, as though he would rather not have to speak at all. He blushes; he offers his views timidly; his manner is that of a nervous curate rather staggered at his own audacity in addressing a diocesan synod.

There is no nervousness about another well-known figure—Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. Here you have full-blooded assurance. Portly, rubicund, with a glaring eye, that flashes through a monocle, demonstrative and leathern-lunged, his hair falling in streaks across his heated forehead, he wraps himself in a mental Union Jack, and thunders at the Government for dilatoriness in cutting the claws of the Russian bear. Above everything he is patriotic. Yet no man is treated so unkindly. When Ashmead-Bartlett

rises, the House recognizes a fitting time to go and smoke cigars downstairs. Ministers regard him with indifference; still he is not crushed. He will ask twenty pertinent questions from the Minister-in-charge. The Minister-in-charge yawns, but offers not a word.

Another man with no nervousness, chock-block full of blunt egotism and breezy confidence, is the member for Battersea. Everybody likes John Burns. Stiff-set, muscular, strong-faced, with bright eyes shelved by heavy shrubs of eyebrows, he is always cheery and dogmatic, knows exactly what he wants, and asks for it in a voice so strident that the invalids in St. Thomas's Hospital across the river must often be disturbed in their early slumbers. Unlike some other trade leaders, he wears neither frock-coat nor silk hat. He drinks no alcohol and he doesn't smoke. He gets two pounds a week from the Engineers' Society for representing them in Parliament. He earns his money. He is afraid of nobody—has enemies outside the House, but none in it—and he says what he thinks, and often what other people think and are afraid to say. Whatever his views, he is straight. He doesn't trim. Nobody has ever alleged that he made money by being a professional agitator. He is honest and fights fair. But he strikes hard. So in politics his personal friends are not limited to the Opposition.

In the new Parliament the "Stranger" will miss many old faces. Mr. Goschen, gray, dour, guttural, all corners, a remarkable man, has left the Treasury bench. Sir Wilfrid Lawson no longer sits scribbling doggerel on the backs of envelopes. The loss of the pleasant, quaint-phrased incursions of Mr. Augustine Birrell is distinctly felt. But there are young men, newly elected, all ready to try their powers. There is Mr. Winston Churchill, the

famous son of a famous father, from whom great things are expected; there is Mr. Gilbert Parker, the brilliant novelist; there is Mr. Henry Norman, traveller and journalist; and a good many more all eager for the fray. We will not include Mr. William O'Brien

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or Mr. Keir Hardie in this category; St. Stephen's is no new ground to them. If the prophecies come true, Mr. O'Brien will be the centre of some lively scenes when he takes the floor, with his critic Mr. "Tim" Healy within arm's-length.

John Foster Fraser.

FICTION AND POLITICS.*

Why, in the vast multitude of novels, are there so few that deal with political life? The true aim of the novelist, as of the dramatist, is the development of character in the pursuit of an end; but the novelist has this advantage—that he can elaborate his setting, elucidate the influences among which his characters move, by detailed description, by comment and analysis, even, if necessary, by historic dissertation. Now it should seem that the political career offers to the novelist the worthiest end and the most picturesque and interesting environment. The ruler's ambition has always passed for the highest, and there is certainly no province of life in which the collision of wills, the action of individual mind upon mind, of temperament upon temperament, and that more subtle action of a moral atmosphere generated by an organized association upon the individual who enters the association, can be observed and depicted so well as in the domain of politics. Nor is there any sphere where the sex interest can more readily be blended with the other springs of action; nowhere can the choice between love and duty be more

plausibly represented. Just at present, no doubt, it is the fashion to speak of Parliament as an assembly of talkers, considerably inferior in all the governing qualities to the police magistrates of newly subjugated provinces, or even to the heroic colonists who learn the hard realities of life in shearing sheep or causing them to be shorn; but in spite of the prevalence of this talk, a seat in the House is still a main object of ambition, and, for that matter, desired and pursued even by novelists. It is certainly true that to write successfully of political life some acquaintance with its actual workings is necessary, but that is not so rare nor so hard to come by as to deter the writer of fiction; and more than the necessary knowledge must have been possessed, for example, by men like Thackeray and Charles Reade, both of whom in their day were candidates. What, then, is the explanation? Assuming that a political career offers the highest distinction open to the average Briton, why does the novelist so seldom launch his hero (or her hero) upon it?

In so far as the English novel is concerned, perhaps the nature of Brit-

*1. *The Mantle of Elijah* By I. Zangwill. London: William Heinemann, 1900.

2. *Senator North*. By Gertrude Atherton. London: John Lane, 1900.

Quisante. By Anthony Hope. London: Methuen & Co., 1900.

ish institutions supplies the answer. Novelists have never shrunk from the introduction of absolute monarchy or despotic ministers into their pages. The man who can sway the resources of a kingdom, decide in a moment matters of life or death, war or peace—whether you call him Louis XI, Cromwell, Richelieu, or another—makes an obvious appeal to the imagination. But the constitutional sovereign or the member of a party government has not the same range of impressive action. All that he can generally do by himself is to threaten to upset the coach, and even this exploit is not always feasible. In short, we believe that the parliamentary hero has never been common in fiction, for the excellent reason that heroics are out of place in Parliament. That very peculiar system of government which the genius of our race has evolved proceeds by methods so indirect that, while parliamentary success is by general consent a matter of personality, and perhaps more a matter of personality in the House of Commons than anywhere in the world, it is not easy for a novelist to indicate the steps to the goal. Your hero can always conveniently and credibly head a forlorn hope, transfix the villain in a duel, rescue the drowning orphan, pilot a ship through the narrowest channels, soften the most obdurate heart by long fidelity, display unaltered attachment to a damsel disfigured by the small-pox; but there is no reader so accommodating as to believe that by an outburst of fiery eloquence any hero forces the resignation of a corrupt minister or turns a division in the House. Eloquence has its effect in Parliament—about that there is no question; but the effect is a little too remote and roundabout to be heroic. Disraeli observed a wise discretion when he conducted Coningsby across the threshold of the House of Commons, and there dropped a veil over his career, just as,

in the old-fashioned novel, hero and heroine were through many complications brought to the altar and the resultant felicity was taken for granted. The development of character under the ordeal or discipline of matrimony has indeed afforded material to many novelists, but the theme has seldom proved heroic; and the same applies unquestionably to the experiences of political life. But, however unromantic may be the treatment, there hangs always about love and marriage the indestructible glamor of sex, and the problems which have to be handled in a study of matrimonial drama come home to the business and the bosoms of all mankind. On the other hand, the hopes and fears, the temptations and the triumphs of political life in England are in a sense so esoteric and so indirect that they must be expounded as matters unfamiliar; and in the process of exposition the reader's mind is apt to find itself reluctantly robbed of a picturesque though vague illusion. A political novel, seriously attacking the subject in the spirit of frank realism, must be very like an Ibsen play, and, as a matter of fact, that brilliant and bitter comedy, "The League of Youth," with its poignant satire on the unconscious contradictions, incongruities, and even indecencies into which the rhetorical temperament is prone to lead one who aspires to lead others, contains more of the root of the matter for us than any recent work, though it is written, of course, with reference to Scandinavian politics and politicians. And, indeed, if you look for heroism in politics, it is apt to be not unlike the heroism of the gentleman in "An Enemy of the People," who became a martyr for conscience sake upon the question of drainage. Ibsen's doctor, who insisted on reporting that the town drains were in an unsound condition, although the mayor and corporation urged upon him that no good citizen

would bring inevitable ruin on the watering-place of which he was a burgess, is a true type of the hero in politics, be they imperial or municipal. But it is very hard to make him a sympathetic figure, and most people declare that "An Enemy of the People" is not a play at all, much less a tragedy, but a squabble about sanitation.

If one thinks over the dramatic occurrences in the politics of the last few years, it is plain that the satirist has more openings than the seeker of heroic moments. No doubt Mr. Gladstone, greatly tempted by the greatest of all temptations, power, which, as it seemed to him, he and he only could rightly use, is a superb tragic figure, but a tragic failure. A novelist may certainly conduct his hero up to a situation like that in which Mr. Morley stood at Newcastle when he refused to be dictated to on the question of an eight hours' day, fought and won his battle; but will the novel-reading public be content with that for a consummating achievement? The action may be heroic—it was indeed—but it lacks the halo of romance. And the truth that parliamentary life is not a romantic business is sufficiently evidenced by the one truly romantic figure that Parliament has shown to the world in these last decades; for Mr. Parnell was to all intents and purposes a rebel, only present in Parliament as a soldier in a hostile country.

Still, although novelists—and particularly English novelists—have comparatively seldom made the endeavor to show how human character displays itself under the special influences and in the special opportunities which the political arena affords, the political novel is a well-marked class—and a class sufficiently extensive to require subdivision. There are those which are novels pure and simple, which pursue the proper end of fiction; and there are those which, although not limited to a

single extraneous purpose, like the books which one calls almost technically "novels with a purpose," have yet other objects in view than the telling of a story. When Disraeli wrote "Coningsby," he defined his purpose in a dedication; it was "to scatter some suggestions that may tend to elevate the tone of public life, ascertain the true character of political parties, and induce us for the future more carefully to distinguish between facts and phrases, realities and phantoms." The book was, in short, a political pamphlet; a glorified pamphlet, no doubt, but still a pamphlet having for its object a general survey of the political situation created by the passing of the Reform Act in 1832 and the events immediately succeeding. It had other objects, a larger scope than the pamphlet proper can embrace; in it that strange, half-visionary mind of the great political dreamer gave the rein to an opulent imagination, as yet undisciplined by the exercise of power; and the Hebrew, himself the embodiment of the imperishably vital principle in a stock that had kept itself separate and unmistakable through many wandering centuries of heterogeneous association in the chance medley of mankind, prophesies concerning race and natural aristocracies, the prerogatives and the duties of blood; while in the same volume the expert politician of the English House of Commons advocates, opposes and satirizes particular and transitory catchwords, men and measures.

Prose fiction in Stevenson's brilliant phrase, "drags with a wide net," and the net has seldom spread wider than in "Coningsby." There you encounter, for example, a reflection on the fact that the French serve their dishes on cold plates to save their china, accompanied by the politician's shrewd argument for a treaty of commerce which should facilitate exchanging "the fab-

rics of our unrivalled potteries for their capital wines," and thereby improve the dinners of two nations; while a little lower on the same page some passing reference to the Carlists calls forth the glorification of "a past, but real aristocracy, an aristocracy that was founded on an intelligible principle, which claimed great privileges for great purposes, whose hereditary duties were such that their possessors were perpetually in the eye of the nation, and who maintained, and in a certain point of view justified, their pre-eminence by constant illustration." And in the *dramatis personæ* there is the same odd juxtaposition of idealizing fancy with close practical observation; Sidonia, young, beautiful and wise, Jew and grandee of Spain, who saves the credit of nations with his finance and wins steeples with his horsemanship, rubs shoulders with the immortal placemen, Tadpole and Taper. And it is just this twy-natured character that prevents the average reader from caring for Disraeli's novels; he will not be at the pains to understand. And in a sense the average reader is right. They lack the unity of art; they are not really novels, though everywhere is evidence in abundance of the novelist's gift. Tadpole and Taper, Diocuri of the lobby, with their hierarchical superior, Mr. Rigby, the placeman *in excelsis*, attest the faculty of satiric creation; Lord Monmouth perhaps proves even a higher gift. When Harry Coningsby comes to present himself for the first time to his grandfather, the grand seigneur overwhelms him with a bow worthy of Louis XIV, and the boy subsides into tears; a trait perhaps overcharged, but highly characteristic of the writer. But the ideal Eton boy, as Disraeli conceives him, knows that he has got to be brave, and at dinner he is very brave. One of the guests, Mr. Ormsby, takes friendly no-

tice of him and inquires about Eton. Coningsby answers boldly.

"Gad, I must go down and see the old place," said Mr. Ormsby, touched by a pensive reminiscence. "One can get a good bed and bottle of port at the Christopher still?"

"You had better come and try, sir," said Coningsby. "If you will come some day and dine with me at the Christopher, I will give you such a bottle of champagne as you never tasted yet."

The marquis looked at him, but said nothing. "Ah, I liked a dinner at the Christopher," said Mr. Ormsby. "After mutton, mutton, mutton every day, it was not a bad thing."

"We had venison for dinner every week last season," said Coningsby; "Buckhurst had it sent up from his park. But I don't care for dinner; breakfast is my lounge."

"Ah, those little rolls and pats of butter!" said Mr. Ormsby. "Short commons, though. What do you think we did in my time? We used to send over the way to get a mutton chop."

"I wish you could see Buckhurst and me at breakfast," said Coningsby, "with a pound of Castle's sausages."

"What Buckhurst is that, Harry?" inquired Lord Monmouth, in a tone of some interest, and for the first time calling him by his Christian name.

"Sir Charles Buckhurst, sir, a Berkshire man; Shirley Park is his place."

"Why, that must be Charley's son, Eskdale," said Lord Monmouth; "I had no idea he could be so young."

"He married late, you know, and had nothing but daughters for a long time."

"Well, I hope there will be no Reform Bill for Eton," said Lord Monmouth musingly.

Thackeray knew how to represent Lord Steyne well enough, but Thackeray would hardly have realized how the man, who had through a long career denied himself no gratification, would be gratified by the sight of youth just beginning life and making a fool of itself in a spirited way. Thack-

eray would have been apt to make Lord Monmouth round on his grandson with a laugh that would make the boy wince; Disraeli realizes how the sight of Coningsby makes the old *viveur* feel young again. He repeats the touch, in describing the Montem in which Coningsby took part, when he makes Lord Monmouth look at the great Duke's triumphal progress through the cheering boys, and say, "I would give his fame if I had it, and my wealth, and be sixteen." No writer has felt more keenly the glamor of youth than this dreamer whose young men all see visions; but, for all that, he does not trouble to make Coningsby more than a puppet or mouthpiece emitting the ideas that Benjamin Disraeli wished to utter—ideas which had a perfectly definite reference. For, although the characters figure for the most part under borrowed names, with the leaders no such concealment is used, and the author passes judgment explicitly on the actions of the Duke of Wellington, and expressly suspends judgment on Sir Robert Peel. In short, Disraeli, in "Coningsby," and everywhere else, uses the novel primarily as a vehicle for disseminating ideas, and not as a means of illustrating human character by the art of narration, which is the true aim of a novelist.

Such was the aim of Anthony Trollope, the one novelist whose imagination positively revelled in the atmosphere of St. Stephen's. The sort of inhibitory effect which we have conceived to be exercised upon the average fancy by the unromantic conditions of a parliamentary career could never touch him, for Trollope never felt the need to idealize anybody. Moreover, he was incorrigibly, enthusiastically, admirably British; the gospel of compromise was as the breath in his nostrils; and if a seat in the Cabinet were tleman, he was not one to shrink from the highest ambition of an English gen-

the exposition of all that the ambition entailed. Nothing gives him a more obvious delight than to fling cold water into all corners where romance may lurk, to show how in the workings of Parliament a man must be first and foremost a loyal member of his party, a good follower, ready to sacrifice personal predilections, fads, ideals even, at the bidding of a Whip; and yet how there must always remain certain things that he would not do at the Whip's bidding. That is the novelist's true concern, the problem of character. Trollope does not dwell much upon the pros and cons of the measure over which Phineas Finn, his singularly ill-named hero, feels himself bound to resign; what he does insist on is the atmosphere, the numberless little ingredients that go to make up the feeling of success, partly social, partly political; the temptation of office just in so far as it represents the prize in a game where the players are keen and many; the influences at work, both in Parliament and outside it, that tempt a man to sacrifice his scruple—the pretty women to whom he will cease to be an object of interest, the personal foes to whom his discomfiture will mean a gratification, the personal friends whom his defection will distress and in some small degree embarrass; these, and not the definite political issues, are the stuff of the book. How good Trollope's work is has, we think, hardly been recognized; but if one considers the best things in it, it is easy to see why political novels fall of a great vogue. The character among all his characters on whom he most prided himself—the man whom he picked out as representing his ideal type of the English gentlemen who make England what it is—was his Mr. Plantagenet Palliser. Now, of the popular attributes of a hero, Plantagenet Palliser possesses none. His influence in Parliament is not of his own making, for, although a com-

moner, he is near kinsman and heir to the great Whig Duke of Omnium. Trollope never pretends that Plantagenet Palliser would ever have approached the top of the ladder if he had not been born three-quarters of the way up. The province of politics, in which his influence is felt, and which he makes his own, is the arid region of finance; Mr. Palliser sits up late at night and rises early in the morning, neglecting his charming wife for the decimal system and questions of currency reform. He desires office in order to give effect to his ideas, but they are not the grandiose and far-reaching conceptions of Disraeli's heroes; they have to do with the driest and pettiest details of economic administration. And yet Trollope is quite right; the gentleman who, without desire of reward, regardless of showy success, works like a galley slave for the work's sake; who, placed by his position above all suspicion of pecuniary motives, is also inflexible on any matter that has the semblance of a job; who, in short, feels it his duty and finds it his pleasure to serve the country in the most laborious positions, and would be miserable without the work—he is unquestionably the type who has made Parliament what it is. But the fact remains that Mr. Palliser's is a dull excellence; he has neither the engaging virtues nor the attractive vices; and even when, in the last of the four novels in which he figures, Trollope represents him as succumbing to a human weakness, the temptation of power, and clinging unduly to office, it can hardly be said that he is altogether a sympathetic figure. Still, there he is; you may not be enthusiastic for him; you may understand clearly why his wife, the Lady Glencora, should have contemplated running away from him in the early days of their married life; but you will also understand why he is a tower of strength to his party, and even why his

wife, that very human and delightful intriguer, grows very fond of him. And if the intelligent foreigner asked for a book or books which would illustrate to him the existence of a member of Parliament in Great Britain, and enable him to realize the peculiar atmosphere of that peculiar mode of life, with its good and evil, its various qualifications for success, as, for example, Alphonse Daudet's "*Numa Roumestan*" illustrates the political career in France, one would not hesitate to refer the inquirer to Trollope as giving him precisely the insight that he desired.

Mr. Meredith has more than once handled a political theme, from varying standpoints. In the "*Tragic Comedians*" he worked from a definite datum, the life and personality of Lassalle. In "*Diana of the Crossways*" a dramatic story that figured (without foundation) in the scandalous chronicle of Lord Melbourne's day made the pivot of a fine book, of which the great bulk was sheer invention, but in which certain notabilities—Lord Melbourne himself first and chiefest—were recognizable. Lastly, in "*Beauchamp's Career*" we had a sketch of the hero in collision with all the obstacles and limitations that beset the path of a political aspirant. Mr. Meredith is, of course, no pamphleteer, though he has his emphatic beliefs as to the needs and destinies of England and her people, which in these books, but not specially in these, he enforces; his aim is the display of character. But for the routine of Parliament, the working of the party machine, he has Beauchamp's own contempt. What he gives us then is, in "*Beauchamp*," a kind of satire on the conditions which made a man like his splendid sailor impracticable in politics; and in "*Diana*" brilliant studies of the political forces that work outside of Parliament, the Olympians, both gods and goddesses, of the political world. It might be well asserted,

so far as artistic achievement goes, that "Diana of the Crossways" is the greatest English political novel; but it is certainly not among Mr. Meredith's finest productions, and it is rather a study of the personages in one epoch than of permanent conditions.

But Mr. Meredith is a survivor from the great generation of novelists. Chief among the newer writers who have dealt in fiction with politics is, of course, Mrs. Humphry Ward. "Marcella" and "Sir George Tressady" were so fully discussed in this Review that we are disinclined to do more than recall the skill with which Mrs. Ward delineated a permanent and notable type of the political woman. Marcella is a lady ambitious to exercise influence by her moral and intellectual qualities; but she finds that the strongest power in her hands is just simply the power of her sex; and the questions how far she can justify herself in using that power for ends which her moral and intellectual faculties dictate, how far she uses it unconsciously, and how far she shuts her eyes to the fact that she is using it, all give the novelist an admirable opportunity of which she avails herself with skill and discretion. In her latest book, "Eleanor," the hero is a politician, but a politician in retreat, sulking like Achilles and pretending without much hope of success (if we may judge from the one specimen of his work submitted) to have adopted literature as the means of effectuating his personality. But the last few months which have sent one novelist—Mr. Gilbert Parker—to the House of Commons and have denied to another—Dr. Conan Doyle—access to that arena, have launched into the world three novels of more than usual note which occupy themselves with the life of politicians.

Of the three novelists by a long way the best known is Mr. Anthony Hope, who has always shown some proclivity

to political ambitions since the days when he was a clever debater at the Oxford Union, and who has now, not for the first time, made the politician's temperament the subject of a novel. In his earlier book, "Half a Hero," the chief figure was the leader of a party in one of our self-governing colonies; but in "Quisanté" Mr. Hope comes to the centre of things, and sketches a personage for whom the career of Disraeli has plainly afforded a suggestion. For "Quisanté" is, like "Numa Roumestan," a study not of political tendencies, but of an individuality seen in unflattering contrast, yet in a contrast that emphasizes the power of the nature which can by virtue of its inherent force and fascination subjugate natures morally and physically superior to itself. Numa Roumestan is the *homme du midi* as Daudet conceives him, who pays habitually with words, but the words ring like gold pieces new-minted, and the sheer prodigality overwhelms. It overwhelms the cold, white loyal girl of the North, and she marries Roumestan, linking herself forever to a man whom she is forever finding out. Alexander Quisanté comes also as an alien into the surroundings where the success of his life has to be won, and success, as so often, wears the figure of a woman. Practically, that is the whole story of the book—the story of a man's conquest of a woman. Conquest is literally the fact; he conquers, she succumbs. Her first instinct is to recoil from him; she embodies all the feelings of the cast to which he does not belong, whose code of honor he does not share, whose sense of conduct he violates. When they first meet, she is to him "an empress among women," and he makes advances, according to his lights; she only finds that he flirted, that his flirtation was "weaselly"—a phrase which, to our minds, fits ill with her reputation for ultra-refinement. Only when she is part of an audience,

part of a spellbound audience, does she realize his power; and when he wins her it is in one of his "moments"—when he is to her what he can occasionally be to an audience. Thus we see the man, an underbred genius, through the eyes of a highbred woman, ambitious in a woman's way, who cannot resist the temptation to attach herself to the genius and to share his lot in life. What Mr. Hope succeeds in showing us very plainly is the difficulty experienced by such a woman in living with such a man during the hours which were not "moments;" the need for acquiescence in his small impostures, all the more discreditable because they violate no express sanction. But of the man's actual part in politics we are told little, except for the central chapters in the book which tell the story of a contested election, and tell it with spirit. Mr. Foster is well drawn, the wealthy Wesleyan, Quisanté's backer, to whom the hint is given that undoes Sir Winter-ton Mildmay. Yet, although the whole book is clever enough, it does little more than indicate cleverly a variety of points of view. Weston Marchmont, the ultra-refined politician who "ought to have a party all to himself, and then, by Jove, he wouldn't vote with it," is only an elegant shadow; and the Benyon brothers, Quisanté's first converts and disciples, are not much more. You do not get from the book anything, beyond several descriptions of the way in which a man with the magnetic talent for swaying a crowd may hold an audience, great or small, in a kind of thralldom, with some suggestion of the contrast that may exist between the man in the moments when his gift is at work, influencing himself as well as others, and the other hours when the actor is off the stage, or rehearsing and stage-managing his effects. In short, the book resolves itself into the study of a single character, seen in the most

generalized conditions, and of an atmosphere which is only indicated by the fact that it repels Quisanté. In so far as the book amounts to a definite comment on political life, the pronouncement is simply this: that the man who is quite likely to become Prime Minister is also quite likely not to be a gentleman.

The other two books of which we have to speak differ sharply from Mr. Hope's in this, that they have a perfectly definite reference to existing political movements, and, to that extent, approach more nearly the "Coningsby" type. Mr. Hope makes a study, so to say, *in vacuo*, setting down among the best English political society, as he sees it, the ideal adventurer, as he conceives him. Mrs. Atherton sets down an imagined personage or personages—or at least personages who do not suggest to us any actual figures—in the thick of the stirring contest which preceded the declaration of war between America and Spain. Mr. Zangwill, on the other hand, travesties the lineaments of an unmistakable personality, and invents or embroiders a sequence of events upon a broad outline of the political transformation which has altered England in the last five and twenty years. But the common element in the two books is obvious and significant; each writer depicts the attitude of a statesman towards a war made by the democracy. Mrs. Atherton's book has, of course, less interest for us, and is, moreover, greatly inferior to Mr. Zangwill's in range of ability; but it is, nevertheless, a notable achievement, and one which an earlier novel of hers, noticed some time ago in this Journal, would never have led us to anticipate. Naturally enough, the book is chiefly interesting to English readers as a document; but, as we propose to show, it is by no means negligible as a pamphlet or statement of a point of view. Let us outline the story, which is of

the simplest. Betty Madison—rich, beautiful and twenty-seven—is in the very heart of that highly exclusive “Old Washington” set of southern aristocracy who eschew politics and suffer no politician to cross their doors. But she has been to England, has seen women, of whose breeding and position there can be no question, keenly concerned in politics, she is bored with the never-ending round of tea parties and flirtation with charming attachés, and decides to take an interest in politics. An English friend, married to a leading senator, is able to launch her, and she begins at once an exhaustive study of the senate. Her first experience of senators prepossesses her; they are all men who possess a great deal of “magnetism” (a property on which Mrs. Atherton is disagreeably prone to dwell). A rising young senator, Senator Burleigh, at once falls in love with her, but at her first political dinner she sees and is promptly subjugated by one of “the leading six”—Senator North. He is sixty, but none the worse for that. From that day forward a great part of Betty’s life is spent in the gallery of the senate, and North responds kindly to her advances. Trouble comes upon her in the shape of a letter commending to her care an illegitimate daughter of her father by an octaroon woman; and in her trouble she goes to North for advice. It is he who encourages her to surmount the almost invincible aversion of a Southern woman for the taint of black blood and to give a home to her half-sister, a beautiful girl whose strain is barely betrayed by the tinted finger-nails. The experiment turns out ill. Harriet falls in love with Betty’s cousin and sometime lover—Jack Emory, a Southern of the Southerners, who has used all his influence to keep Betty out of what he conceives as the mire of politics. A secret marriage results, and Betty tries to get the couple away to Europe, where the

question of color is not present in every mind. But Harriet is drawn by her racial instincts to a camp meeting of Methodist negroes, and in a drunkenness of religious enthusiasm she confesses to her husband the truth he has never suspected. He shoots himself, Harriet drowns herself, and so that episode is over—an episode which has little bearing on the main drift of the book except in so far as it helps one to realize a peculiar complication in the American outlook. But, apart from the political interest, Harriet is by far the most striking figure in the book, and her story for European readers is a document revealing facts and instincts familiar, no doubt, to every Southern American, but scarcely guessed at by us. In the meantime war has been brewing, and Betty is heart and soul with North in his opposition to it. For Mrs. Atherton’s attitude is very unlike that of the author of “Democracy,” the only other study of Washington and its life at all equal in interest to this. She holds a brief for the Senate which the earlier and more brilliant writer stigmatized so terribly. When Jack Emory endeavors to dissuade Betty from her enterprise, he is bidden go and collect at first hand facts, not phrases, to prove the ubiquitous and abysmal corruption of which he speaks. And the result is a dialogue, which Betty is able to sum up thus:—

It all comes to this: there are millionaires and corrupting influences in the Senate, but that element is in the minority, and the greater number of leading or able senators are above suspicion. And they seem to have things pretty much all their own way. They could not if the majority in the Senate were scoundrels.

The New England men, of whom North is one, are in her eyes the salt of the institution, and North, the Conserva-

tive force in American politics, is all against intervention in Cuba. The other side of the case is put by Burleigh, who thinks that America has talked long enough of her friendship for freedom, and ought now to make good her words by a blow at oppression. But things drag on, North holding that if the President is given a free hand he "will have negotiated Spain out of America in twelve months." There is the popular outcry, but an old senator analyzes it thus for Betty:—

It is the lust of blood that possesses the United States. They don't know it. They call it sympathy; but their blood is aching for a fight, so that they can read the exciting horrors of it in the newspapers. You might as well reason with mad dogs.

Mr. Zangwill, as we shall see, has the same story to tell of another democracy. But in America the mob was stirred to fury when newsboys shrieked the destruction of the Maine. Mrs. Atherton's description of the effect upon public feeling of that intelligence is really admirable; the momentary pause, then the growing yell, headed by the press. Betty sees her chosen hero—now her avowed lover—still facing the stream, opposing to it barriers of severe logic, but hopelessly opposing; and at the last she is present in the gallery when the vote is given for war. That is the climax of the book. Betty is in despair at her inability to fly and console her lover—for North is a married man, married to a wife who has for twenty years been a crippled invalid, and honor and prudence have alike forced the lovers to keep at a wise distance. Distrusting herself she offers to marry Burleigh and go with him out west. But at the critical moment Mrs. North dies opportunely, and Betty is enabled to set out with every advantage on her career of regenerating American politics by reconciling the

political class to those fine elements in American society which have so far held angrily apart.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to dwell at much greater length on this very clever book, but one should say before quitting the subject that it gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of the American political centre, with its forces for good and bad; its charming lady lobbyist who engineers discreetly her dinner-parties in the interests of a great Trust that subsidizes her; the astounding medley in the Lower House; the overwrought, perfunctory and wholly unsocial society; its rawness, its crudity, its mixture of force and ignorance. But in the senate, if we take her view, there is a true brain-centre; an energy that devotes itself to legislation, forswears oratory, represses spasmodic enthusiasms not less severely than claptrap addressed to the gallery, and that manifests itself in a curiously unimpressive procedure. That is the theory of the senate, as North expounds it, but whether the consequences of a war entailing relations overseas and foreign complications will permit the theory to work in future is another matter. Democracy, Senator North considers, has, by its own force, thrown the Constitution out of gear, and may have to give place to other forms of government. But for our own part we are less interested in Senator North's political speculations than in Mrs. Atherton's keen observations on the emotional psychology of a highly nervous people in a time of great excitement. "They were not so excited during the Civil War," says Betty's mother, when, after the news of the Maine disaster, Betty's salon was all but turned into a bear garden.

"I suppose we have developed nerves or something."

"The mind was possessed by the grim fact during the Civil War," said

Senator Maxwell. "This is a second-rate thing that appeals to the nerves and not to the soul."

It will be seen that the scheme of Mrs. Atherton's book is very simple. She simply takes the politician as hero, and makes her heroine fall in love with him and merge all her own interests in those of her hero. The sex interest is strongly insisted on throughout the book—indeed, Mrs. Atherton has a way of stating the relations between man and woman in the simplest terms of physical attraction, which at times becomes almost embarrassing—but we see the hero through the heroine's eyes, and seeing him we share her interest in all that his life touches. The political world falls into the field of vision with his personality for a focal point; and for a final scene there is seen the sane, strong man attempting to head off the madness of a democracy, and, undefeated in his failure, prophesying the ruin of the forces which will not be directed. We see, in short, character not modified by the influences of political life, but developed in heroic proportions by collision with a political force. The task which Mr. Zangwill in his very clever book has set himself is quite different. His object is not eulogy but satire. He depicts the politician not as hero, but as the very opposite—in short, as the successful fraud. The leading figure of his book displays character not by resistance, but by a dexterous trimming of his sails; he does not oppose the popular current, but by clever manipulation adds to its forces by concentrating them, and, instead of damming back the flood, swims on the crest of the wave.

It would be the merest affectation to ignore the bitter personal reference of the satire. Mr. Bob Broser, upon whose shoulders the "mantle of Eli-

jah" falls, is what old-fashioned people called a *parvenu*, born to the possession of a large capital earned in the previous generation, and ambitious, in the first instance, for pre-eminence in his own town of Midstoke, where the blast furnaces roar with the fiery energy of Radicalism. And Elijah is Mr. Thomas Marjorimont (or Marchmont, as he spells it to save confusion to the untutored), a Radical, though born within the pale of the privileged comrade-in-arms of Bryden, "Bryden the golden-mouthed, Bryden, the Berserker of peace." In the ideals of Mr. Marchmont military glory had no place—"his first thought was for England—England at peace, clean, contented, sober, happy—a beacon to a weltering Continent." War was to him "a curse that always comes home to roost;" war meant "fifty millions on to the national debt, as well as torn men and horses disembowelled." Under these auspices Mr. Broser steps on to the scene. Marchmont goes down to Midstoke to unveil the bust of Bryden—Bryden the glory of Midstoke; it is Broser who orders the horses to be taken out of the carriage and himself is first between the shafts. Marchmont in his great speech, touching on the question of Nova Barba, execrates the red herring of foreign complications dragged across the path of domestic reform; he testifies of peace, "warships replaced by merchantmen, the glory of war by the service of humanity, its cost expended on the education of the people, the spider spinning its web across the cannon's mouth." And Mr. Broser, rising in the hush that follows the great speech, almost atones for the strident vulgarity of his opening, almost endears himself to Marchmont's beautiful and poetic daughter, Allegra, by the real fervor of the enthusiasm with which he claims in public the privilege to kiss the hem of Elijah's mantle, and by the boldness, the ringing brazen

note, of his protest against corruption of the rich and oppression of the poor. Such is Mr. Broser's *début*, and he lives up to it. Clinging to the hem of the mantle, first as Marchmont's unpaid secretary, then as member of parliament returned alongside of his chief, he trumpets blatant Radicalism in the House, denouncing the expenses of the Royal Family. When the Nova Barbese war comes, against which Marchmont had protested till the country rang with denunciations of Elijah as the "Prophet of Petty Cash," it is Broser who joins the besieged household while the mob are wrecking Marchmont's windows; and when along with the news of victory comes the announcement that Marchmont's son, a soldier against his father's will, has fallen, it is Broser who comforts Allegra and clasps hands with her in a solemn compact to make an end of war.

At this point we are in the region of sheer fancy, and frankly we do not like Mr. Zangwill's invention. A very disagreeable scene rids Mr. Broser of his wife. Shortly afterwards Mr. Marchmont is by a sudden disaster hoisted irretrievably into the House of Lords; Elijah is removed from the arena of prophesying, and the mantle must fall on somebody's shoulders. Marchmont has no hesitation in naming Broser as his successor; the aspirant, disembarassed of his plebeian spouse, goes to Allegra with her father's sanction as a suitor for her hand, and she, rapt with political idealism, accepts him. But, in the meanwhile, a change has been passing over Midstoke. It is no longer popular there to prophesy of peace, and Mr. Broser is of Midstoke body and soul. If Midstoke will not follow where he leads, then he will lead where Midstoke will follow. But a certain time is needed for the change, and the interval supposed to elapse after Allegra's marriage affords space

for the necessary evolution. When the story is resumed, war with Nova Barba is again imminent. Sir Donald Bagnell the great company promoter, has schemes of annexation; he has acquired organs in the press, and a new virus swells in John Bull's veins:—

He itches for a second Nova Barbese war, to repair his magnanimity in not having annexed the whole country after the first. Ah, the mob! It is a barrel-organ into which any air may be inserted. What tunes have I not heard it grinding out in Italy, in Germany and France, unconscious of the politician turning the handle! Bagnell has made Britain resound with martial melodies.

The speaker is Raphael Dominick, poet and philosopher, who comes into the blank of Allegra's disillusioned existence. He is the person created to be the mouthpiece of Mr. Zangwill's sentiments concerning the change in England's national temper, and concerning the man who, in his opinion, incarnates that change. It is he who explains to Allegra the philosophy of the process by which the transformation had been effected under her very eyes, and yet without a moment at which she could make a stand and say: "Here you become a renegade."

"The Greek sophists used to ask when was a heap a heap? They added pebble to pebble till you said it was a heap, then they took the last pebble away, and asked you to explain why it had ceased to be a heap. The change in your husband was subtle, gradual. There was no moment in which you could cry convincingly 'Soros!' Every time that you remonstrated he said that you didn't understand the world, that in politics you had to give a little in order to get more—that the line of advance was up a spiral staircase."

As he spoke Allegra's mind was taking a bird's-eye view of her husband's political career, so prematurely successful in the face of so many ob-

stacles. How apt that sophistic image! At no moment had Broser deserted his principles. Never in her frequent passionate protests had she been able to outface his skilled repartee. And yet here he was at his own antipodes on the political globe. Broser would have said that the globe revolved, not he.

There he is, at all events, the champion now of the aristocracy, although the aristocracy as embodied in Allegra's aunt, the Duchess of Dalesbury, will not admit the fact. When Allegra presses the point, the duchess only shifts her ear-trumpet; and Broser is definitely engaged now in engineering preparations for the war in concert with Bagnell:—

"On what protest?" (Allegra asks him).

"Protests we have always with us—like the poor."

"Yes, poor protests—the wolf's to the lamb."

"Not at all. We don't desire to eat 'em; only to civilize 'em."

"To shear 'em, you mean."

He shrugged his shoulders. "They're dirty, and too lazy to develop their own country. The dark places of the earth must be lit up."

"That the electric light companies may make a profit."

"Why not? If I add Nova Barba to the Empire I shall ultimately become premier."

"Granted; but all the same it is the march of civilization."

One is bound to admit that Mr. Broser's logic is a logic that the press and platform have rendered extremely familiar to us. The gospel of strenuousness, which has been so unceasingly preached is at times difficult to distinguish from the gospel of grab, although, as Mr. Zangwill has the insight to discern, it may be preached in perfect sincerity:—

John Bull, on his island, never sees the people he oppresses or the cam-

paign he conducts. It all comes to him idealized, almost as art. He truly believes he is spreading righteousness, and the best, nay, the only possible Constitution. Hence an unjust war produces as great a moral glow as a just, much as a false coin does the work of a true one, so long as everybody is taken in.

And Mr. Broser is John Bull for good as well as bad—Raphael Dominick admits that:—

I catch curious twists in him, yearnings to do big things for the masses, for the Empire, If Nature has given him a thick skin it is because she intends him for tough work.

What is the conclusion? Mr. Zangwill has been reading Nietzsche, and is inclined to believe that success is to the "blond beast," the "Beyond-man" who transcends sentimental weaknesses. To the plea that war "reacts for good on the temper of the race," Allegra may answer that these arguments "put forward the compensations of a righteous war as the reasons for a wicked war." But is it proved that an unrighteous war will not in the end profit the race that makes it? The Englishman salves his conscience more and more with the plea that every extension of our Empire is for the good of humanity—and is there not some truth in Mr. Zangwill's summing up of the "new England"?

"England needs a war," Broser retorted obstinately. "A woman cannot feel that we have all grown womanish. We are stagnant, infected with literary and artistic corruptions. The national fibre needs renewing. A war will shake up all classes."

"And shake you up to the top."

"Somebody has got to be at the top. Can you name anybody stronger?"

Allegra was silent. She felt his was the voice of the new England; not of

the new England as he had hastily mis-conceived it in his first gropings, taking for the onward flood a backwash of the eighteenth-century optimism, but of the new England generated by the throbbing screws and pistons of the age of machinery, emerging through an exotic green-sickness of Socialistic sentimentalism to a native gospel of strenuousness and slang, welcome to the primordial brute latent underneath the nebulous spiritual gains of civilization. Broser's was this dynamic energy, this acceptance of brute facts, this cockney manliness, this disdain of subtleties, this pagan joy of life; it had underlain his championship of the poor, and was honestly available in the service of the rich.

No one who has lived in London for the last two years will fail to recognize how completely Mr. Zangwill has expressed the feelings bred in many minds by the debauch of martial and patriotic sentiment, by the manifestations of that "jolly music-hall public," with whom Broser was as popular as the great Vance; by the drunken and indecent orgies which did duty for national rejoicings when the Volunteers returned to the City; by the brutal craving for details of carnage, the ungenerous exultation over a defeated enemy, the dishonorable imputations of dishonor, and, most of all, by the temper which condones all this effervescence of unwholesome gases in the hope that the public in this enthusiasm for war

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will cheerfully foot the biggest bill. The book undoubtedly makes us feel more than ever that the Jew is an alien, exempt by his birth from the national ardors and fallings. In the sketch of Broser's career, owing to the violent prejudices of Mr. Zangwill, it is true that fictitious politics have often usurped the place of political fiction. But there is no mistaking the quality and the penetration of the author's satire, and one may regret the more that he has alloyed his clean steel with baser metal. A love story is no doubt essential in a novel. But there are many scenes in the book where the satirist does not play fair, and they are the things which mar it. When Allegra's husband and her would-be lover quarrel in her presence, the husband's vulgarity seems almost gentlemanlike beside the intolerable things which Raphael Dominick is made to say and do; and in the concluding chapter, the art of the satirist confounds itself in details that might have been gleaned from the account of a social function in one of the inferior "society" papers.

Political satire is legitimate and sometimes salutary; the satire which involves a *suggestio falsi* is bad both in art and morals. This consideration tempers our admiration of Mr. Zangwill, but it cannot hinder us from seeing that he has made a remarkable contribution in a somewhat sparsely occupied province of our literature.

THE OUTLOOK IN SPAIN.

The history of Spain is a continuous romance. Every chapter has been rich hitherto in some picturesque element, too often sombre, seldom the expected. There are still alive in the Peninsula hundreds of men born under the checkered despotism of Ferdinand VII. When they were children the army of the first Don Carlos was at the gates of Madrid. Twice later they might have fought under the Carlist standard. Again and again they could have taken up arms in a revolutionary movement. They have heard five Monarchical Constitutions proclaimed. They have seen the flight of one Queen Regent, the deposition of a Queen, the bickerings of a provisional Junta, the coronation of a King elected from the family of Savoy and his abdication, a Republic, a *coup d'état*, the restoration of the Bourbon princes in the person of Alfonso XII, a second Cristina Queen-Regent, ruling on behalf of a child-king, who will attain this year his legal majority. They may still hope or fear, not unreasonably, to witness still another Constitutional crisis. It is only the century just concluded that has determined the ruin of their nation's Colonial Empire, has recorded the sale of Florida, the independence of Chili and Columbia and of Peru and Mexico, the crowning loss of Cuba and the Philippines, and the cession of the Caroline Islands. "Whoever," wrote Lord Macaulay, "wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of Governments, whoever wishes to know how great states may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain." Then, after a brilliant survey of the mighty empire of Philip II—her irresistible army, her maritime puissance, her abundant commerce and

apparently inexhaustible wealth, her eminence in literature, her supremacy in art, her enterprising and valliant people—the Whig historian, turning to glance at the later fortunes of the kingdom, summed up in a sentence the lesson of her decline: "All the causes of the decay of Spain resolve themselves into one cause—bad government."

In its process decay is as gradual as regeneration, only the revelation of it is instantaneous. On a sudden the catastrophe betrays the ravages of the disease. To ascribe the decadence of a nation wholly to bad government will strike a modern student as a glittering generality; he will confront the one dictum by another—a people get the government they deserve. Yet a generalization that has in it any truth, as a rule will contain the truth in far greater measure than the timid and balanced results of laborious diagnosis. Study, indeed, may reveal to us those contributing causes that rendered the task of misgovernment fatally easy. Only on the map does Spain present the image of a compact and united kingdom. In reality the Peninsula contains a congeries of peoples, diverse in racial origin, in character and pursuits, still speaking different languages, with distinct historical traditions. The very splendor of Spain in the sixteenth century contributed to her perdition. While, octopus-like, she embraced a hundred rich prizes, her core became mortified with debility. Above all, the wave of the Reformation spent its force at the northern foot of the Pyrenees; its educational and political impetus was reversed within the Peninsula by the terrors of the Inquisition. To balance the sins of rulers against

the infirmities of their subjects, to measure their respective contributions to the misfortunes of a nation, is the most fascinating—perhaps because the least satisfying—of the labors of a historian. Nevertheless, however greatly factors of race and tradition may have rendered the task of welding into one people the inhabitants of the Peninsula and of their government difficult, however materially the later magnificence of their Empire may have enfeebled their determination, or exclusion from the blessings of the Reformation retarded their enlightenment, it is true of Spain as of no other country, that the causes of her decay “resolve themselves into one cause—bad government.” She has developed from disappointment to disappointment. Again and again the enthusiasm and blood of her people have been lavished upon some attempt to overthrow a tyranny or to liberate the nation from some corrupt thralldom. Not seldom she has welcomed solemn guarantees of Constitutional liberties and administrative purity—to learn how the hour of promise is succeeded by years of non-fulfilment, patriot by politician, the reformer by the parasite. Where the people have trusted they have been betrayed, and the commonalty, who has everything to suffer and nothing to gain from a system of dishonest and unequal administration, has had continuously to submit to be defrauded and overreached by the “caciques” of Madrid. It endures, however, with its eyes open. It extends neither confidence nor admiration to its rulers. Only, perceiving that the reforms which it demands and the justice which it applauds as a body are constantly invalidated by the action of the individual, it has grown suspicious of the profit of revolution.

For the unusual space of some sixteen years the internal politics of Spain have been disturbed by no nota-

ble convulsion. There were not lacking prophets who foretold that the assassination of Canovas and the catastrophe of the American War would not pass without trouble. Telegrams to the English Press magnified the Carlist manifestations of last October into a movement of importance. This “Carlist rebellion,” however, was nothing more than an unscrupulous Bourse manoeuvre of some Barcelonese financiers, repudiated by Don Carlos, and esteemed significant only outside the confines of Spain. The bankers who engineered the scare were not disappointed; values were depressed, the rate of foreign exchange was temporarily elevated. They increased their capital at the expense of their country's credit, the shooting of one peasant and some days' imprisonment for others, themselves secure in the knowledge that for an opulent Spaniard there is neither exposure nor punishment, that judges and officials are not expected to restrain, but to enrich themselves by facilitating, the illegal desires of the wealthy. Nor were Ministers unwilling to make the most of an opportunity to simulate a resoluteness they do not possess by extinguishing a danger which did not exist. They proceeded to close Carlist Clubs, to prohibit the publication of Carlist newspapers, and to order a number of wholly unproductive domiciliary visits upon prominent adherents of Don Carlos, if it so happened that they were absent from home. They suspended the Constitutional Guarantees, while they generously supplied newspapers with a series of official fabrications magnifying the danger so as to enhance the reputation of a Government which so successfully combated it. In reality the crisis existed only in the telegrams of foreign correspondents who follow the Court from Madrid to San Sebastian and from San Sebastian to Madrid, and obediently receive the in-

formation dispensed to them by imaginative politicians. Carlism is a dead horse. Although Don Carlos may substitute new chiefs for old, he can never again flog it into motion, unless his political program is radically altered, and the theories of government which he is held to represent—of reaction towards absolutism and priestly domination—be authoritatively disclaimed. In the Basque provinces alone is there left to Don Carlos any substantial popular following, and to the younger generation of Basques the devotion of their parents is more a matter for reverence than imitation. To the small farmer of Mallorca peace is the one godsend he desires. He has seen each little "poblacion" of his island emptied of its young men, who should have tilled its stubborn soil and tended the sheep upon the mountain-side, to glut the maw of internecine campaigns in Cuba or the Philippines. Many of them have never returned. He longs for the day when the "consumos"—the Excise duties upon the necessities of his modest *ménage*—will be reduced; yet even for that seductive prospect he would scarcely fight, and certainly not to replace one King at Madrid by another. Catalonia, on the other hand, is fiercely Republican. The reimposition of the "vignobles" by the French Government, and the devastation of her vineyards by phylloxera (which first invaded Spain in 1890), have assisted to destroy the agricultural character of that province. The Carlist peasants have flooded into the capital city of Barcelona and into the busy towns that dot the shores of the Mediterranean, to learn in their clubs and cafés the catchwords of Communism. The loom has dispossessed the wine-press, and French rationalism the Legitimist faith. Yet if the sturdy Basque highlanders and the Balearic agriculturists have grown indifferent to the cause of Don Carlos, and the Catalan disaffect-

ed, from what quarter can he recruit the ranks of an insurgent force, for the Castilian is fairly well affected to the powers that be; while there is no population in Europe more ingenerately democratic than that of Southern Spain. By the Andaluz or the Valencian the standard of revolt has most frequently been raised; there is no halfway house for these mercurial races between a republic, the mastery of the people, and their subjection to an Imperial autocrat. Some hundreds of the nobility cannot constitute an army; nor any longer are the prayers or comminations of the priesthood likely to compel enlistment, more especially while the occupant of the Papal See extends protection to the existing monarchy.

Nevertheless, the decadence of Carlism does not ensure to Alfonso XIII a peaceful reign. The most eloquent of Spanish orators, Señor Castelar, was one of the chief promoters of the revolution that drove Queen Isabel II into exile in France, and established the Republic of which for a time Castelar was President. Two years ago, not long before his death, he received a deputation and pronounced his last discourse. He deplored the reactionary and ultramontane tendencies of the Executive, and concluded with a weighty declaration that he observed in the events and temper of the times a repetition of those features that preceded the revolution of 1868. Had he lived till now he would discover no reason to qualify that opinion. The sand in the hour-glass of monarchy is running low. That this should be so reflects not at all upon the virtues, and but slightly upon the political sagacity, of the Queen-Regent. She, at least, has striven nobly to fulfil her duty towards her son and his subjects. Her task, however, could only have been successfully performed with the support of capable and disinterested advisers, and the murder of Canovas deprived her of

the one counsellor who could lay claim to any degree of statesmanship. This year, at the age of sixteen, the young King enters into his heritage, and the Regency is concluded. It would be idle to pretend that the throne is safeguarded by the affection of a people prejudiced against foreigners, pre-eminently amenable to superstitious fears, enamored of luck and brilliancy. The Queen-Regent is an Austrian by birth and temperament; by her name, Cristina, she recalls to a Spaniard the disastrous Regency of another Cristina, the shameless widow of Fernando VII, while the boy King is the thirteenth Alfonso; since his accession national fortunes have been depressed by adversity, nor has the Queen-Mother made any concession to the delight of her people in splendor, or lent her countenance to their most cherished institution, the bull-fight. The Princess Eulalia, aunt of the King, and sister of Alfonso XII, recently visited the Biscay provinces. The Council of Vizcaya passed a vote of censure upon their President for having extended courtesy to the Princess at Bilbao. A visit of the Queen-Regent to Barcelona was contemplated. *La Veu de Catalunya*, an organ of the Autonomist movement, published an article suggesting that the air of the city was too cold for people not in robust health (a scarcely veiled reference to the supposed weakness of the King), and that the Barcelonese were not anxious to see "foreigners." In the autumn of last year a much-advertised trip was actually arranged for the King. He started on a yachting tour round the northern towns. The tour was a fiasco. His reception, at best indifferently respectful, was sometimes more marked by indifference than respect, and was brought to a hasty termination.

The Queen-Regent has lately taken a serious step of doubtful policy, against which all the Liberalism of

Spain is aroused. She has concluded an engagement between her eldest daughter, the Princess of Asturias, and Don Carlos de Bourbon, a son of the Count of Caserta. This engagement is held to contradict all hope of reform or enlarged liberties under a Constitutional Monarchy, and must tend to range the political forces of the nation into two opposing camps of reactionaries and republicans. One cannot refuse to pay some credence to the rumors, when they are repeated with but faint disguise by Deputies in the Cortes, of the delicate health of the young King. His weakness as a child and his parentage lend weight to these reports; nor has uneasiness been relieved by the secluded manner of his life and education. His person is practically unknown to his subjects; he has not reviewed his Army nor attended the lectures of professors, nor appeared in the Chambers of Congress or in the Plazas de Toros. The very earnestness with which a minute account is printed of his studies and attainments is not reassuring. The Princess of Asturias is heiress-presumptive to the throne of Spain. The Count of Caserta, the father of her fiancé, is a Carlist by descent and avowal. He has actually been in arms against the present Royal Family, and is still liable to arrest should he enter Spain. He is the Bourbon pretendant to the Kingdom of Naples, still insisting upon his title to the Neapolitan throne, and is thus received at the Vatican. By birth and by his supposed sympathies, his son, therefore, represents extreme Legitimist and Ultramontane views. If a husband was to be sought in Italy for the Infanta a member of the regnant House of Savoy might have been chosen, a son of that Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, who for so brief but honorable an interval occupied the throne of Spain. Amadeo was the choice of reformers, accepted by republicans, the nominee of the gallant Cata-

lan patriot, Marshal Prim, who, in December, 1870, on the eve of his monarch's arrival, was foully and mysteriously assassinated in Madrid. Such a marriage would have been an earnest of reform, and might have weakened the impetus of Republicanism which the nuptial of the Princess of Asturias with the Duke of Calabria can only accentuate. It is a declaration of war that even the quasi-Liberals of Congress could not affect to disregard. Over eighty Deputies voted against the answer to the Royal Message announcing the engagement. A body of Radicals signed a petition to the Regent urging the Princess of Asturias to relinquish her right of inheritance. The Executive thought it prudent to raid the office of the *Heraldo* (perhaps the most widely-read journal in Spain) in order to suppress an article commenting upon the gravity of the proposition, and to board the mail trains so as to prevent the circulation in the provinces of a speech by Señor Romero Robledo.

This engagement would seem to disclose a resolve on the part of the Queen-Regent that the monarchy will find its best chance of life in shaping its policy to the liking of the reactionaries, and in endeavoring to neutralize the antagonism, not of reformers, but of Legitimists. Possibly she has not calculated amiss; yet, if her estimate of chances be a right one, it is ominous to the safety of the throne; for it infers that the prospect of conciliating that section of the nation inclined to Republicanism is desperate. If she cannot tempt the loyalty of the mass of her subjects, she hopes at least to strengthen the bulwarks of resistance against their discontent. She can cement the benevolence of the Papal See towards the established *régime*; for Leo XIII approves this wedding as warmly as he would disapprove of a marriage into the House of Savoy. He has already, on more than one occa-

sion, exercised his authority to restrain the Carlist sympathies of the Spanish priesthood. In spite of the murmurings of Legitimist leaders he expressed through Cardinal Rampolla, in a communication to the Archbishop of Seville, his desire that the Spanish authorities shall receive the obedience of all Catholics. Although the inclinations of the priests are strongly Carlist, this marriage, with its promise that their privileges shall not be curtailed and its assurance of the Pope's patronage of the monarch, may rally them to the throne. It is difficult to measure the present influence of the clergy in Spain. Their popularity it is easy to appraise: they are detested. The distrust and dislike with which they are regarded by the mass of the people is intelligible. The Catholic Church of Rome in France, in Italy and in Austria—and not less in countries where her doctrines no longer predominate—is served by a majority of devout and active divines. The Church in Spain doubtless numbers her zealous and high minded prelates and vicars; nevertheless, practical immunity from legal prosecution, from criticism and from the rivalry of other congregations have borne their fatal fruit. The curse of untempered liberty has carried corruption to her core. Every charge that Luther hurled against the hierarchy of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century can be established against her Spanish dioceses in the twentieth. Bishoprics are sold to the highest bidder regardless of the fitness of applicants, yet simony is one of the least of the scandals that flourish under ecclesiastical protection. Vicars and *curas* are sheltered from the punishment which their crimes or the disgrace which their immorality should entail by the fear of sacerdotal authority. An outrage of a character too grave to overlook and too widely known to hush up may necessitate the banishment to South

America of an occasional reverend offender, his escape from justice being invariably connived at by provincial officials and the central Government. The vow of celibacy has become a mockery, the idea of serving mankind in poverty mere topic for ridicule. Irreverence often sneers through the stately services of the Church, immodesty and scepticism make merry the conversation of her clergy, until it has become a proverbial saying among the people how the best way to follow the example of Christ is to avoid following the example of His ministers. Public criticism, however, is usually confined to veiled allusions in the newspapers to some more widely rumored scandal. When, now and again, a bolder voice is raised, prompt action is taken to stifle it. A short time ago a provincial journal published some grievous revelations concerning the conduct and crimes of some of the priesthood of an important diocese. The Bishop launched excommunication against its editor, and the Governor of the province was induced to take action. When the undaunted editor proceeded to disclose how the Governor (one of whose duties—not infrequently neglected—is to suppress gaming within his jurisdiction) was himself the proprietor of a gaming house, the offending newspaper was finally suppressed. The Government at Madrid endorsed the action of its representative. One deacon, indeed, had the grace to leave the country without exposing himself to the disagreeable ordeal of a criminal trial—an ordeal reserved for the layman who lacks money and political friends. For the rest, there is no reason to believe that the scandals have been materially abated, while the Governor remains in secure possession—if not of his gaming-rooms, of his dignified office. I have selected this illustration because these events were freely alluded to in the Congress dur-

ing a debate upon the vagaries of Press-censorship. Any traveller, however, can readily make himself acquainted with a score of similar examples in almost every Spanish diocese that he visits. It is, indeed, a lamentable prospect for the future of religious sentiment in Spain that the priesthood has forfeited, through the misconduct of many of its members, the respect of the population, who now regard it with a curious combination of a half-jealous, half-contemptuous dislike, and a superstitious reverence for its superhuman attributes.

The reigning family may probably succeed in attaching to its fortunes the bulk of the Spanish clergy, whose influence, however, cannot fail to be impaired by the considerations alluded to. It is protected by the powerful authority of the Pope. It has the uncertain friendliness of Castilians and Madrileños, and is favored by a considerable section of the nobility. On its side is ranged in addition, with rare exceptions, the whole body of politicians, Deputies, placemen, officials and wire-pullers, who have reaped a rare harvest under the present régime, and have converted the Spanish Budget into "the civil list of the middle classes." Spain is the land of make-belief. The Lower Chamber of the Cortes contains 431 Deputies ostensibly elected upon a wide democratic suffrage, in reality not elected at all. The members of the Opposition pour forth denunciatory periods against the iniquities of the occupants of the *azul banco*; they prophesy catastrophes and deaths of Governments, or dilate upon their maladministration and the reforms of which themselves are the champions; yet have neither any intention nor wish to turn out the Ministry or to initiate a single administrative improvement. For the results of elections are pre-arranged by the Party organizers at Madrid—even to the majorities returning-officers are

to declare, and to the number of votes in each district they are to pretend to have been recorded. The falsification of election returns is flagrant and unabashed. It will be decided with the utmost complacency that a constituency overwhelmingly Republican shall be represented in Congress by a reactionary Legitimist. And when the elections are over, and the benches duly occupied by their quota of Deputies—for the most part members of the legal profession—the nefarious trade in appointments and favors commences. If a change of Government has been deemed expedient a clean sweep is made of all existing officials, from the Governor of a province and the Mayor of a city to a messenger in a Government office and the road-mender of a municipality. Those dispossessed receive pensions, those installed receive salaries and the prospect of a pension. The needs of members of the Opposition are not overlooked. There is a friend to place, a co-religionist to promote, there is a monopoly to sustain, there is a convenient road to be constructed. So matters are satisfactorily arranged, and benevolence is ensured by a cementing of mutual interests. It is only rarely this atmosphere of corruption will be disturbed by the voice of one of the tiny band of Republican Deputies, when the Congress will hear in silence or with indignant murmurs an echo of the unplumbed sentiments of the great mass of the people whom it has tricked out of a share in the control of national destinies. The President of the Chamber does his utmost to hamper free expression of opinion within the Cortes, constantly interrupting with comments or censures any too daring orator. Ministers strive to stifle or misinterpret opinion outside its walls. Yet the nervous activity with which they pursue their purpose is ominous of a sense of national disquietude. A suspension of

the Constitutional Guarantees, involving the substitution of military for civil jurisdiction is clearly an expedient that only pressing political necessity can justify. It is an expedient, however, to which the Conservative Ministry has had recourse incessantly since the war. A movement is started at Zaragoza against certain projected taxation; the Constitutional Guarantees are suspended at Zaragoza. A few foolish enthusiasts hoist a Carlist standard at Bilbao; the Guarantees are suspended in the province of Vizcaya. At Ferrol, in Galicia, there are disturbances among the workmen in the arsenal; a state of siege is declared there. Some traders in Barcelona protest against the Budget by refusing to pay taxes; the Constitutional Guarantees are suspended and Barcelona subjected to a state of siege. Valencians follow the lead of the Barcelonense; Valencia also is deprived of her Constitutional safeguards. The National Union, an association of commercial and agricultural firms, issues a manifesto; the Union is denounced, and in various industrial centres of Spain the Guarantees are placed in abeyance. A few dozen men take up arms at the instigation of some Bourse manipulators; Constitutional Guarantees are suspended throughout the whole of Spain. A Government could not more clearly manifest its distrust of popular tendencies than by availing itself so repeatedly of this extreme remedy against revolution. The violation of the law has become the everyday diet of the State. Spain, with a formal Constitution almost as democratic as that of France, and a people far more democratic in temperament than the English, is arbitrarily misgoverned by a self-chosen, self-seeking dynasty of Parliamentarians.

It may be contended that the Spanish democracy is not in reality qualified to exercise the wide measure of self-

government prescribed by the Constitution. Little more than one-third of the whole population is able to read and write. Education is not compulsory. The national schoolmasters are ill-paid and worse-informed. The influence of the Catholic Church is used to cripple all facilities for learning which she does not control, while the instruction afforded in her own seminaries is lamentably deficient. The agitation, however, that provoked these retaliatory measures did not originate, and is not chiefly sustained, among the more ignorant or poorer ranks of society, but amongst the most enlightened and substantial section of the community. The importance of this movement, which has reached such menacing proportions, may be said to date from February, 1899, when the Spanish Chambers of Agriculture and Commerce held a conference at Zaragoza. Their strictures on the increased taxes upon salt, sugar, alcohol, and upon transport were subsequently emphasized by popular demonstrations in Zaragoza, and in Seville, Valencia, and some three or four other cities. In July of the same year the Chambers of Commerce, already representative of one hundred and twenty commercial and industrial associations, united in a demand for Budget reforms, administrative reorganization, and a drastic retrenchment in expenditure. They proposed that the Ministry for the Navy, with other offices, should be abolished, and the *personnel* of all Government Departments reduced. They complained of a Navy no longer possessed of vessels requiring a larger grant in money and men than when her ships existed, and of fat salaries being paid to Colonial officials when there were no longer Colonies to administer. It is only fair to acknowledge the considerable economies since effected by Señor Silvela's Government. The Army was diminished by 60,000 men and its Esti-

mates by about £350,000. The Queen-Regent remitted to the Treasury £30,000 of her allowance. In spite of the selfish objections of Deputies, the half-hearted obedience of their own Party and the mischievous criticisms of the Opposition, Señor Villaverde, as Minister of Finance, and the Minister of Justice, gave earnest of genuine financial reforms within their Departments. Altogether, taking into account a saving realized by an adjustment of the internal debt and a reduction of interest on the bank-loans, the Government planned retrenchments of over seven million pounds on a total expenditure of about forty-three millions.

These economies did not satisfy the Chambers of Commerce. They denied their sufficiency and disputed their permanence. They took the grave step of recommending the business community to refuse payment of taxes until superfluous expenditure was reduced to a minimum. They adhered to the "program of Zaragoza," which outlined retrenchments more than double those promised or contemplated by the Government, while they condemned as reactionary those savings effected by a diminution of educational facilities. At an assembly at Valladolid the Chambers of Commerce converted themselves into an association known as the National Union—a fusion of all classes of agricultural and industrial producers, with representatives also of the artisan and intellectual elements in the community. This National Union embarked upon an active campaign in almost every important centre of population. Its propaganda spread over the land like burning oil; but in its progress its original ingredients suffered material change, supplying the fuel upon which has mounted the flame of a more dangerous agitation. Economical and political demands became inevitably confounded, until the National Union is regarded by monarchists as

a rallying-point for all discontented sections, and its propagandism has been met by a yet more determined campaign of suppression on the part of the authorities.

In this struggle the province of Catalonia has played the chief rôle. There the movement takes the form in its less revolutionary phase, of a demand for fiscal and administrative autonomy; in its more violent expression, for separation. The industrial enterprise of the Catalan is handicapped by the incubus of inefficient and corrupt Madrid officialism, and by an inequitable system of taxation. Under the leadership of Dr. Robert, an eminent physician and University Professor, and of Señor Durán y Bas, who resigned the Ministry of Justice when his colleagues began to strive to master discontent in Barcelona by a policy of repression, the more moderate claim is advanced to such a measure of autonomy as the Basque territories formerly enjoyed, and to a limited degree still possess—the power of internal self-government; the right to appoint local officials; the amount of the financial contribution due from the province to the central Government being first ascertained, liberty to the provincial authority to levy and collect it in a manner agreeable to the district. This claim was energetically repudiated on behalf of the Madrid Government by Señor Villaverde, the most competent member of its cabinet. While at one extreme these proposals shade off into the appeal by the National Union for purely administrative and economic reforms, at the other they are exaggerated into clamor for separation. Yet, notwithstanding their variety of aim, economic reformers, autonomists, separatists and republicans are united by common abuses and grievances, and by the need of common tactics, in hostility against the Government, and are further welded by the repressive policy upon which the

Ministry has embarked. It is, moreover, evident that the Catalan cities, with their two millions of an artisan population, must win a predominating influence upon any association of a commercial character. The sympathies of the majority of the National Union cannot fail to favor Catalan aspirations for autonomy, even if these were not shared at Valencia and equally at Bilbao, the northern centre of Spanish industry.

It is a point of honor with the Catalan of high or humble position to repudiate his Spanish nationality. He hints disgust of the bull-fight as an alien institution. Even with a stranger he is loath to converse in Castilian. Some Barcelonese shopkeepers, until the police interfered, used to supplement the seductive "*Ici on parle Français*" with a satirical announcement, "*Aquí se habla Español.*" The Bishop of Barcelona has fully embraced regionalist doctrines. Animated debates in the Cortes were occasioned by his pastoral letter forbidding his clergy to use the Castilian language in the pulpit or for religious instruction. Catalonia has adopted a National Anthem of her own in a militant adaptation of "*Els Segadors*" ("*The Reapers*"). When the French Squadron visited Barcelona the "*Marsellaise*" was sung with enthusiasm; at a gala function in the Liceo—an opera-house of superior size to either La Scala of Milan or the San Carlos of Naples—the Royal hymn was hissed, and *vivas* were raised for a Catalan Republic and for a union with France. The strategy recommended by the National Union, of refusing to pay each quarter's taxes until reforms and economies were assured, was eagerly applied in Barcelona by some thousands of commercial houses of standing and shopkeepers. Under the Constitution the legal remedy is to enforce a seizure of goods to double the amount due. Dr. Robert, then Alcalde

of Barcelona, refused to sign the tax-claims. He was obliged to resign the Mayoralty. Every obstacle, however, continued to be placed in the way of the execution of the embargoes, and it was freely prophesied that the Government, faced by an inability to collect its revenue, would be forced to surrender to the demands of reformers through fear of bankruptcy. The authorities, however, and Señor Dato, Minister of the Interior, countered the movement with energy. The Guarantees were suspended, the Press rigorously censored and no reference allowed in its columns to the non-payment of taxes or to the subject of autonomy. All public meetings were forbidden, the cafés closed at early hours. Ultimately Barcelona was declared in a state of siege, and the civil law wholly superseded. A cruiser, *Carlos V*, arrived in her port and recalcitrant tax-payers were shipped on board and threatened with transportation if they persisted in their recusancy. The "bloodless revolution" collapsed. On one day (20th November, 1899) nearly two thousand contributions were paid. Yet the agitation in reality was only suspended. The National Union repeated its advice to taxpayers quarter by quarter, and continues to repeat it. Each quarter payments are in arrear, and have to be collected by extra-Constitutional methods. In May and June of last year the agitation was marked by some violence. Señor Dato ventured to visit Catalonia. He was received with every sign of hostility on the part of the commercial and artisan classes. In Barcelona he was hissed and mobbed. Once again the city was subjected to a state of siege, and various regionalist journals were suppressed. Later, in the streets, barricades were raised, and for the first time, there was some random shooting. Nor were the disturbances confined to Catalonia. In Seville and in Valencia there were se-

rious riots; all telegrams from the latter district especially, being severely censored in order to conceal the critical position of affairs. At Jativa some officers were attacked and a railway-station wrecked. At Bilbao there were street demonstrations. In Madrid, as elsewhere, there was a general closing of shops as an odd protest against embargoes. Several newspapers were suspended, the Mercantile Club at Madrid and similar institutions in other towns were shut by order, and the Constitutional Guarantees were almost everywhere placed in abeyance.

That these incidents will be repeated is certain; nor can the Government be blind to the eventuality of their gravity being accentuated in Catalonia. Various conditions contributed at the time to postpone the commercial crisis in that province which the loss of her protected trade to the Philippines might have been expected to involve. There were 250,000 soldiers to be clothed on their return from the Colonies; while the inflated rate of exchange encouraged an exportation trade formerly impossible; thus the Catalanian looms secured a temporary activity. But the soldiers are clothed, the rate of exchange has lowered to something like the normal, and industrial pressure is becoming every day more apparent. Certain privileges have already been extended to the port of Barcelona. The idea is now mooted of constituting there a free port and zone, where vessels can load and unload with economy of time and money, untrammelled by vexatious fiscal regulations, rendering Barcelona to the Mediterranean Sea what Copenhagen is to the Baltic. The Ministry must be aware how the danger of disquiet and disturbance will be immeasurably aggravated should there swarm along the fine Rambla of Barcelona a hungry and idle concourse of mechanics.

In Spain we then are presented with the spectacle of the powers that be maintaining their rule by force of arms against the will of the vast majority of the commercial and working classes. All the elements of revolution are there; yet so long as the leaders of disaffection are men of substance, whose intransigent sympathies are tempered by a profound attachment to life and fortune, or until a commander appears who is willing to appeal to force, and is in a position to enlist an armed following, the Monarchical Government through the Cortes may prevail. Only it has its dwelling-place over a crater. Discontent is smouldering ready to flame up to the breath of a determined chief; and it is true still of the revolutionary spirit in Spain—since the days of the Romans, it has possessed a character of its own—"it is a fire that cannot be raked out; it burns fiercely under the embers." For the time the Army holds the key to the situation, when it is by arms alone that the present monarchy can be preserved or that it can most easily be upset; and it is from the Army one must look for the guardian or destroying angel to appear. The Count of Almenas, in the Upper House, described Spanish Generals, not inappropriately, as "prevaricators and capitulators;" and the rank and file feel sore at the treatment meted out to them upon their return from Cuba and the Philippines. The officers exhibited themselves at public functions seemingly in the best of health and well provided with money for investment; the soldiers weakened by privation and hunger, and mostly destitute. Yet, although the latter have little regard for their superiors, still they have seldom failed hitherto in obedience towards them, and at their command have indifferently raised and overthrown kings and republics. To the magnetic gallantry of Marshal Prim the Republic of 1868 owed its ex-

istence, and to a triumvirate of Generals Alfonso XII, in 1874, his crown. The great majority of persons occupying important military positions are either supporters of the reigning family or Carlists. There is, however, one figure which transcends them all in influence, whose political views are an enigma. The Marquis of Tenerife, General Weyler, has lately been appointed by a Conservative Ministry to the Captain-Generalship of Madrid, a military post second only in importance to that of the War Minister. A Captain-General of Madrid has used his authority before now to overawe the Cortes and to engineer a crisis. Yet General Weyler has always been considered a Liberal, and suspected of being a Republican. An utterance of his in the Senate as late as 1899 is sufficiently significant, for he is one of the few Spaniards who weighs his words. He was speaking upon the subject of Autonomist disturbances in Catalonia. He recognized, he said, that by such means the nation had before been regenerated, and that if the present evils were not remedied the moment would arrive to seek a solution for them. Since his last promotion he has accorded an interview to a correspondent of the *Figaro* that somewhat flattered political doves. He complained of having been charged with cruelty towards the Cubans, declaring that his campaign had never been conducted with the severity of English methods in Africa, and of how, had he been continued in his command there, he would "have flung the Americans into the sea." It was natural that he should thus play his part by flattering the military sentiment from which he derives his influence. But the most significant passages of his conversation were those in which he complimented Catalonia upon her aims and industry, hinting criticism at the Government's neglect of them. He concluded by stat-

ing that he was no politician; that his services were at the disposal of the State, not mortgaged to any Party. General Weyler is not a popular character among his acquaintances. Ambitious, secretive, alive with wiry activity, he is scarcely hail-fellow-well-met. Nevertheless, he is liked in Catalonia—as a native of Mallorca, he can speak Catalan, and has favored Catalan aspirations. He is trusted by the Army for his capacity; the soldiery is persuaded—perhaps not without reason—that his policy of extermination would have successfully suppressed the Cuban rebellion had it been continued. He is the disciplinarian so rare in Spain. He is immensely wealthy, yet an untiring worker. His appointment to the Captain-Generalship of Madrid by a Conservative Administration, after he had defied its authority, is testimony to the fear politicians entertain of his prestige. General Weyler is the man to stem a revolution or to direct one. Ministers may have assured themselves of his loyalty to the established monarchy, or by his promotion they may hope to satisfy his ambition. Yet ambition is an appetite that grows with eating, while self-loyalty is the supreme faith of the Spanish statesman.

Lord Salisbury in 1898 referred in an oft-quoted phrase to the condition of Spain: "You see nations who are decaying, or whose Government is so bad that they can neither maintain the power of self-defence nor the affections of their subjects." No one will be found to question the justice of the latter sentence. Still, among those who have observed political and economic signs in Spain, there may be some who favor the theory that the process of decay is on the point of being arrested, that with the loss of her last important Colonies, the disease of three centuries has run its course, and that as in Italy so in Spain, new forces will

emerge in a coming crisis that will tend towards her redemption. If the bane of bad government which has caused her ruin can be removed, Spain need not despair of the future. Her natural wealth is great and little developed. She has a soil well adapted to almost every branch of agriculture, while her rich ores, except in the neighborhood of Bilbao, have scarcely begun to be exploited. Her southern climate is preferable to that of the Riviera, and every part of the country is full of attractions for the tourist if the hotel and railway accommodation be rendered sufficient. It is the fear of unstable and vexatious government that can alone deter the foreign capitalist from entering this remunerative field for investment. In spite of years of misrule and of the thralldom of ignorance and superstition, there is no lack of virility among the common people if once the barrier that has been raised for them against the invigorating impulse of the progressive ideas of other nations is thrown down. Spain is as yet in a backwater of European civilization—with a certain friendly feeling towards France, but otherwise regarding foreigners with suspicious aloofness. Unfortunately our occupation of Gibraltar must continue to supply Spain with a grievance against Great Britain, which will only be embittered as her national sense is confirmed. Any anti-British report, however absurd, gets ready credit. Thus: England, disappointed in an attempt to purchase the Balearic Islands, fomented the American War; or, England has entered into an understanding with Portugal so as better to coerce Spain and gain a footing on the Continent. The British Consul-General pays his ordinary visit of inspection to the Balearic Islands, and immediately every Spanish newspaper declares how he is commissioned to report upon their usefulness as a British possession. The British squadron visits

the harbor of Alcudia, in Mallorca; it is there to test the facilities for landing artillery against an invasion of the island. English travellers arrive at Palma; they come as spies or to suggest to the inhabitants that foreign rule will materially conduce to their prosperity. Even it is seriously related by responsible journals how the fishermen of Mallorca have observed curious signs painted on the rocks along the coast—mysterious hints to English marauders as to the spots where disembarkation of troops can be effected. No doubt the Balearic Islands, with their admirable harbors, their opportunities for commerce, and their delightful winter climate, would strategically and otherwise be an excellent prize. Could they be secured by unforced purchase from Spain, and with the countenance of the Powers, the price would be a very considerable one that did not justify the investment. It is, however, scarcely likely that France, at any rate, would be indifferent to the alienation of such valuable islands, lying full in the route from Marseilles to Algiers.

Notwithstanding, with all its innate obstinacy and habit of retrospection and its unenlightened suspicion of the foreigner, the Spanish intellect is becoming pervious to modern ideas—so long shrouded from its perspective. They are quickening the aspirations of populous Catalonia. The tawny Catalan operatives—proud, reserved, yet with daring and restless energy glittering in their steel-blue eyes—are consumed by republican fervor. They constitute a dangerous element—never, Napoleon alleged, had he met a race with larger powers of resistance. The devotion of the sturdy Basque peasant

is proverbial. Asturias and the Balearic Islands are peopled by an honest and healthy agricultural folk; while the despised Gallegos train into brave and hardy soldiers. A tourist who derives his ideas of the Spanish people from the careless Adaluces, or from the Castilians, gains but little perception of the human material on which may be built up a regenerated nation. The gates of political and commercial emancipation are being gradually forced ajar. Even the Ibero-American conference lately assembled at Madrid, although without any present practical result, does not in this relation entirely lack significance. The soreness so long existing between Spain and the Spanish-speaking Republics of South America is replaced by every evidence of friendship, and by a vague desire for united resistance to the more dreaded than probable "Anglo-Saxon league." The engagement of the Princess of Asturias; the reactionary and ultramontane policy of Señor Silvela's Administration, the corruption and obstinate blindness of the Cortes have helped to amalgamate the forces that make for progress. Their triumph may be delayed for lack of a leader; it is unlikely to be gained peacefully; while the longer it is deferred the fiercer will be the fight, and the greater the danger of a tyrannical and injudicious use of victory. Even after a present victory it is probable that further disappointments are in store, for the corroding effects of a long period of misrule and subjection will not easily be expelled. Nevertheless, fancy may detect through the approaching storm a gleam of promise that the tide of decay has turned.

Lionel Holland.

"HOOLIGANISM."

It would seem that a deal of needless pother is made over what the newspapers call "Hooliganism." Not that the thing itself does not call for remedy, of course; but it is talked of as though it were a phenomenon wholly new, the product of last year or so, and a thing beyond man's wit to deal with. Now, there is nothing new in Hooliganism but the name, and the name is in no respect better than a dozen others that have been used for the same thing; in one respect, indeed, it is worse, since it nails up for opprobrium the family name of many doubtless excellent citizens. The ruffians called Hooligans fight among themselves in gangs in the public streets, using weapons of divers sorts, from belts to pistols, and on frequent occasions, lacking antagonists of their own sort, they fall upon inoffensive passengers. They terrorize tradesmen, they elude or defy the police; their feats of maiming, shooting and knifing have caused death in a number of instances; and they are styled Hooligans in general because of the name of one particular gang, called after a family prominent in the faction. So stand the facts in outline, facts that are talked of as belonging peculiarly to this year or last—facts that have even been speculated upon as the direct outcome of Board Schools, or Evening Classes, or Music Halls, or the South African War, or, for all I know, of the Indian Famine.

But indeed the Hooligan, under the name of rough, scuttler, larrikin, peaky-blinder, *voyou*, tough or hoodlum, has been with us long, and not in this country alone. Perhaps, since I have been asked to write my views of the matter, I may be pardoned if in

this paper I say a little more of myself than might otherwise seem becoming. In a novel, written four or five years ago, and to a less extent in a collection of short stories published two years earlier, I pictured something of Hooliganism (the name had not then been invented) as I knew it, and had known it long, and as others knew it before me. There were the family factions, the Ranns and the Learys, the local factions, the Jagos and the Dove Laners, the Brady's Laners and the Causeway chaps, the bashings, the kickings and the knifings. Whereat many excellent persons, who had never seen these things, hastened publicly to assure me, who had, that it was all a mere impossibility. I was held up for a defamer of the poor, not to say an extravagant liar. What was I talking of? Had I never heard of an institution called the Metropolitan Police? But events have still their little ironies. For scarce had the protests and the denunciations died down ere the Hooligans, bold with impunity, came into the cleaner streets, added pistols to their armory, and found easy victims among the better-behaved. And now I have the felicity of perceiving many of those same excellent persons, my censors of earlier times, gabbling at large over the pages of many newspapers about this suddenly-arisen Hooliganism, this new discovery of theirs, this growing brutality of the lower classes (they called *me* brutal once, bless them!) and all the rest of it. So that it will be seen that to me this matter of Hooliganism is something of an old tale, and I may be excused a certain weariness in turning to it again.

The Hooligan is a mere unlicked cub of a peculiarly vicious type, and he flourishes more openly of late by reason of his long immunity from licking. To cause pain, trouble and injury to others, so long as it may be done with little smart to himself, is his peculiar delight. It will be observed that he is usually young; the older criminal grows philosophical, turns from mere wantonness, and uses no violence—nor indeed any exertion at all—except in pursuit of gain, or to escape capture. The Hooligan, in fact, is merely a young criminal, ramping with youthful exuberance, and attracted to outrage as a pastime. If he had been taken as a child and lifted from out the evil influences about him, he might have grown into a man of credit. As it is, he is a criminal, though a young one; and at his age, punishment, of the proper sort, will have its best deterrent effect. For long he was content, as a rule, to vent his high spirits on the heads of other Hooligans; but of late, it would seem, he has found pleasure and immunity in carrying his pastime abroad, and bashing whom he lists. Reasons may be found for this. For years he has been taught much about his rights, though it has not been thought proper to put him to any particular trouble in the matter of his duties, to say nothing at all of his manners. And when he has been caught at his recreation his punishment has commonly been such as he laughs at, or even values as a distinction. And here a word may be said as to the absurd lenience of the punishments commonly awarded for assault as compared to those inflicted for theft. The thing has been talked of and written of again and again, I know, though with small result; but at least I can do no harm by writing of it once more. Imprisonment, and a smart dose of it, is the lot of the thief, even of him that steals

half a crown. But many a scoundrelly outrage has been purged by payment of just such a sum of money. I have heard it said that it is not well to encourage the Englishman to run pulling to the constable when his hands should be busy defending his head; and with that sentiment in its proper application, my sympathy is complete. But just now we are not talking of the strong man facing his equal; we are considering the absurdity of a half-crown or ten-shilling or twenty-shilling fine as deterrent punishment for the blackguard who has battered into lifelong misery a helpless woman or an old man or a thrice helpless child; or for the gang which has fallen upon an unsuspecting wayfarer at a corner, and belted and booted his head out of recognition, either for hire—for an enemy is often punished in that way—or merely by way of practice and amusement. These things, and the bland innocence of the world exhibited by some magistrates, bring the police courts into contempt among them to whom they should be a terror. I well remember the amazing transactions of a now-forgotten stipendiary at one of the East London police courts. He may have done it—no doubt at some time or another he did—but personally I am unable to recall a case wherein he sent to gaol anybody charged with assault before him. In his court five or ten shillings would pay for any outrage that was dealt with summarily. Many a hulking rascal who had hammered his unhappy wife within a little of her life, he "punished" by a fine of half a crown—which the woman commonly paid from her own pocket. Very naturally "Old X" was a jest and a byword in the neighborhood, and the terror of the law was not. His was an extreme case, of course; but within the last few months I have come upon a very fair number of police-court sentences

worthy of poor old X in his mildest days.

It should be remembered that fines for Hooliganism are ludicrous and useless. They are paid by a "whack round" among the prisoner's associates, and affect him not at all. And a light sentence of imprisonment is just as foolish. The Hooligan who has "done time" has taken his degree, and is honored in the fraternity. A sentence of a month or two is valued as a distinction; and a little "holiday," with food and shelter and warmth—especially in winter—is not unwelcome to the Hooligan. Confinement in moderate doses does not oppress him, for he is not a creature of imagination. For imprisonment to deter, it must come in severer doses—severer even than a stipendiary magistrate may inflict. The Hooligan whose ill fortune it is to be committed for trial, and who then comes in for eighteen months' hard labor—a hard, trying sentence, with no cossetting in its regulations—is given a physic that makes him think twice or thrice before taking risk of it again. But this is not a sentence that can be given to Hooligans of every degree of guilt. Which brings to consideration a punishment that suits them all, that may be regulated in time and quantity, and that will give a far less inviting character to a short term of imprisonment. It is the merest commonplace—a hundred have said it before me—for of course I mean the punishment inflicted by "the instrument called a cat."

Now, it is the custom of them that recommend the use of the cat on the back of the Hooligan, and of them that are horrified and agonized at the suggestion, to plunge into a fierce argument as to whether the flogging authorized by the Act of 1863 did or did not suppress the garrotter. "Plainly it did," say the first, "since the offence

ceased instantly." "Plainly it did not," say the others, "since the offence ceased before the Act was passed." Now, this is a matter of merely historical interest to them that know the Hooligan and his like in the flesh; though in passing it may be observed that the argument that the garrotter was suppressed before the cat was made ready for him, even if it be admitted, does not prove that it would not have suppressed him earlier if it had been available; it merely proves that he ceased from his garrotting soon enough to escape it. But without speculation, or conjecture, or hypothesis and neither aided nor baffled by fine-spun argument, I know, and others acquainted with the Hooligan class know, that among the ruffians I am speaking of, the cat is held in extreme fear. Among them that laugh aloud at threat of prison, the laugh is checked half-way at a hint of the lash. They may have no imagination, no pity, and no conscience; but they have all very tender hides of their own, and it is by way of his hide that the feelings of the Hooligan are to be reached, for that is where he keeps them. More, let but one come out from gaol among his friends with a well-painted back, and a dozen among them will moderate their Hooliganism at the sight. I have known the effect in some of the cases of violent robbery for which the law already allows a fitting application of the gaoler's duster; and I have known a blackguard who would have received a two-years' sentence with a grin and a jeer, to blubber like a calf in the dock at a moderate allotment of lashes.

Consider how comparatively few of the purely Hooligan outrages are accompanied by robbery. Does that not suggest something? Nobody will claim honesty as a Hooligan virtue, and I have no doubt that the Hooligan would be very glad to possess what-

ever his victim might have about him. Sometimes he takes it, of course; but it is only rarely, and in pretty safe circumstances. Why not always? It is because he knows that robbery with violence may bring him the cat while the simple violence will not bring him any punishment worth consideration. There is the cat plainly at work as a deterrent. I have already said that I *know*—not that I think, or that I conjecture, or that I argue; but that I know by contact with the creature himself, even by his admissions—that the Hooligan holds the whip in healthy fear, and would Hooliganize less, or not at all, if in his ruffianism he risked a cut of it. Ask any man who is not a faddist, and who really knows the breed, and he will say the same.

Of course, the Hooligan risks no cut of the whip, except robbery be added to his bashing, nor need he fear it while the law stands as it does. But how many among them that legislate have the courage to see the law altered? For at the suggestion the sentimentalist lifts up his voice and blithers. Of argument or knowledge he has none; but babbles of green fields, or of the higher this and the nobler that, or of anything else that sounds virtuous and decorative, and means nothing in particular. Dear, good,

Pall Mall Magazine.

generous soul, the sentimentalist! Ever ready to forgive the wrongs done to others, ever forward to pay for Paul's peccadilloes—with Peter's pence! Lover of all the virtues—except justice!

But, indeed, it is the influence of the sentimentalist, if it is anything, that has enabled the Hooligan to disport so freely in our midst of late. For it is our modern way to meet crime with indulgence, and we have cockered the Brute for years. The one definitely expressed objection that I have heard against the use of the whip on the Brute is—that it will brutalize him! Yet it is a commonplace among the people who bawl aloud their horror at the thought of lashing a ruffian who jumps on a woman's face, to promise, with pious satisfaction, punishment eternal to a child who steals jam from a cupboard.

Well, well! If we must not whip our Hooligans—and whipping at least is cheap—let us keep them expensively in gaol; but let us keep them long. Or let us put them together in a town of their own, and wall them in, so that they may Hooliganize each other till no more are left. But no—the sentimentalist, without whose permission nothing may be done, would scarce allow that. For some of the Hooligans would be hurt, which he would not like at all.

Arthur Morrison.

PARENTHOOD.

These are the years our God
Lays down, and nothing loth,
His sceptre and His rod
As He were tired of both.
Bids men and women take
His empire for a while,
To ban, to bless, to make
The children weep or smile.

All power be yours, He saith—
Over My little ones:
The power of life and death,
The power of clouds and suns.
The power of weal and harm
Be yours to have and hold:
In you they shall go warm,
In you be pinched with cold.

Just for these God-like years
Ye shall not know th' intense
Pang beyond prayers and tears
Of your love's impotence.
Be yours to make, to mar,
This lovely thing I wrought,
With love brought from afar,
And My eternal thought.

This fashioned I of joy,
Much hope, without a stain,
Pure gold without alloy
Redeemed in mine own pain.
For this the wine-press trod,
Red-sanguined to the knee.
Afterwards—saith our God—
Ye will account to me.

For every needless tear,
For all the smiles unsmiled,
For lonely wrong and fear
Brought on any little child,
Myself will exact the fee,
A God of wrath and scorn:
Better that day that ye
Were dead ere ye were born.

Contrariwise—His wrath
Our Lord God put away—
Your watchful love till death
I will repay, repay.

* * * * *

Lord of the skies and lands
Take pity on Thy dust,
Strengthen our mortal hands
Lest we betray Thy trust!

Katharine Tynan.

The Spectator.

THE INFLUENCE OF EUROPE ON ASIA.

It is the general opinion of the European "man in the street" that Europe will presently divide Asia as well as Africa, and will thenceforward tax, govern, and, above all, "influence" the peoples of that immense continent, which contains more than half the population of the world. After fifty years' study of the subject, I do not believe that, with the possible exception of a single movement, Europe has ever permanently influenced Asia, and I cannot help doubting whether in the future it ever will. The possible exception is this. Man really knows nothing of his earliest history, and unless assisted by beings older than himself, who must exist, though unrecognizable by him, he never will know anything of it. As all the families of mankind are capable of interbreeding, and do actually interbreed, there is, from the analogy of the animal world, a violent probability that they all spring from one original stock, but of the circumstances under which that stock developed strong contrasts of color, and possibly from a repulsion produced by those contrasts, wandered to all parts of the earth, often, it seems clear, crossing by unknown means broad stretches of sea, we know absolutely nothing whatever. No one, for instance, out of hundreds of competent enquirers, has even a fixed hypothesis as to the peopling of America by a race which either carried there or developed there a shade of color differing palpably, however slightly, from the color of any other of the inhabitants of the globe. It is conceivable, therefore, that the energetic white family, *audax Iapeti genus* as Horace says, may have developed itself originally in Europe, and as it is probable that it wandered first of all into China, there imparting to a lower

and darker aboriginal race some of its energy and power of accumulating knowledge, and certain that it so wandered into India, again raising the character of most of the races previously dwelling there, it is conceivable that Europe did once permanently influence Asia. For myself I believe the older theory that the white family came from Asia; but even accepting the rival opinion, the influence was soon lost, and the population which emerged possessed all the distinctive characteristics of the Asiatic. The white invaders were lost among the dark tribes as completely as the Normans were lost among the Irish. The permanent influence remained with Asia, not with Europe. At all events, from the beginning of authentic history, Europe has received from Asia far more than she has given. The people of the "setting sun"—that seems the most probable explanation of the word "Europe"—derived from Asia their letters, their Arithmetic and their knowledge of the way to guide boats out of sight of land, a knowledge which, as we shall shortly see, they never used as Asiatics must have used it. The expeditions in which early Asiatics must have reached the islands of the South Pacific and America, and by which early Hindoos conquered and civilized Java and Balu, and early Malays conquered and thenceforth governed Madagascar, and early Arabs reached China, would have seemed to both Greek and Roman absurd audacities. Europe, till the Greek power arose, came in contact with Asia only because the Semites were great traders, skilful organizers of Sepoy armies, adventurous navigators, and, as compared with Europeans, civilized men. When the Greek power arose, it seemed for a moment as if the proc-

ess would be changed, and had Alexander not been stopped by a mutiny, the separateness of Asia might have ended; for that marvellous man, whose imagination was like insight, if he had become master of India, would have pushed Eastward, and need not have stopped until he reached the North Pacific. With him, however, the possibility ended; and though the generals who derived renown from him founded dynasty after dynasty within Asiatic limits, the Greeks left in the end scarcely an impression of themselves. Except on a thin fringe of the great continent no vestige of them remains. Their civilization took no final root, for though it lasted long it was not accepted, any more than their successive creeds and philosophies, by any Asiatic people. There is no people in the entire continent of whom you can say that they were fairly Græcized, even the Jews, who caught their ideas best, finally rejecting them. No one is so unlike a true Greek in mind as a true Asiatic.

Then came the Roman, with advantages which no predecessor had ever possessed. Of him one would have thought that it might be truly said, "With bread and iron one can get to China." He knew how to conquer and to keep on conquering; he intended, consciously intended, the conquest of the world, and he was to all appearance, as a soldier, the superior of any Asiatic. Yet he did not penetrate even as far as Alexander did. A small Asiatic tribe on the eastern border of the Mediterranean raised the most difficult rebellion Rome ever had to subdue; Persia beat back Rome as she had never beaten Alexander; and when in 125-30 Hadrian gave up the game, and pledged Rome to a defensive policy, she positively forgot Middle and Farther Asia, as if they had never existed. There remained some small trade in luxuries, and the Myrrhine vases may

have been of porcelain; but Rome not only never interfered beyond the fringe of Asia which touches the Mediterranean, but she knew nothing about it. Not only did her fleets never reach Southern and Eastern Asia, but she never sent explorers there. There is no Roman Herodotus. There was a lack of imagination in the Roman, great as he was, which is apparent, I think, in all his literature, and which acted as a limitation on his efforts. He became as content as a Chinese. Fancying he ruled the world, in which he ruled the shores of one great lake, he made no effort to conquer further, or to explore or to understand anything beyond. He had ships, wealth, brave men by the thousand, but he cared to utilize none of them any more than if he had been a Chinaman. We are accustomed to say and to think that he could not help himself; but what did he lack which the Hindoo possessed when he conquered Java, or the Malay when he conquered Madagascar, or the Iclander when he reached America and lost a "ship" there, or the Maori when from some far away island he took possession of New Zealand—a wonderful adventure, which, in a people who could write, would have produced a crop of literature? Having enough, the Roman was not, we are told, driven to any necessity for great adventures. That is true, but he was also a very limited person, and though he succeeded in Southern Europe, he failed in Asia as completely as in Britain, where, after reigning four hundred years, he stamped himself as little as we should be found to have stamped ourselves if we quitted India to-morrow. He made of the bold barbarians of Gaul, and of the more stubborn barbarians of Iberia, Romanized peoples, but of Asiatics he Romanized not one tribe. Something in them rejected him utterly, and survived him; and at this moment, among the eight hundred millions of Asia,

there are not twenty among whom can be traced by the most imaginative any lingering influence of Rome.

The "barbarians," as we call them, that is, the great white tribes, who, pressed, it seems probable, by an increase in their numbers inconsistent with their way of life and their imperfect agriculture, poured in successive swarms on the Roman Empire, and at last destroyed it, never appear to have contemplated conquests in Asia. They passed the Mediterranean under a leader with a genius for destruction, and stamped out Rome in Africa, but they were baffled over and over again by the Lower Empire, which we so much despise, because, after a history of heroism, it did not succeed, and in Asia they made no serious attempt. Centuries afterwards, their descendants, under a religious impulse, did; but Asia had then become too strong for them, and the whole of the series of mighty efforts, which we call the Crusades, were, so far as their influence on Asia was concerned, uselessly thrown away. Intermediately, Asia had performed the feat which she alone of the continents performs periodically. She had produced a new creed; and as—unlike Buddhism, Judaism, Confucianism and Christianity—the tenets of Mahomedanism were calculated to make soldiers, she spewed Europe completely out of her mouth. From 700 to 1757, more than a thousand years, the ways of Asia remained exclusively Asiatic, not a minute corner being even raided by the Crusaders. Not a province, not a tribe, I had almost said not an individual, had become permanently Europeanized. So far as one can see, not a European idea, not a European habit, not a distinctively European branch of knowledge ever penetrated into Asia. The Asiatics did not even learn our astronomy, which would have interested them, or our method of fighting, for the Janissaries were European followers of

Mahommed. During that long space of time it three times seemed as if Europe might be subjugated by Asiatics, once by the Arabs, once by the Turks, and once by the Tartars; but some impulse—probably the exhaustion of energy, which seems always to befall brown men—stopped the conquerors, who would, however, have mocked had they been told that the Asiatic was essentially and by incurable law feeble than the European.

Then came the present movement against Asia, which in one way has been more successful than any which have preceded it. The north of the continent, with its vast area and thin population, has fallen under the military control of the Slav people, the great Indian Peninsula has succumbed to Anglo-Saxon energy, and neither Greece nor Rome ever ruled a third of the number of Asiatics who now pay taxes to Great Britain and obey such laws as she chooses to impose. To the external world one-half of Asia appears to have become European. In reality, however, neither Russia nor Great Britain has as yet exercised any "influence" upon the millions she has conquered. In the north the tribes are only held down by Russia, would rebel in a moment if they dared, and show no sign of accepting either her civilization, her ideas, or her creed. In the south Great Britain has enforced a peace which has produced manifold blessings, but she has neither won nor converted any large section of her subject populations. There is no province, no tribe, no native organization in India upon which, in the event of disaster, she could rely for aid. After nearly a century of clement government there are not ten thousand natives in India, who, unpaid and unconcoerced, would die in defence of British sovereignty. The moment it was known in 1857 that, owing to the shrinkage of the white garrison, the enterprise was possible, the most

avored class in the Peninsula, the Se-poys, sprang at their rulers' throats, and massacred all they could reach without either mercy or regret. The war lasted three years, and in spite of the splendid energy and courage of the whites, had the dark peoples produced one soldier of genius, a Jenghiz Khan, or even a Hyder Ali, it would scarcely have terminated to European advantage. As it was, the British remain masters; but beneath the small film of white men who make up the "Indian Empire" boils or sleeps away a sea of dark men, incurably hostile, who await with patience the day when the ice shall break and the ocean regain its power of restless movement under its own laws. As yet there is no sign that the British are accomplishing more than the Romans accomplished in Britain, that they will spread any permanently successful ideas, or that they will found anything whatever. It is still true that if they departed or were driven out they would leave behind them as the Romans did in Britain, splendid roads, many useless buildings, an increased weakness in the subject people, and a memory which in a century of new events would be extinct.

I say nothing of China, for as yet all that Europe has effected in China is to create an impression that the white peoples are intolerably fierce and cruel, that they understand nothing but making money, and that from them there is nothing intellectual or moral to be gained. Russia has acquired a "route" on which to build a railway to the Pacific. France holds a Chinese dependency where she expects rebellion, and Europe holds Pekin in temporary military occupation; but it is not even pretended that China has been conquered. What she has lost has been more than made up to Asia as a whole by the rise of Japan, where a branch of the Yellow People, without the least ceasing to be Asiatic, has developed an unex-

pected energy, which if it is ever directed to obtain leadership among the yellow peoples may prove a final obstacle to the ascendancy of the whites. Europe, outside Russia at least, greatly admires that change, and forgets entirely that in its contest with Asia, which has lasted two thousand years, a new and a heavy weight has been thrown within our own lifetimes on the defensive side. We are told every day how Europe has influenced Japan, and forget that the change in those islands was entirely self-generated, that Europeans did not teach Japan, but that Japan of herself chose to learn from Europe methods of organization, civil and military, which have so far proved successful. She imported European mechanical science as the Turks years before imported European artillery. That is not exactly "influence," unless, indeed, England is "influenced" by purchasing tea of China. Where is the European apostle or philosopher or statesman or agitator who has remade Japan?

So much for the past, now for the future. Europe assumes that it will be very different; but let us look at the reasons for the assumption. I will speak of comparative force by and by; but let us at first consider whether there is any evidence that the separateness of the Asiatic mind is in any way diminishing. I do not think that any one, whether he is thoughtful statesman like Sir Alfred Lyall, or poet like Rudyard Kipling with insight into the East, or average administrator, English or Russian, will deny for a moment that the separateness exists, that East and West, brown man and white man, are at present separated by a gulf of thoughts, aspirations and conclusions, and where is the evidence that the gulf is closing up? What the secret of that separateness is has perplexed the thoughtful for ages, and will perplex them for ages more—indeed, it can nev-

er be clear until we know something definite of the primal history of man, but it must ultimately have some relation to the grand fact that every creed accepted by the great races of mankind, every creed which has really helped to mould thought, has had its origin in Asia. The white man invented the steam engine, but no religion which has endured. The vague mythology once current in Southern Europe produced no dominant ideas—it was a worship of beauty in Greece and of Rome in Rome—and no code of laws, either ethical or social, and it died away utterly, there being on earth now not one man who believes in Jupiter. The truth is the European is essentially secular, that is, intent on securing objects he can see; and the Asiatic essentially religious, that is, intent on obedience to powers which he cannot see, but can imagine. We call these thoughts "superstitions," and no doubt many of them are silly as well as baseless, but still they are attempts to think about the unseen which the European usually avoids. The European, therefore, judges a creed by its results, declaring that if these are foolish or evil or inconvenient the creed is false. The Asiatic does not consider results at all, but only the accuracy or beauty of the thoughts generated in his own mind. Macaulay's great argument that Roman Catholicism must be less true than Protestantism because Roman Catholic countries are less prosperous appears to the Asiatic to be a mere absurdity. "Is the end of religion," he asks, "to produce comfort here? The Divine Law is to be obeyed, even if it compels me to go without comfort through all my life." He does not always or often obey it, the flesh being weak, but that is what he thinks. Even the Chinaman, the most secular of all Asiatics, obeys his Emperor because he represents the Father, and rises into angry rebellion if he thinks the spirits of the

air or of the earth have been affronted. If the Asiatic believed the rule of abstinence from work on Sunday to be divine, he would let his enemy kill him quietly, as the Jew, who was an Asiatic, did in the siege of Jerusalem, while the European would go on fighting, declaring that God *could* not intend him to be killed. If Asiatics held, like Roman Catholics, that Heaven had committed the definition of faith and morals to a caste, they would obey that caste on every question of faith and morals, as the Hindoo for the same reason obeys a Brahmin decision, even if it makes of him an outcast. The European, even when Catholic, frets under the priestly domination, and passes laws like the laws of divorce, which are direct denials of the claim of the caste to divine authority. That habitual and willing submission to the supernatural, even when the decrees of the supernatural are not utilitarian, which has always been the keynote of the Asiatic mind, seems to me one cause of the separateness of Asia, a separateness so complete that the single Asiatic tribe which does not live in Asia has borne for seventeen centuries, under horrible persecution, often involving death by torture, the burden of an inconvenient and hampering law, because its members hold it to be divine.

There is also in the Asiatic mind a special political and a special social idea. It is not by accident that the European desires self-government, and the Asiatic to be governed by an absolute will. The European holds government to be an earthly business which he may manage as well as another, if only he is competent, and accordingly he either governs himself directly, or he frames a series of laws which nobody, not even the King, is at liberty to break through. The German Emperor is pretty absolute, but he could no more will a man's death than the Lord Mayor could. Every independent

Asiatic sovereign can so will and be obeyed. The Asiatic, in fact, holds that power is divine, and that a good king ought to be enabled to "crush the bad and nourish the good," to use the Brahmin formula, without check or hindrance. He is then himself relieved, like a good Catholic, from any personal responsibility, even the trouble of thinking. As a consequence, throughout history the Asiatic, though frequently exempted from military pressure, as for example the Chinese have been for ages, invariably sets up a despotism, and when, as rarely happens, the despot strikes him down, bows to the decree as we bow to the sentence of a surgeon who prescribes a painful operation. We do not quarrel with Providence because we are ill or liable to immediate death, nor does the Asiatic under oppression or unjust sentence quarrel with God's representative on earth. And lastly, the Asiatic, believing, as he invariably does, that his social system is divine, is content with it, clings to it, and resents interference with it with a passion that leads to bloodshed wherever bloodshed is possible. (It is because the English interfere so little with the social life of their dark subjects that their reign over dark peoples often lasts so long.) He is aware, keenly aware, that white government, sooner or later, involves revolution in his social system, and he hates it with an undying hatred such as an Irish peasant feels for the "agent" who may some day evict him, and who, meanwhile, levies rent. Indeed, I often think that the feeling of the Keltic Irishman towards the Englishman, which appears to be unchangeable, is the nearest analogue to that of the Asiatic for the European. He regards him, if an oppressor, as a formidable brute to be resisted with any instrument at hand; if a just man, as a disagreeable, slow-witted, uncomfortable outsider, who has no right to inter-

fere with him, and who ought to be driven to a distance as speedily and finally as possible. And it must be remembered that the European shares this feeling of separateness completely. Whatever the cause, whether as he himself thinks, antagonism of color, or, as I think, difference in permanent ideals, the effect is the same; the European cannot merge himself in the Asiatic without a sense of degradation, which is almost invariably followed by its reality. He never willingly accepts any position but one, that of unquestioned ruler. It is not a question of creed, for the Roman had the feeling as strongly as the Englishman, and the Greek thought of "Medizing" as of the sum of all possible offences against his dignity and his nature. It is not a question of laws, for legal equality under laws which he himself has made intensifies rather than diminishes English abhorrence of the process. When in 1857 the English in India, by all the rules of politics and warfare, were hopelessly lost, they exhibited before all the world the true European feeling. They asked no quarter, they suggested no compromise, they discussed no terms among themselves, they proposed no treaty, but fought on, clear only as to one point, that they would either continue to rule or they would go under and be forgotten. Asiatics, as I believe, perceive this European decision very clearly, and it is the ultimate cause of the massacres to which when they rise in insurrection they invariably resort. They know that their only chance of victory is to kill the white people out. The obnoxious race will never make terms, never merge in the population, never be anything but rulers, and therefore, if their rule is to terminate, they must be exterminated.

But I shall be told that the spread of Christianity, which is inevitable, will extinguish, probably very speedily, the separateness of Asia, and with it all

its consequences. Will it? Let us look at that belief a little closely, and without preconceived ideas. I do not find in history that a common Christianity in any degree removes hatreds of race or nationality, or prevents continuous outbreaks of bitter hostility; but we may let that pass. What is the real ground for believing that Asia will accept Christianity? Certainly there is no historic ground. No Asiatic nation of any importance can be said to have accepted it in the last seventeen hundred years. The Asiatic race which knows the creed best, and has had the strongest reasons for accepting it, reasons which prevailed with the Germans and the Slavs when Pagan, still rejects it with a certain silent but very perceptible scorn. What has changed in Asia that the future should be so unlike the past? There are more teachers, no doubt, but there are not one-tenth or one-hundredth so many as have endeavored through the ages in vain to convert the Jews. It is said that Christ gave an order to his disciples to teach all nations; that is true, and I for one believe the order to be binding, and that the Christian Church which sends out no missionaries is a dead Church; but where in the record has Christ promised to those missionaries universal success? Is it not at least possible that the missionaries carry in their hands the offer of eternal life, which a few accept, while the rest "perish everlastingly," that is, die like the flowers or the dumb creatures of God? This much, at least is certain, that for eighteen hundred years it has been no part of the policy of Heaven—I write with reverence though I use non-religious terminology—to convert Asiatics *en masse*, and there is no proof that this absence of divine assistance to the teachers may not continue for an equal period in the future. The truth is that the Asiatics, like the Jews, dislike Christianity, see in it an

ideal they do not love, a promise they do not desire, and a pulverizing force which must shatter their civilizations. Eternal consciousness! That to the majority of Asiatics is not a promise but a threat. The wish to be rid of consciousness, either by annihilation or by absorption in the Divine, is the strongest impulse they can feel. Though Asiatic in origin, Christianity is the least Asiatic of the creeds. Its acceptance would revolutionize the position of woman, which is the same throughout Asia, would profoundly modify all social life, and would place by the side of the spiritual dogma, "thou shalt love the Lord thy God," which every Asiatic accepts in theory, the far-reaching ethical dogma, "and thy neighbor as thyself," which he regards as an intolerable burden. I doubt, too, as I once before said in this Review, whether the beauty of the character of Christ appeals to the brown races as it does to the white, whether they feel his self-suppression for others, as Clovis and his warriors felt it, as something altogether more beautiful and ideal than their own range of conception. However that may be, it is clear that while the Asiatic can be wooed to a change of creed, as witness the success of both Buddhism and Mahomedanism, whose teachings are radically opposed to each other, they have not been and are not equally moved to embrace Christianity. If they ever take to it, it will be from some internal and self-generated movement of thought, and not from any influence of Europe.

And lastly as to the question of force. Europe assumes with a certain levity that if it were only united it could conquer Asia, and that for a time is possibly true. If such an event happened, it would not affect my argument, for the huge mass of Asiatics would remain uninfluenced, as the masses of India have done, would "let the legions

thunder past," and wait patiently for the hour when it would be possible to bid them depart again. But even as to the possibility there is some ground for doubt. Can Europe unite in the work or would Russia and the West quarrel over it, and so render it impracticable? That Europe is infinitely stronger for defence than Asia may be instantly acknowledged. As Sir Robert Griffin has pointed out, the white men have multiplied enormously, and European civilization has clothed itself in the enchanted armor of science. All Asia, if furious with rage, could not cross the Dardenelles, if Europe, in earnest, forbade the crossing. But for offensive transmarine war Europe is not so strong, is not three hundred millions, but rather at the utmost one million, which million she could not waste on peril of conscription breaking down, and which she could not transport, provide with horses, supply with food and munitions, and keep in movement over vast semi-tropical areas without an expenditure and a consequent taxation that her people would soon bitterly resent. The work before this million would be enormous. They would have to conquer five hundred millions of men, of whom at least five millions, the Ottomans and the tribesmen of the Northern desert and the Arabs are born soldiers, and four hundred millions are semi-civilized Mongols, who once warned could make and use rifles and light artillery as well as the Europeans, and who would be guided and drilled by a section of their own people which has assimilated much of European science. Is there an army in Europe which would regard the invasion of Japan with a light heart, and what is there in the military system of Japan which the Ottomans, the Arabs, the Tartars and the Chinese, if pushed to extremity, or if determined on insurrection, could not reproduce? Grant victory to Europe at first, and

think of the lingering war, of the endless insurrections, of the bitter quarrels among the Powers, of the huge garrisons which must be kept up, and of the steady systematized cruelty which would be needed if Asia adopted the perfectly simple expedient of refusing to work for Europeans, a refusal which in India, where all the preliminary conquering and garrisoning and organizing for revenue purposes has been already done, would bring the Empire down in a month. And all this terrible outlay of energy and treasure and human life would be for what object? Simply to provide opportunities of manufacturing prosperity for the European tribes, which opportunities would disappear as they arose under the competition of the Asiatic factories which would arise the moment order was secured. The masses of Europe who rule in the last resort do not particularly care to conquer Asia, and would not continue for ages to pay taxes for that purpose. We are all devoted to the "Empire," of which India is the flower, but how long should we keep the Empire if it cost us a hundred millions a year? I do not believe that Europe will make the effort now, or that if she makes it some years hence she will succeed—as I write she is shrinking from it in China—or that if she does succeed she will even in countless ages seriously "influence," and thereby change the masses of Asiatics. At some period, probably not long distant, they will, as they always have done, throw out the white men, not because they are oppressors, not because they are inferiors, but because they are intruders whose ideas they neither accept nor can endure.

What, then, it will be asked, is to become of Asia now for the most part, as Poushkine sang, "in dotage buried"? The only possible reply is what God wills, and not what Europe wills. Heaven has tolerated the existence of

that huge mass of men who guide their lives by untrue creeds for many thousands of years, and may continue to tolerate it for many thousands more. Who knows the purpose of the Ancient of Days, or what may be the use of the imperfect yet productive spirituality of the Asiatic mind? If I were to indulge in the futile work of dreaming I should say that there were signs in China of latent but bitter dissatisfaction with its civilization, leading to Taping movements, reforming movements, anti-dynastic movements, even, on the Western border, to movements in favor of the creed Mahommed taught, and that, as Asiatics rarely move save under a religious impulse, the hour was approaching for the Mongolian masses to evolve some new faith with a new ruler to enforce it. God grant, if that happens, that it be not the Mussulman faith, for in that event Europe will have an awful quarter of an hour. It is, however, much more probable that Asia, arming itself with the rifle, re-learning the use of mounted infantry, which Jenghis knew before the Boer did, and enforcing conscription laws, will stand on the defensive against Europe, and otherwise remain nearly unchanged, while Europe sees her own ascendancy transferred to the Western Continent. This too, however, is a dream, for all we know for certain is that Asia has always remained independent of Europe, and now shows no desire for her guidance, rather a resolution not to accept it. The future will disclose itself by degrees, but if two hundred years hence it shows Europe ruling, taxing and enlightening the great mass of Asiatics, then have I, as is quite probable, read history in vain.

In the present state of opinion and current of events, it may be advisable to end these few reflections by saying that none of them apply to Africa or its black inhabitants. They are divid-

ed off from Asiatics by two well-marked distinctions and one more doubtful. In the first place they seem incapable of even limited progress. The dwellers by the Congo have all the advantages of the dwellers by the Nile, but have remained for thousands of years hopeless and by no means happy barbarians. They cease to be so hopeless when conquered by the white men, there being perceptible advance even when, as in the Southern States of the Union, the white men were by no means intent on turning them into civilized people. The Arabs have in many places taught them to build habitable cities, to cultivate the ground and to understand a rudimentary military discipline, and it seems more than probable that the white peoples can teach them even superior lessons—at least that is the inference from the recent history of Uganda, and of Khama's country. In the second place the black peoples are nearly quite devoid of that mass of beliefs, thoughts and experiences which render Asiatics so incurably hostile to white influence. The broad idea of the negro is that the white man is his superior, and when not intolerably oppressive he is willing to accept his guidance and his authority. The absence of great insurrections among the blacks of the Southern States, the very faint resistance made by millions in Western and Central Africa, and the ascendancy acquired by many Arabs all indicate a willingness to accept external leadership which is absent in the Asiatic. It seems as if the black leather bottle would hold new wine without exploding. And, lastly, there is no evident antipathy to Christianity, which is received with a certain readiness—as also no doubt is Mahommedanism—and which by the testimony of disinterested observers does effect a marked change in ideals and modes of life. No doubt Europe may be disappointed about all these

things, for one of the forgotten facts of the situation is the shortness of the time, barely two centuries, during which the aggressive mind of Europe has been in direct contact with the black mind. The black man, even if Christianized, may retain impulses which render the contiguity of the white man intolerable to him—as is suggested to be the case by most observers in Hayti. Still he may remain submissive for a long period, as the Indians of South America have done

to the Spaniard, and may, like them, when emancipated, show in creed, thought and capacity for political organization decided traces of the white influence. The problem is still unsolved, and may remain unsolved for many generations yet; but still there is hope of a solution that will enable European and African to live together in amity, the former occupying a position akin to that of a good aristocracy, the position the European longs for in Asia, but alas! does not attain.

The Contemporary Review.

Meredith Townsend.

MY LADY.

'Tis not her kind yet mastering air
Nor is't the glory of her hair,
Nor yet the beauty of her eyes
With the deep look of soft surprise;
'Tis not the wit so often heard
Where wisdom lines each airy word;
'Tis not her humors grave and gay
That give my Lady all her sway.
My dainty Lady's sovereign power
Hangs not upon the passing hour;
The years may roll, and still the same
She is my Lady and my Dame,
My Lady's face, my Lady's voice,
These make my heart and soul rejoice.
And yet they fall full short of all
That keeps me still my Lady's thrall;
The secret why my Lady's reign
Can never turn to change or pain
Is known alike to man and elf,
It is that she is just—Herself!

Longman's Magazine.

Walter Herries Pollock.

POOR PETTIMAN.

I.

"You look awfully bored, Pettiman. I'm afraid this sort of thing isn't in your line."

"Not at all! not at all!" cried the thin little curate, looking up eagerly under his aureole of auburn hair. "I always hold, you know, that clergymen ought to mix freely in all the pursuits and pleasures of the laity—well, the harmless pleasures, I should of course say."

"Quite right! And a ball, I suppose, ranks as harmless?"

The curate's pale, wistful eyes strayed round the bright scene. The beautiful old picture gallery, with its polished floor, was brilliant with many lights and crowded with soft colors and pretty faces and gay groups. In an alcove made by the broad, shallow staircase, one or two musicians sat in the shade, tuning softly. From the walls Vandykes and Lelys, Romneys and Sir Joshuas, watched the scene; beautiful women full of life and power, whose day was past; men, erect and masterful, in velvet and powder, or in brilliant uniform—men who had fought for bygone causes and been loyal to dead kings, and who had wooed and won those white-robed, taper-fingered women beside them. All the passion and the pride and the grace of the past looked down from the frames on the wall, and on the polished floor beneath the county families were assembled to do honor to the coming of age of Arthur Seymour; and the Reverend Ambrose Pettiman, who had known Seymour at Oxford, and who was now staying at an inn in the neighborhood, stood and watched the brilliant scene. It was all very well he felt, in your own rooms at Oxford,

with the last Bampton Lectures on your knee, and one or two like-minded spirits smoking your cigarettes, to hold forth on the duty of the clergy in matters of social observance; but now the little curate felt ill at ease among all these young county people, who looked so big and strong, so well nourished and well-groomed; who all knew each other so well, and seemed entirely indifferent as to whether their conduct merited clerical approbation or not.

"Shall I introduce you to some one?" asked Arthur Seymour, looking round vaguely.

"Oh, don't trouble about me!" replied the curate. His eyes also wandered. Every one seemed to be talking to some one else. Opposite to them a pretty, dark-eyed girl in primrose satin and red roses was surrounded by four supplicants, and was practising the arts of diplomacy. The music struck up, and one of the four proudly led her out, the other three dispersing laughingly, and apparently by no means inconsolable. People began to come in and crowd round the door, and in a moment one or two pairs of dancers were floating past. The curate backed against the wall.

"Don't trouble!" he repeated, inwardly hoping young Seymour would trouble. But Arthur Seymour's attention was already distracted. He moved smilingly toward a girl in white, who had just come in leaning on the arm of a gallant elderly man, who piloted her with dignified leisure across the very centre of the floor, and received several bumps in so doing.

"You know my sisters, I think?" called Seymour over his shoulder as he went.

"Yes, I have that pleasure," replied the curate despondingly. The Misses

Seymour were tall, pleasant-faced girls who talked mostly about horses; they were not likely to pay much attention to the Reverend Ambrose Pettiman.

The waltz was in full swing. The curate watched the various pairs as they revolved past. His last hope, a girl in black by the doorway, with big anxious eyes, was claimed by a young giant, and the anxiety gave place to a reproachful smile; and then she too was whirled away with the rest. The Reverend Ambrose realized that he ought to have got outside—got near the door where other men were standing. But it was too late now; he could not cross the room. So he flattened himself against the wall, and was fanned and flapped by every passing flounce.

"I wish Emma were here," he thought. "She does not dance; but she would have enjoyed the scene and the sense of exhilaration. We might have gone and sat among those palms and ferns, and discussed it together. Emma always takes very proper views. She has once or twice combated my opinion that a clergyman should not estrange himself from worldly pursuits, thereby unfitting himself for contact with worldly natures who require, or who might be benefited by, his help and advice. There may be truth in what Emma has often said. She has pointed out to me that our life, as that of a country clergyman and his wife, will lie in a purely pastoral district, among our poorer friends. I remember she confessed that she had a great vein of worldliness in her nature, which she would be sorry to allow to gain any dominion over her. What strange things she says! Emma worldly! Dear little Emma!"

The waltz was ended. The curate, with regained composure, walked across the room and out at the door. When he moved into the open it could be seen that, in spite of his youth, he was the proud possessor of an incipient

tonsure, round which his auburn hair grew as a veritable halo. He wandered aimlessly through several rooms, where he was regarded coldly by sitting-out dancers, and tried to examine the pictures so as to appear unconcerned. At last he came to a morning-room with a door at either end. This was temporarily deserted, and his attention was caught by a big arm-chair, with pale satin cover and gilded bent legs. It was pushed back behind an azalea-tree in full bloom, standing against a screen painted with cupids twining wreaths round dancing shepherdesses. The curate sat down on the chair, pushed it still farther behind the azalea, and watched the people who passed through the room, in at one door and out at the other, and listened to their disjointed scraps of conversation.

"It is really like being at a theatre," he thought to himself, with a glow of satisfaction; "and this azalea smells deliciously." He leant his auburn head luxuriously back. The evening was beginning to be delightful.

"What made you ask that little black priestikin, Arthur?" a voice in one of the doorways said.

"Oh, the poor little lonely devil, Laura!" young Seymour's voice made answer. "I found him at the inn—he's there for a week's fishing—and I couldn't do less than ask him. I knew him at Oxford, you see. He's a decent little chap."

"Yes, I daresay he is; but he's shockingly out of place here to-night. I do wish you'd learn to be discriminate in your hospitality, you ridiculous boy! Anyway, now that he is here, I wish you'd look after him—it spoils my pleasure to see him standing, like a black pepper-corn with a gold stopper, trying to smile."

"I never saw a pepper-corn with a stopper, neither did I ever observe one smile, my dear girl. I'll send him down

to supper soon. I can't introduce him to any one—they all know every one, and don't want strangers thrust upon them. Now *you* might give him a dance!"

"Arthur—I can't stand here talking to you any longer, dear."

The speakers emerged and walked into the centre of the room—Arthur Seymour, six-foot-one of well-built, fair headed young Englishman, and his sister, nearly as tall, equally fair-headed, erect, in her white silk dress.

The Reverend Ambrose cowered back in his chair. He felt his face flushing. "I am glad that Emma was not here beside me," was his first thought; "how angry she would be!"

So he had been asked out of good-nature and was shockingly out of place! He had known it quite well before; but he did not like to hear it said. It occurred to him that he would go back to the inn. He had told the landlord that he would not be back till about three in the morning, and that they were not to sit up. He remembered the touch of pride with which he had said it. He looked at his watch. Why, it was only half-past eleven! He could hardly go back so soon, and yet—one, two, three hours and a half—!

He got up and returned slowly to the picture-gallery. A polka was beginning. He looked at it with uneasy disapproval. He had thought he could dance a polka—"One, two, three, hop!—one, two, three, hop!" he repeated to himself. But these people went so fast!

Suddenly his eye was caught by a very young girl who paused exactly opposite to him and unfurled a feather fan. She had a very soft, childish face and wistful blue eyes. She did not seem to be enjoying herself—the blue eyes looked as if they had very lately shed tears, and were very near to doing so again on the least provocation. She appeared restless, and tapped her little

satin toes on the floor, and puckered her white forehead, and looked about her like some wild bird longing to escape.

The Reverend Ambrose Pettiman wondered what troubled so young a girl, who ought to have been at her full glory and happiness at a ball. He would like, he felt, to be introduced to her—she looked kind and sweet. Possibly she felt the hollowness, the vanity, that lay beneath all worldly pleasures; and yet she was but a child to have such feelings! The Reverend Ambrose was four-and-twenty. Suddenly the girl's troubled blue eyes looked across at him. The curate blushed and averted his own. Then he furtively glanced again; she was still looking at him; bending forward a little, eagerly, her lips parted. The curate's heart throbbed. Did she know him? She was certainly like Emma—remarkably like! And yet most unlike! The Reverend Ambrose felt much embarrassed—he could not look again, and yet it seemed rude to take no notice; and it would be nice to know some one—to speak to some one.

"Oh, *here* you are, my dear fellow! I've been looking for you everywhere! I want you to come and take my aunt and give her some coffee."

The curate drew himself up. He had been prepared to refuse introductions, to go home to the inn. But—his aunt—he could not be rude! And that girl, so young and sweet-faced, evidently unhappy. He must find out—

He followed Arthur Seymour, and soon found himself catering for a little elderly lady, who talked kindly to him about Church matters.

When the Reverend Ambrose brought his charge back again to the picture-gallery Arthur Seymour was standing at the door with the blue-eyed maid who had so discomposed the curate's equilibrium.

"Ah, *here* he is!" said Seymour.

"Pettiman, Miss Loveday wants to know you; Mr. Pettiman, Miss Loveday."

The curate bowed, blushing. He glanced at Miss Loveday to see if she were troubled by young Seymour's boyish brusqueness. But Miss Loveday was heeding nothing; she was gazing at him with an eager, anxious look in her blue eyes, and her little child-mouth parted.

"Are you fully ordained?" she asked breathlessly.

"Certainly!" he cried, with some indignation. He had been ordained a fortnight. Then his indignation gave place to surprise.

"A very strange young lady," he thought to himself—"excitable, impressionable—after all, a mere child. Not in the very least like Emma, either, on nearer view."

Miss Loveday recovered herself. "I beg your pardon!" she murmured, her cheeks turning the color of a carnation. "It must seem a strange question—I wasn't thinking! But I take a *great* interest in the Church! Please take me in to supper."

Miss Loveday had a very hearty appetite. She ate an astonishingly solid supper.

"Bring that chair and sit down by me, and eat too," she said. "No—don't begin with sweets; take some turkey."

"But I am not very hungry," replied the curate.

"And take some champagne. There, this bottle is empty; but there is one on the next table."

"But I am an abstainer!" cried the curate.

"Never mind! You must have a good supper. Forgive me if I seem insisting; but—I am going to ask you to help me."

"To what?" inquired the curate vaguely, taking up a spoon.

"I am in a difficulty—in trouble. I am—in need of help!"

"As a clergyman—"

"Yes—that is just it! It is as a clergyman—"

"I am always ready. I shall be most glad if—" exclaimed the curate in great agitation, waving the spoon.

"Thank you! I felt I could trust you!" cried the girl.

The curate bowed and blushed.

"You are a friend of Arthur Seymour's?" she resumed.

"Yes," owned the curate. His heart stood still. What had Arthur done? Whatever he had done, the curate made up his mind he would stick by his friend. He would say nothing. Not red-hot pincers nor a woman's blue eyes should—

"Are you staying here overnight?"

"No."

"Are you staying anywhere near, then?" she demanded.

"At the inn."

"Is it near?"

"About two and a half miles away."

"Ah! How did you come? Have they a trap or vehicle of any kind?"

"Yes; they have a dog-cart and an old landau that they hire out."

"Did you come in either?"

"Yes; in the landau."

"Is it here?"

"Yes; the man said he could put up here."

"Is it a good fresh horse?"

"I—I really cannot say. I am no judge of such things."

"Ah well! it does not matter. Now I want you to go down and, without letting any one hear you, tell the man to put his horse in as quickly as possible."

"But, my dear young lady—"

"But what?"

"May I ask your purpose?"

The girl raised her eyebrows. "You show a great deal of curiosity," she said reprovingly; "but I don't in the least mind telling you. I want to go away."

"Then, may I not summon your friends?"

"No! That is just what I wish to avoid. I could have done that myself, you know."

"But—well, I mean, isn't it a little—isn't it a rather unusual proceeding—a little—a little—"

"Well, a little what?" Miss Loveday looked at him coldly. The curate faltered.

"A little unusual," he murmured.

"To leave a ball early? Not at all!"

"Oh no—not that! But have you not your own carriage? Your friends—"

"Oh, do you object to my borrowing the inn trap?" asked the girl icily.

"Not at all! I am delighted, of course! But—your friends?"

"I am unwilling to disturb the lady in whose charge I came."

"But—won't she think it odd?"

"I hardly realized, Mr. Pettiman, when I asked you to render me a slight service, that you would thereby feel justified in interfering in my private affairs. However, I had better perhaps ask some one else to help me. It was only because you—you are a clergyman that I appealed to you. I see I was wrong. It is these little defaults that estrange people from the Church."

"I will go and order the trap," said the curate.

"Thank you!" replied the girl.

She got up and led him through the very morning-room in which he had ensconced himself earlier in the evening. He glanced at the azalea-tree; his chair was just where he had left it. It struck him that he was no longer at the theatre—he was now among the actors on the stage. The girl in front of him turned to see if he was following. When she found him close behind her, her blue eyes beamed at him, her cheeks dimpled. Then she swept on again. She seemed to know the house, for she led the way without hesitation

through the other door, through the billiard-room, through a deserted smoking-room, and into a little back passage that seemed, to judge from the voices and the clashing of dishes, to lead to the kitchen premises. Here there was a French window that opened on a few stone steps leading down to the gravel terrace along the side of the house. Miss Loveday helped the curate to undo the fastenings.

"Follow the path to the left," she told him, "and it will take you straight to the stables. Just find your man and tell him you want to return. Say to him not to drive up to the door, but to wait for you where the drive from the stables meets the avenue. Then come back to this window and wait outside it for me—I shall want you to walk down the avenue with me."

"But—oh, please—!"

"But I should be *afraid* to walk down a pitch-dark avenue all alone. I want you to protect me from the—the trees and things."

She looked very pitiful, and she put up a tiny hand, encased in white kid, and swept a curl back from her forehead. The Reverend Ambrose Pettiman stepped out of the window and walked briskly to the stables.

When he returned, ten minutes later, she was waiting for him; a long blue cloak, just the color of her eyes, covering her ball-dress, and a lace scarf over her hair. They began their walk in silence.

II.

"It is a lovely night," said the curate presently; "those trees outlined against the moonlit sky yonder—"

"Have you any money with you?"

"Eh? I beg your pardon?"

"Have you any money with you?"

"Money? Oh, yes! No! Three-and-eight-pence."

The girl sighed impatiently.

"If it is for the driver," said the Reverend Ambrose nervously, "I assure you it is no matter; the man will charge it to me."

"How can I ever repay you?" exclaimed the girl suddenly.

"Oh, if you prefer to do so, a note addressed to the inn would—"

The girl flashed him a look of surprise in the moonlight.

"Oh! for the carriage! I beg your pardon—I was not listening! Oh, it was not the carriage I was thinking about!"

The curate felt crushed.

At this moment two lamps were seen, and the outline of the landau. The girl quickened her steps, and her little companion broke into a jog-trot to keep up with her.

The Reverend Ambrose helped Miss Loveday carefully in, guarding her blue cloak from the wheel, and tucked the rug round her.

"Where shall the man drive?" he asked her, not without curiosity.

"Get in!" cried Miss Loveday.

"Get in? I?"

"Yes, you!" she answered, with some irritation. "Do you think I am going to drive about the country at three in the morning all by myself? Do you know I am only seventeen, and accustomed to be taken the very greatest care of?"

"But—but—"

"I never met a man before who said 'but' so often! Are you going to desert me just when you have helped me over half the difficulty?"

The curate still hesitated, and the driver slowly dismounted from the box and stood to hear his orders.

"Don't shut the door—the gentleman is coming too!" said Miss Loveday, holding the edge of the door with her small gloved hand.

The next moment they were driving rapidly down the avenue together. The curate, in his agitation, had not even

heard whither his companion had directed the man to drive. He leant back helplessly. They drove in silence for about twenty minutes; then Miss Loveday laughed.

"Up to this moment," she told him, "you have been very good, if a trifle too exclamatory. Now you are going to be still more useful."

The curate groaned.

"I will explain to you for what I have brought you here."

"I shall be grateful if you will," said the Reverend Ambrose with dignified coldness.

Miss Loveday let down the window and looked out. They were driving along a lonely road with moonlit fields on either side.

The curate helped her to shut the window again.

"Well?" he asked when it was done.

The girl leant forward, and laid one hand impulsively on the rug that covered the curate's quaking knees.

"I want you to marry me!" she cried.

"Never!" responded the curate.

"I think, having assented so far, that you have no choice left," she told him gently.

"The thing is impossible!"

"A license has been procured."

"You must be mad to suppose—"

"And you will find everything arranged."

"That you should fancy me capable—"

"Oh, *quite* capable, I am sure. I saw that at once."

"Honor and inclination equally debar—"

The girl began to cry. She brought out a scrap of lace and sobbed into it. The curate felt very large and rough and brutal.

"I should like to tell you something," he said gently, "that will make you understand and pardon my seeming harshness. I am engaged to be married."

"No? Are you really?" The girl looked up with ready interest. "Just fancy! And you look such a mere boy!"

The curate drew himself up stiffly.

"And yet, a moment ago, you did not hesitate to thrust upon me the responsibility—"

"Oh, that's different! You said you were fully ordained. And if you are engaged yourself, it ought to make you all the kinder about marrying me! Instead of which you make such a fuss about it, and say such nasty things!"

"But—but—"

"Oh, there you are 'butting' again! I tell you the real truth; I'd as soon travel with an old ram! And think of poor Edward waiting at Launceborough to marry me!"

"But you said you wanted *me* to marry you!" cried the bewildered curate.

"Yes—to Edward!"

"Oh!"

"My cousin, Edward Loveday Adeane."

"Yes," said the curate.

"Yes, of course! How could you marry me, unless there were some one to marry me to? And how could I be married to Cousin Edward without a clergyman to marry me? You really are a very *stupid* man. Oh, I beg your pardon. I forgot you are a clergyman! Aunt Jane always insisted on my being respectful to the clergy. I think she was entirely right."

"Was it Aunt Jane you were with at the ball we have just left?"

"Oh dear, no! You don't know Aunt Jane, or you wouldn't ask! Fancy Aunt Jane at a ball! Why, she wouldn't have let me go at all, only that I was staying in the house, and so she couldn't possibly help it; and, besides, she did not know there was to be a ball."

"Is Aunt Jane your rightful parent and guardian?"

"No, of course not! You really are rather ridiculous! But she brought me up. My father is in India—he is coming home to-morrow—that is, it must be to-day by now I should think—and that is why I must be married early this morning."

"I fail to see it as a reason."

"Ah well! Aunt Jane does not approve of my cousin, Captain Adeane, and she says my father is coming home purposely to prevent our marriage."

"But surely your cousin does not consent to marry you against your father's wishes, and on the eve of his return? I call it most reprehensible conduct."

The girl sighed patiently. "Of course I recognize that, being a clergyman, you are bound to take the right view of everything," she said, "so I won't lose my temper with you as I did with poor Edward when he said all that."

"Oh, he said it too, did he?"

"Yes; but I got cross and made him feel differently. You see, it is rather horrid of father to take Aunt Jane's part without even asking—isn't it? And I always thought," she added, her voice beginning to tremble, "that he would be *nice*, and different from Aunt Jane. Aunt Jane is awful."

The curate was at a loss what to say, so he murmured "Indeed!"

"Wasn't it clever of me to capture you?" cried the girl suddenly, with accents of childish delight. "Edward will be so surprised! You see, we had planned it all, and he has got the license, and he was to meet me at the ball and carry me off to Launceborough, and it was all beautifully arranged, and then the clergyman who knows us, and would have done it without any fuss, went and got scarlet-fever! Edward was so annoyed! I got a note from him just while I was dressing. And Edward is at the inn at Launceborough—he did not come to the ball even, he was so upset about it. That was

stupid of him—just like a man!—no invention! And besides, it quite spoilt the ball to me! We might at any rate have had the ball! And then suddenly I saw you, in your long coat and your collar, you know, and it seemed providential, and the whole scheme flashed into my mind."

"My dear young lady, you appear to me to have been singularly ill-advised—"

"I wasn't advised at all."

"You must permit me to put a few inquiries to you in order to qualify me to get us both out of this most embarrassing situation."

"I won't answer any of your inquiries unless you promise first to marry me."

"I won't marry you unless you promise first to answer all my inquiries."

"Why, that is rather clever," observed the girl, in a surprised voice.

The carriage began to rattle over stones, and Miss Loveday let down the window and looked out. They were driving through the deserted streets of a little country town.

"Here we are!" she cried. "And this is the inn! You'd better not show fight," she added; "Edward is over six feet, and you are such a little man! He'll be so glad to see you, though," she added politely.

The carriage drew up, and the agonized curate, peering out through his own dim window, saw that the inn was brilliantly lit up and the door open. There were one or two loungers standing about the door. It was between four and five in the morning.

Miss Loveday sprang out, stood for a moment in her long blue cloak, with the lights from the inn full upon her, and looked up at the door expectantly. The curate had one wild thought of remaining where he was, of shouting directions from the other window to the driver to drive home; but then he recollected himself. That slight blue fig-

ure standing there alone recalled him to a sense of duty. Foolish, giddy, inconsequent child! Could he leave her there at a strange inn, in evening-dress, in the small hours of the morning? And this cousin Edward! The curate got out, offered her his arm, and led her up to the door of the inn.

"What am I to do, sir?" shouted the driver.

"Put up your horse and come in and get supper," said a man's voice beside them; and the curate turned to see an erect, soldierly man with gray hair and heavy gray moustache, and a somewhat coffee-colored face.

"This is my daughter, whom I was expecting," he said to the sleepy, bowing-landlord; and he hurried both travellers into a little lamplit parlor.

"I shall have a word or two to say to you presently, sir," he observed to the curate, who quailed beneath his mighty frown; "but first I want to look at my daughter."

He turned. His daughter stood in the centre of the dingy little inn parlor, her blue cloak flung back, showing the glimmering white satin ball-dress under it, the lace scarf fallen from her ruffled curls, and her big blue eyes staring half in wonder and half in fear, and her little red baby-mouth quivering.

"Why, little Peg—what a—why, my darling!—I'm your father! Haven't you a word to say to me?"

"Father!" she cried. "Oh!"— And then she ran to him and was folded in his arms.

The curate turned away and examined a print of the laying of the foundation stone of the Launceborough Town Hall.

"Peg, Peg, how could you treat your father so? When I've been away ten years, and have been looking forward to this day for— Oh, Peg, you little monkey! Oh, little girl, how you've grown!"

"Father, father! how could you treat me so? To go and forbid my marrying Edward without even seeing him! And I haven't seen you for ten years; but I've seen Edward every day! We've grown up together. You'll like him, father. You can't help liking him. And Aunt Jane's not—not nice. I thought you would have been on my side. I always thought you would."

"So I will, Peggie! So I will, my little daughter."

The curate was retiring discreetly, feeling this to be a purely family scene; but the door creaked, and General Loveday turned suddenly, reached him with a single stride, and held him like a vice by the shoulder.

"No, you don't!" he said.

"My dear sir!" remonstrated the curate.

The General turned him round to the light.

"Well, you might have chosen a bigger man," he said to his daughter.

"He's fully ordained," she answered eagerly.

"Ordained?—ordained? Kitty's son ordained? I thought he was in the army!"

"So he is, sir," said a voice in the doorway, and all three turned to see a tall young man with his eyes fixed on Peggie Loveday.

Peggie turned suddenly shy.

"This is—Cousin Edward, papa," she murmured diffidently—"Edward, this is father come back. *Isn't* he nice?"

Then she sat down, looked from one to the other, and unfurled her feather fan.

The two men measured one another with their eyes.

"Oh, this is much more like the thing," remarked the General.

"I should like to explain, sir," began the younger man, and the General stiffened directly.

"Yes, and I shall be very glad to hear

any explanation you may have to offer."

The curate again made a surreptitious attempt to escape, and had actually got the door open, and in another moment would have gained freedom and been out in the dimly-lit passage, had not Peggie Loveday suddenly remarked politely, "Oh, don't go away Mr. Pettiman, without saying good-bye! Father, you must thank Mr. Pettiman for all his kindness to me!"

"Yes, by the way, who ~~is~~ Mr. Pettiman, and what is his share in to-night's doings?" asked the General, turning round abruptly.

The Reverend Ambrose held with both hands to the handle of the door and gazed reproachfully at Peggie.

"My share was decidedly passive," he said.

"He was an instrument in my hands," corroborated Peggie.

The General looked from one to the other; then he turned to Captain Adeane, as man to man.

"Tell me your story straight out," he said shortly.

Captain Adeane raised his chin and squared his shoulders, and looked the General in the eyes.

"Your daughter and I have grown up together," he began. "It has always been an understood thing between us. You didn't write often, sir, or you might have learnt; and as to Peggie's letters to you—her aunt, your sister-in-law, used always to read them; so they were written for her, not for you."

His eyes left the General's face for a moment, and he glanced at Peggie. The two smiled at one another.

"Hum!" muttered the General. "I might have guessed it. Such awful complete letter-writers as I used to receive! Such a prim little idiot as I thought I was coming home to! And I come home to *this*!" He waved his

hand to the blue-and-white Dresden china figure sitting there.

"Then, sir, suddenly Aunt Jane Spender found out. She had been singularly obtuse. I had always, of course, intended to ask *you*; but I had omitted to ask Aunt Jane Spender. When she found out she informed us that you were coming home on purpose to prevent it, and that you had—other designs in view."

"A lie," remarked the General.

"I suggested—but of course Peggie felt—I mean we—" The young man hesitated and stammered for the first time.

"I fancy it may have been my fault," put in Peggie, with an air of surprised discovery. "He *did* want to wait and have it out with you, papa dear; but of course I didn't know how *nice* you were, and I—I dissuaded him.—Papa is particularly pleasant—isn't he, Edward?"

The General looked gratified.

"Yes, I see," he observed to the young man; "but even that hardly justified this—this—"

Captain Adeane looked at Peggie for a moment, then he strode across the room and knelt down by her chair, and held a bit of the blue cloak that seemed as if it had a hand beneath it.

"Peg, I should have had to confess to you some time—I have played a horrible trick on you!"

The girl turned very white and kept her blue eyes fixedly on her face. The General took a step forward and clenched the fist that hung at his side.

"It was very stupid—very disrespectful," the young soldier went on. "The fact is, I was a coward, for you were so angry and I feared to lose you. You—we—arranged this, you know; but I telegraphed to your father—I saw his ship was signalled—to come on direct to this inn to-night. Then after I had

done this, it occurred to me if I could prevent your coming at all it would be better, so I wrote to tell you the reverend chap had scarlet-fever."

"And hadn't he?"

"He's as fit as a fiddle."

"Then you told a—"

"Yes! And I'd have told a round dozen to save you, Peggie, because I knew it wasn't the straight way to set about it, even if it were a bit of an adventure, dear, and a dash to Aunt Jane! I thought we might give your father a chance first; and, if he were not the right sort, that we still would have time. I wouldn't have given you up for the telling, little playmate! But you had no faith in me, Peggie—and—and—there's nothing against me for your father to cut up rough about. I'm a very decent chap, and his own sister's son into the bargain."

"Then you actually wired to father, and spoilt the whole thing!" cried Peggie, pulling her cloak away from him, and standing up, her blue eyes full of wrath. "It was utterly mean and nasty and horrid of you! I believe you asked Aunt Jane too! I'll *never* forgive you!"

The young man rose too and stood facing her.

The General gave his prospective son-in-law a great clap on the shoulder. "So the telegram was from *you*, was it? Carefully-worded dispatch, too! Capital soldier you'll make, sir!—afraid of nothing save this little minx here! And now we are all hungry, and I propose we have supper—or breakfast—I am not sure which it is—and drink your healths. Bless me! there's that little clergyman escaping again! Come here, young man. I don't quite yet feel clear as to you."

"Why, I brought him here to marry us, papa, as I was *told*!"—icily—"that our own family clergyman was suffering from scarlet-fever. I thought *this*"—waving her hand to the collapsed Mr.

Pettiman—"would be better than none. He didn't *want* to come. I did not tell him till we were driving here. And I took him away so early from the ball, poor young man! And it was his first ball, too!"

"And my last!" muttered the curate. "Emma was perfectly right!"

The General deliberately put on his eye-glasses and surveyed his daughter.

"Have you always been allowed to have your own way, my dear?" he asked her in a voice of awe and dismay.

"Never! What *can* have made you think of such a thing, papa? Aunt Jane has always brought me up most strictly."

Chambers's Journal.

"Well, I shall be very lenient, and then, perhaps—"

"And so shall I!" exclaimed Captain Adeane.

"You! I'll never forgive *you*, Cousin Edward! Never! With your telegrams and your scarlet-fevers! *Mean!*"

"But *I* will, my dear nephew!" said the General, turning to him. "You have taken a bride out of the window that you might have had out of the door.—As to *you*, reverend sir— Why, *where's* that curate?"

The Reverend Ambrose Pettiman had made good his escape. It was not until he and Emma had been married for eight years that he told his wife the history of his first ball.

Rosaline Masson.

MADAME DE STAEL.

There is no more dazzling figure in modern European history than Madame de Staël. The daughter of Necker and the Revolution, she lives to see the new condition of society which is ushered in by the battle of Waterloo. She is the connecting link between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Brought up in an age when women influence greatly indeed, but influence exclusively from their own homes and Salons, she runs about Europe always talking and always writing, carrying on an immortal warfare with Bonaparte—the newest of new women, as she is certainly the cleverest and the most extraordinary.

She makes for herself a life which the concisest of encyclopædists and biographers seem unable to compress into the usual half column. She plunges into politics. She is stateswoman, novelist, playwright, actress, metaphysician, patriot, intriguer, musician, philosopher. What is she not? As a *Salonnière* her Salon is nothing. It is

only its mistress who counts. Its *habitués* are there, not to talk with each other, but to listen to her. In the other Salons it is the men who make history. In this, it is the woman who whispers in their ear, who suggests this, proposes that, and makes them say at the Tribunat to-morrow what she thinks in her rooms to-night. So that Napoleon says, "*Ce n'est point un salon, c'est un club*"—and exiles her.

Born in Paris April 22, 1766, Germaine is almost from the first a cause of disagreement between the parents who love her. Papa is so gay, and mamma so strict! The bright, ugly, black-eyed baby distracts M. Necker with her infant vivacity from the great cares of his position. He is the best of playfellows. At what absurd age does a little woman discover that one admires her, and finds her small sayings laughable, and her small ways charming? When her mother receives, Germaine sits by her side on a very straight-backed little chair (Ma-

dame thinks straight-backed chairs and uncomfortableness in themselves virtuous and regenerating to the soul) and listens with a very keen little mind, which no doubt takes in much more than that righteous mother fancies, to the most brilliant conversation of an age gorgeous in its setting.

All the guests speak to the little girl. Here are Grimm, Raynal, Thomas, Marmontel, who especially love to draw her out. Be sure Germaine replies to them with a perfect confidence. It is not, indeed, a very good bringing up for a small person naturally not a little vain.

She is still quite a child when she is writing to her mother:

"My Dear Mamma,—I want to write to you. My heart is drawn tight; I am sad, and in this large house I see now only a desert."

And again:

"Let me kiss you a thousand times, and press you to a heart that belongs only to you and papa."

Before the practical English mind condemns the letter-writer as an affected little *poseuse*, it should remember that Germaine is a French child, and that when she is no longer a child she never knows an emotion—and she knows many and passionate ones—without talking or writing about it.

Some painter should put on canvas that garden scene at St. Ouen, where she is sent as a girl to recover her health after too much brain work, and where, with a little Mademoiselle Huber, she amuses herself by declaiming tragic verses, and reciting plays and poems, dressed in white like a wood nymph. She is not at all pretty. She is never pretty. She has rather coarse features, and a certain bold brilliancy of expression, not at all attractive. But then, every fresh feeling re-creates her face. She is at this time divinely young. And her

ugliness is now, as later, so clever that it interests more than any placid beauty.

She has written tragedies before she is grown up. She has a mind that dares anything. She has already begun to idolize her father with that idolatry which only dies at her death. She herself says that the *enlèvement* of Richardson's "Clarissa" is one of the events of her childhood; and might well exclaim with the heroine of another novel, "Il me faut des émotions!" "That which amused her was that which made her weep," writes Mademoiselle Huber. There is no other girl in the world—not even another French girl—who is at sixteen or seventeen years old such a brilliant compound of genius, vanity, inspiration, sentiment and impulse, as Germaine Necker.

The richest heiress in France is just twenty when she marries the Baron de Staël-Holstein, Swedish ambassador in Paris. He is much older than herself. He is nobody. He only lends his wife a name which she is to render immortal. They separate pretty soon without making any extraordinary fuss about the parting. A friend of De Staël's says that he is always "sincerely attached to his charming wife, although she shows entire indifference to him." That may be so. But perhaps the Baron finds, with Lamartine, that "celebrity is like a fire which burns when one is close to it, and gives light when one is away from it. Happy he who is far from a woman's glory!"

With her marriage begins that torrent of events which forms Madame's life.

She is still a very young wife when the long smouldering misery of her country breaks into flame. She has an absorbing passion for liberty. She has already published her "Letters on the Works and Character of Jean Jacques Rousseau," which are themselves a

clever girl's passionate hero-worship for the man "without whom," says Napoleon, "there would have been no revolution in France." Before the meeting of the States-General—that "baptism day of democracy," "the extreme unction day of feudalism"—she watches from a window the great procession of twelve hundred deputies with an exultant joy. It remains for another woman, much less brilliant and further-seeing, to say, "Do not rejoice; out of this day will arrive frightful disasters to France and to us."

Madame is with her father at his disgrace and at his recall to power. It is the Millennium—it is the Golden Age—it is Utopia! And to-day she is at Versailles and the great Insurrection of Women. As soon as possible after the birth of her son in the dramatic August of 1790, she joins her parents at Coppet. But, "I have all Switzerland in a magnificent horror," she writes, and rushes back to Paris.

It is supremely characteristic of her now and always that she should find anything better than inaction. She *must* be moving, doing, to the fore. A Revolution—and I not in it? Social Paris still sociable though its streets run with blood—and I not there to talk? There is no human face that expresses such an extraordinary degree of vitality and energy as Madame de Staël's. She arrives in her dearest capital, and starts there the first, the most brilliant and the most influential of her Salons, the Salon of the Revolution.

It is pre-eminently of French society that it can be said that it is at its liveliest and wittiest in a time of anarchy and confusion. If one is French one *must* amuse oneself. And if, without, there is tragedy and ruin, why, within, only the more need to distract one's thoughts. In this Salon, besides, there is not only laughter. Here meet the old nobility and the men of the

tiers états. The *habitués* are Talleyrand, Barnave, Chénier, Lafayette, Lally Tollendal, Narbonne and Benjamin Constant. Madame does not lead the conversation gently, imperceptibly, as did the *Salonnières* of those old Salons of that old world, gone forever. Her personality dominates the room. Those flashing black eyes, those full, passionate lips, could never belong to a woman content to be merely tender and charming. She wants to make felt her power and the genius of which she is supremely conscious—and can but be conscious. She talks politics in a fire of enthusiasm. She writes "the most important part of Talleyrand's Report on Public Instruction in 1791," and now is imploring Barras, the only member of the *Directoire* admitted here, to spare one or another victim of that insatiable monster, universal anarchy.

Before long she is saving her friends by her own exertions. She hides Narbonne in her house, and, with that infinite wit and resource that never desert her, prevents the officials from searching it. If she ever is, as Sismondi says, "*excessivement poltronne*," she certainly does not show it now. She has instead the mettle and pluck of a war horse. On that awful day of the Massacre of September she tries to escape to Coppet. She is stopped and taken to the Hôtel de Ville, escorted by that mob who the next day murder the Lamballe with nameless atrocities. The carriage is three hours in getting through the streets. The people goaded to madness by its aristocratic appearance, howl blasphemies and death. The gendarmes won't help her, except one, who is with her in the carriage, and falls under the potent charm of her cleverness, and promises to save her with his life. In the Hôtel de Ville she is brought before Robespierre. Manuel, the "procureur of the Commune" and her friend, finds her there, and after many hours of waiting con-

ducts her, in the safe shelter of the darkness, through midnight Paris to her home. The next morning she leaves for Coppet. There is no scene in either of her novels half so dramatic as the story of that September day. If she had written her own romance of the Revolution it would have outlived many "Corinnes" and "Delphines."

Early in 1793 she pays her first visit to England. She joins the little colony of *émigrés* at Mickleham. They are all very gay, witty and poor. Neither poverty nor the horrible scenes they have come from (and in which they must have left many of those dear to them) prevent them from entertaining each other, and forming little Salons and picnic-parties after the light-hearted manner of their nation. Their morals are by no means too strict, says English respectability. Some people give Narbonne to Madame de Staël as a lover. The Miss Berrys disapprove of her. Madame is to the fore in this society as she is in all societies. She recites tragedies, and reads aloud the first chapter of her "Influence of the Passions on the Happiness of Nations and Individuals." When she has found time to write it, Heaven knows. How she finds time to write any of her works, much less to think of them, is certainly known to no one in this world. "Since you sleep all night and act or talk all day," says her cousin and biographer, "when do you reflect and study?" "In my sedan chair," replies Madame with her inimitable confidence. And she is back again at Coppet writing her "Reflections on the Trial of the Queen," with her impassioned pen dipped in the impulsive pity of an ardent heart; weeping for the death of her mother; and then back again in Paris ruling her Salon of the *Directoire*, and fighting tooth and nail that greatest of fighters, Napoleon Bonaparte.

The history of their quarrel is, after all, only the history of two powers who both want to be absolute in the same territory. It has been said that it is unworthy the manhood of Napoleon to persecute a woman. But it would certainly have been inconsistent with his matchless cleverness to ignore the "talent and influence" of her whom he called a "restless intriguer," with "a mania for writing about everything and of nothing." There can be no higher compliment to her power and genius than that Bonaparte fears them, just as there is no better testimony to his unique ability than that "Dix Années d'Exil" which she writes to expose his character.

To this her second Salon—her Salon of the Consulate or the *Directoire*—come at first his brothers Lucien and Joseph. She can influence them.

She influences, too, the journalists and the newspaper editors who now rub shoulders in her rooms with aristocrats who are still wearing the humble clothes which they first donned as a protection in the Terror. The great ladies of the old *régime* are not at all above meeting here the men of those classes once called lower—of imploring of them, of gaining from them, by flatteries to which only love could make them stoop, the restoration of exiled friends.

Madame herself is hardly of these great ladies. There is a coarseness about her somehow, in her strong passions, overweening energy and vaulting ambition, which have very little of the calm and refinement, and a thousand times more life and vigor, than ever ran in the blue blood of a dying aristocracy. It is a marvel that she can hold her Salon for an hour, in spite of a Napoleon. For that most "exquisite pleasure" of her life, "the pleasure of conversing in Paris," she fights with all her talents and powers.

Her adherents slink away from her

at last, afraid to stay; and Madame, undaunted, publishes her "Essay on Literature," wins them back in spite of themselves and of danger, talks once more as well and as much as it is only given to her to talk, brings out "Delphine" at Geneva, and in 1803 is banished by Napoleon to forty leagues from Paris.

If one cannot be in the capital there is no good in being in France at all. To be out of Paris is extinction! All the loveliness of Lake Lemman only causes Madame to exclaim, "Oh, for the gutter of the Rue de Bac!" She is still panting from the effects of her fight with Napoleon, and not more in a frame of mind to approach sober German philosophy than the great calm of nature, when she rushes frantically to Metz, Frankfort, Weimar, Berlin, and the acquaintance of Goethe, Schiller and Wieland.

It is not, everything considered, very surprising that these grave thinkers find themselves unable to judge Madame wholly kindly. She is the more generous. She is always a warm admirer. She is not, it would seem, less self-confident now than usual. She argues philosophy with Goethe with the same impassioned brilliancy and ignorance of the subject as, later on, says Byron, "she preached English politics to the first of our English Whig politicians the day after her arrival in England."

She chats vivaciously on subjects to the study of which her listeners have given all their lives, their deepest earnestness, and their profoundest thought. "To philosophize in society," says one of them, writing of her with not a little bitterness, "means to talk with vivacity about insoluble problems." These heavy people are in the dumps and must be roused! Madame plunges headlong into discussions where men and angels fear to tread. She is much too impulsive to be reverent. She al-

ways wants to be first, to attract notice, "to excite passion, no matter what." She does not wait to hear her adversary's reply. She jumps at the cleverest conclusions. Her whole genius is inspiration. "The altogether unprecedented glibness of her tongue," of which the grave Teutons complain, does not leave her a single moment for reflection or for self-distrust. When Robinson says to her later, "Madame, you did not understand Goethe, and you will never understand him," she replies, "Monsieur, I understand everything that is worth understanding; that which I don't understand is nothing." This is the key to all her brilliant mind, to her whole mental attitude towards the deepest intellects of her century.

There is no wonder that such a very naïve vanity should be ill content with the "moderate German plaudits" given to her reading and reciting in public. It is not a little to the credit of her magnanimity that, though these stupid people don't worship her half so enthusiastically as they ought, she is even now taking notes for her "*De l'Allemagne*"—that book which has been well called "the revelation of the genius of Germany to the French people."

In 1804 the illness and death of her father recalls her to Coppet. She mourns him with a very loud and a very sincere grief; but, whether he is alive or dead, his daughter must be moving, doing, a power in the world. She runs through Italy in an ecstasy. She writes "*Corinne*" in another. She finishes it at a friend's house very near Paris—to which she is creeping back, in spite of Napoleon. After its publication and the roar of delight with which it is received, he banishes her anew. It is supremely characteristic of the woman that, though she declares he has no heart, she is everlastingly appealing to it; that, though she herself says, "*Demosthenes and Cicero*

combined could not lead him to the least sacrifice of his personal interest," she never ceases to try upon him the effect of her own eloquence and cleverness.

She goes back to Coppet. She holds there a kind of Salon. She writes plays and acts in them. Among her guests are the exquisite Juliette Récamier (for whose loveliness Madame de Staël says she would give all her own genius), Bonsetten, Werner, Prince Augustus of Prussia, and the inevitable Benjamin Constant. But even the society of her friends—and of such friends—cannot make Coppet endurable for long. She goes to Germany a second time, taking Constant with her. She has that famous interview with Goethe's mother when she appears dressed as "Corinne" in "an orange and blue turban, a robe of the same, an orange tunic, and with a very short waist . . . and the usual laurel twig in her hand." She must be now about forty years old, stout, snuff-taking and, it must be presumed, without any very keen sense of the ridiculous. She meets Fichte, and asks him to give her an account, "in fifteen minutes or so" of that famous system which it has taken him all his life and genius to evolve. The disgust of the poor man may be imagined. He has not spoken for ten minutes when she interrupts him—"It is enough; I comprehend; I comprehend perfectly"—and tells him a little anecdote from "Munchausen's Travels" to illustrate the theory of "I" and "me"! It is impossible to conceive of another mind at once so clever and so inadequate. Madame's intellect is like her life: it puts one out of breath to follow it.

She is at Coppet again now, writing "De l'Allemagne," acting plays, entertaining friends, and having her portrait painted as "Corinne," seated on a rock with a lyre in her hand, by Madame Vigée le Brun. The sitter de-

claims tragic passages from Corneille and Racine, to give her face the proper expression. She is the best of actresses—of the kind that are born, not made. She publishes her "De l'Allemagne," that "most masculine production of the faculties of woman," and is exiled for it. These banishments give her so much excitement and so much fame that to such a nature as hers they cannot be an unmixed evil. But she is coming—nay, has come—to that time when she realizes to the full how little even such a celebrity as hers is satisfying, and that "the love of all is but a small thing to the love of one."

Her husband is dead. Her relations with Benjamin Constant—whatever those relations may once have been—are certainly now not more than friendship. To that bored and brilliant cynic she has played a part at least not all ignoble—she has made him do what he can. She is a middle-aged woman—who ought to have known better, says the world, when it hears the story hereafter—when she falls in love with De Rocca. M. de Rocca is a French officer who has distinguished himself in Spain and returned home wounded, and is young, brave, chivalrous and enthusiastic. It is Madame's fame which first attracts him to her, no doubt. And on her side? A passion which has been looked upon as almost exclusively ridiculous places her character, not the less, in its best light. What has she to gain by marrying him? She has everything to lose. If it is a folly it is a generous folly. There is nothing so pathetic in her history as her passionate conviction that there is no blessing in life comparable to a happy marriage. It is her cousin who says, very truly, that the inconvenience of love matches is "précisément qu'on ne choisit pas." Madame has to suffer many of these inconveniences. She keeps her secret, indeed, as much

as such a woman can. It is not till after her death that every one knows of her imprudence and her happiness; but if she had had to lose the world for it, to her it would have been the world well lost.

The natural *imprévoyance* of her character cannot prevent her from having much anxiety about her husband's precarious health. "There is only one unhappiness in life," she says; "the death of what one loves."

In 1812 their child is born. By now the rigid *surveillance* of Napoleon has become intolerable to Madame's energetic spirit. She escapes from Coppet on May 23, 1812, with De Rocca, and her son and daughter De Staël, to Vienna, and through Austria to Russia and Sweden. On the journey are many narrow escapes from the vigilance of the tyrant, and dramatic adventures which quite suit Madame's *penchant* for the picturesque. She stays six months in Sweden, and, after twenty years absence from it, visits England once more.

This visit is throughout in the nature of a triumphal progress. England does not like Madame less because Bonaparte hates her. Her talents have made her not only the first woman in France, but the first woman in Europe. Hundreds of these cold Englishwomen have sobbed over her "Corinne" and "Delphine." The most exclusive of the great houses fling open their doors to her. She visits Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Hardwicke, Lord Liverpool. She is at the Hollands' and at Rogers's literary dinners. Among her acquaintances are Canning, Lord Grey, Campbell, Bowles, Croker, Coleridge, Byron, Sir James Mackintosh, Wilberforce—all the celebrities of the time. Her appearance at a party creates a *furor*. People get on the chairs and tables to see her. This "spiritual Amazon"—this constellation to whom all the stars sing "Te

Deum"—talks, harangues, lectures, argues everywhere. Sir James Mackintosh says that he has dined with her "at the houses of almost all the Cabinet Ministers." "The most active, combative and voluble of all the human beings I ever met" can put her volubility into four languages—German, English, Italian and French. She quotes Latin. She has a "very good battle" with Lord Wellesley at Holland House on the Spanish treaty. The superior knowledge of her adversary does not daunt her in the least. Byron speaks of her society as an "avalanche." The social rules which bind other people have no hold upon her. "Mrs. Corinne always lingers so long after dinner," says the poet again, "that we wish her—in the drawing-room." When the "De l'Allemagne," suppressed in France, is published in London, the shout of applause is deafening. Jeffrey has already called her, on the strength of "Corinne," "the greatest writer in France since Voltaire and Rousseau, and the greatest female writer of any age or country." What is her position *now*? To this woman with her "strong passion for fame" such a universal worship must be intoxicating indeed. It proves that with all her faults there must be something not a little noble in her, that though she drinks deeper of the nectar of celebrity than any woman has drunk of it before or after her, she never doubts that the best thing in life is not fame but love.

She goes home. The battle of Waterloo has given the French nation another of those changes which it needs, says Napoleon, about every three months to captivate its imagination—"with it, whoever does not advance is lost."

At her brilliant Salon of the Restoration—"more instructive than a book and more amusing than a play"—Madame receives the Duke of Wellington,

and can't help saying of him to a friend in a whisper, "Il faut pourtant convenir que jamais la nature n'a fait un grand homme à moins de frais." She is now fifty. But her heart has the passion and vigor of twenty. Such a woman could never grow old.

She is at Pisa with her husband, her daughter and Schlegel. De Rocca's health is wretched. It causes Madame an intermittent and tempestuous fear, which in deeper hearts is replaced by that persistent dull ache, called anxiety. Before this her mother has, in her own words, forced Mademoiselle de Staël to make a marriage of inclination.

In June, 1816, she returns to Coppet. She receives Byron, whom England, having worshipped, has turned and rent. Isn't it characteristic at once of Madame's boundless self-reliance, and of her impulsive heart, that one of the last acts of her life should be to attempt a reconciliation between the poet and his wife? She dies, after one of the most eventful and extraordinary lives ever led by a woman.

Madame de Staël takes her own generation by storm. She inspires everywhere an enthusiasm of love or hatred. There is no medium. The time is not yet come when she can be regarded with that cold and disinterested eye which is to be supposed to search out truth. Her ample and vivid personality still takes one in possession. Her rush of words, her rush of feeling, her inimitable intellectual darning, her supreme conceit, and her strong passions leave the beholder breathless, astounded and in a frame of mind essentially unjudicial.

In her bold inconsistency and her marvellous intuitions, she is supremely a woman. She is supremely unwomanly in her amazing egotism and her lust for fame. Take refuge with her from the battle of life without? She is herself a battle. Her love is a tor-

rent of generous and undisciplined emotion. "If she gives herself up to her impetuous nature," says Benjamin Constant, "there is a commotion like a thunderstorm, or an earthquake. . . . Did she but know how to govern herself she could govern the world." That is her whole character summed up in little.

Her works are personal in an extraordinary degree. It is "I," "me," "my," always. The most famous of her books are full of appeal, of insistence that the world should admire, not German literature or a heroine of romance, but Anne Germaine Necker de Staël-Holstein.

"Delphine" is not immoral French fiction half so much as it is a brilliant girl's passionate cry for enjoyment—the outburst of a very young heart that can't yet quite believe that "we were not sent into the world to be happy, but to be right."

"Corinne," that "*chef d'œuvre* of the youth of her talent," is a picture of Italy photographed upon a most poetic heart. "Corinne" crowned at the Capitol, "Corinne" with her lyre, her beautiful sentiments, and her passionate grief, has all the ardor and genius and the lack of stern, cool common-sense of the real "Corinne," Madame de Staël. The authoress always writes, as it were, with the blood of her heart. Her cousin calls "Delphine" the book "where she has said everything." Her genius and weakness alike consist in this. She always says everything. She puts down what she feels at the moment. She never pauses to reflect what effect the record of those feelings will have on other minds. She never corrects or thinks over what she has written. When the hour for reflection has come she is busy composing something else. She writes in all places and at all times. When some one reads her a passage out of one of her own works, "That is very beautiful," she says;

"did I indeed write that?" In the stream of publications with which she floods the world she may well forget a few flowing phrases. If her feelings are always changing, they are not the less acute feelings for the time. "Corinne" and "Delphine" will never altogether die, because when they are written they come straight from the heart of the woman who writes them, and abound in those touches of nature which make all men kin. The supreme achievement of Madame's talent is doubtless "De l'Allemagne." She studies for it for six years. It is part of her cleverness that when it is finished it appears to have in it the research of a lifetime.

If her "Dix Années d'Exil" reveals a great deal more of her own character than it does of Napoleon's, yet not the less, with her intuitive genius, she has her infidel a thousand times upon the hip.

Her "Essay on Literature," which has been called "the greatest of all the literary productions of women," abounds in fine aphorisms, and has all the splendid dash and vigor which are pre-eminently the De Staël's.

There are few writers who have such quick flowing grace of expression, and at once such warmth, such spirit, such passion and such tenderness.

It is Madame de Staël who loves to quote that inimitable definition of Shelling, "Architecture is frozen music." It is she herself who says, "Comprendre, c'est pardonner," and by the mouth of her dying "Corinne," "Tout

comprendre rend très indulgent, et sentir profondément inspire une grande bonté." It is the most famous woman of her century who finds that "For women glory is only a brilliant mourning worn for happiness," and that "Everything which does not touch one's heart leaves one's life free."

On a profounder subject she says, "The mystery of existence is the connection between our sins and our sorrows. I have never done a wrong which has not been the cause of a misfortune," and "One must take care, if one can, that the decline of this life be the youth of the next. To forget self without ceasing to be interested in others gives the soul something of the divine."

All her thoughts have thus the softness of pearls or the sparkle of diamonds. They are exquisite gems for ornament, if they are not gold for use.

Whatever be the judgment of the future generations upon the talent of Madame de Staël, the woman herself is immortal.

So long as human nature is an interesting study, so long will stand out clearly that strong figure in the flowing dress of the period, with the yellow turban on the black hair, the laurel twig in the hand, the flashing eyes and brilliant coarse face.

The other *Salonnières* make their Salons their world. It is only this one who has attempted to make the world her Salon.

THE NEGLECT OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

We have every reason to be proud of our colonies, and to look with a contented curiosity to the achievement of Australia's federal Parliament. The richest country in the world still owes us a willing allegiance, and during the last year the bonds have been solidly strengthened. In other words, the branches are growing out from the parent stem as they list; but there is no talk of lopping them off, and the old trunk can still bear the burden of shade and leafage imposed upon it. But the croakers are never satisfied, and despite our good fortune, complaints are heard at every corner. England is in decay, we are told. Her trains are slower than anybody else's; her trade is gone; she cannot compete with the newer markets of the world; she is ceasing to bear sons, and her population before long will decrease as rapidly as the population of France. And lastly, says a monger of statistics, even her death-rate is low! Think of that final tragedy and tremble! Englishmen are born with difficulty, and once they come into the world they cannot get out of it with a proper despatch. Now, what is the meaning of these figures and prophecies we do not know. They are chiefly concocted in order that the citizen, used to a daily sensation, may tremble at his breakfast-table, and may amuse himself in the train or omnibus which hustles him to the city, by propounding remedies for imagined evils. It is, no doubt, a pleasant game to play; but in the end it will prove more dangerous than football. If we are falling behind in the race, it were well to recognize it, and provide remedies. But it is not the purpose of the morning papers to improve the country. All these "organs" are concerned to contrive is a hasty

misinformed panic, and we believe that a panic-stricken populace is a greater danger to a State than a declining trade. To revive a trade is not impossible; it is far more difficult to bring back to reason a crazy mob that has lost its head. Nor are our half-penny wiseacres at a loss for a remedy. A dozen fresh ones are suggested every day, until we begin to fear an attack of hysteria. Not long since the French nation woke up to believe in what it termed the Anglo-Saxon superiority, and M. Démolins, among others, asked excitedly whence the superiority was derived. A hasty journey to England convinced him at once. England was superior to France, because two wholly obscure schools were hidden away somewhere in the country. He did not remember, this excellent Frenchman, that England had held her own for some centuries, that many of her great men had been educated at such places as Eton, where the methods of Mr. Squeers ("w-i-n, win, d-e-r, der—win-der—now go and clean 'em") are not followed. No; the Frenchman pitched on a piece of folly which his own countrymen know not, and said cheerfully that he had discovered the secret of Anglo-Saxon superiority. So it is that our critics are seeking to explain the defeat they suppose inflicted upon England by Franco-German ingenuity. And one gentleman is quite sure that all our woes are due to the neglect of modern languages. Wherefore he has taken up his pen and written to the *Times*—inspired, of course, by Lord Rosebery, who is haunted by more bogeys than any living statesman. Now, Lord Rosebery, having already seen in his mind's eye a French invasion of England, suddenly discovered at Glasgow that our ignorance of

French and German is "a source of real danger to the nation." Well, if that be so, by all means let as many as are destined for the pursuit of commerce learn the magic tongues which are to save the country. The acquisition of modern languages is not impossible; and though their importance may be overrated, though England is not yet perishing for lack of them, there is no reason why those who have the chance of improving their value should neglect it. But there is no reason for panic. Ollendorf never yet turned the current of the world's history and the fervent gentlemen who rushed hurriedly into print might first of all have fortified their case (if any) by a modest inquiry. To begin with, English boys have already as sound an opportunity of learning foreign languages as the French and Germans, who are supposed by Lord Rosebery to be our daily threat. Every boy who goes to a public school is compelled to smatter his brain with French; and if he elect to go upon the modern side, he may add to his attainment a few scraps of German. In this respect he is as fortunate as the youngsters of Paris or Berlin. We have never known a Frenchman—and we have known many—who had picked up as much English at school as would enable him to purchase a package of cigarettes; and the Germans, whose omnipotence seems to make all Europe shudder, are sensible enough to learn their English in London. Moreover, as the English tongue still dominates commerce, we have less cause than the others to travel beyond the bounds of our own speech; and we cannot approve the energy of those who would find in French and German a panacea for our imagined woes. In the first place modern languages must be studied *in situ*. Their acquisition is a matter not of the intelligence but of the ear. Put a boy down in France, force him to ask for what he wants,

let him accustom himself all day long to the sound of French words, and he will speak the language as he speaks his own, expressively perhaps, correctly maybe, but without any relation to its grammatical structure. Of all the Englishmen we have ever heard speak French, by far the most accomplished was a native of Bethnal Green, who probably could not read or write a page of intelligible English. But he was gifted with a true ear and a quick instinct, so that he had but to wander up and down the street to learn the language, a knowledge of which Lord Rosebery says, is to save us from a national peril. Is he one of our saviors, then, or should we give him a place below the professor of mediæval philology who knows the history and structure of all the Romance languages and yet cannot converse with fluency in any tongue save his own? Conversation is well enough, but we imagine that in order to avert the national danger conversation must express something more than the faculty of speech. The mind that can acquire foreign languages is obviously none of the finest; yet if the correspondents of the Times are to be believed, the porter of a foreign hotel is superior in worth to Charles Dickens (let us say) or Benjamin Disraeli.

For the learning of foreign languages, then, two things are necessary—a correct ear and a sojourn abroad. Now, the boy whose ear is dull to sound might as well stay at home; and what parents are they who deem that a knowledge of French or German is sufficient atonement for a foreign education? But, say the enthusiasts, a boy may stay at home and yet learn to talk French, if the proper system be followed. We doubt it; the experiment has had a fair trial and failed; and though every boy may learn a few words at school, we believe that a proper knowledge of foreign lan-

guages must be left to private enterprise. However, there are many who still insist upon "corporate efforts." They appeal to county councils, chambers of commerce, trade-guilds, and finally to our universities. Now, if such bodies as the chambers of commerce believe the project to be practical, by all means let them do their utmost. They know the solid value of French and German far better than the amateurs who air their fads in the newspaper; and maybe an interchange of clerks between the countries might be successful, but we must jealously guard our universities against the encroachment of new and useful studies. In the first place, it is not the business of our universities to avert national perils. It is not their business to help the commercial gentleman to fill his pocket. They stand high above the practical pursuits of buying and selling and money getting. "The universities should not delay any longer," says an enthusiast, "to take their full share in this necessary reform. It is to them we look for guidance and encouragement." The enthusiasts will look, we trust, in vain. The universities exist to pursue knowledge for its own sake, or to provide such training for mind and intelligence as will allow their *alumni* to learn whatever is serviceable to their after-career. They do not exist to fit their pupils for that hideous performance known as "the struggle for life," and despite chairs of agriculture and mechanics, the universities still do their best work in the domain of pure scholarship. But, say the apologists of modern languages, French and German are as valuable instruments of "culture" as Greek and Latin. That depends upon the meaning given to "culture;" but if that odious word denotes anything better than a facility of tea-table conversation, we cannot agree with the apologists. As we have

said, French and German must be acquired by the ear rather than by the intelligence. The structure of the languages being similar to the structure of our own, the grammar follows the vocabulary without difficulty, and the best linguists are generally those who do not analyze the result which their facility produces. The study of Greek and Latin is valuable, not only for the splendid literature to which it is the key; it is valuable also because it accustoms the brain to understand the essence and not the mere words of a sentence; and the student who has mastered the grammar of the so-called dead languages will find his brain trained to any enterprise. An intelligent boy can learn to read French in a few months, while a brief stay in a foreign land will teach him to speak it. Is the accident of travel comparable as an instrument of culture to the systematic study of so beautiful a language as Greek, or the understanding of so logical a means of expression as Latin?

But when the apologists of modern languages unmask their batteries, it is quite clear that their attack is directed against Greek and Latin. Here are the steps in their argument: (1) It is a good thing to learn foreign languages; (2) The universities cannot teach them; (3) Therefore let us abolish Greek. The learned gentlemen whose desire it is to tinker our universities do not see the lapses in the argument. They are so profoundly convinced of their own infallibility that they display a blind rage against the poor dead languages. The Modern Language Association, which met recently, was careful to conceal the object of its attack, but its very cunning renders its purpose the more dangerous. Mr. Milner-Barry, in demanding that "one modern language should be included as a compulsory subject in every university matriculation," declared that he expressly sought to avoid re-opening the Greek

question. Professor Skeat had less scruple; yet even his courage was tempered by a transparent ingenuity. He moved as an amendment "that a modern language should be substituted for a classical language." He pointed out with justice that every new subject was a severe burden on the student, and if a new subject was imposed some part of the old burden should be removed. "They could avoid offence," he added, "by not specifying Greek; they all knew what was meant." Happily offence is not so easily avoided, and the fact that all know what he means will, let us hope, put some at least on their guard.

This attack upon Greek is but a part of the democratization of our universities, and as such should be repealed with energy. The universities, says the practical man, can only justify their existence on the ground of utility. The rich merchant who sends his son to Oxford or Cambridge complains, when the boy comes home, that he is useless in the counting-house, and instead of blaming himself for his own vain folly, he declares that the university has not given him his money's worth. With as much justice he might grumble that Sandhurst was not a proper avenue for the Church, or that barristers did not come forth from Cooper's Hill fully equipped. And the dissatisfied merchant forgets this other truth, that the universities do not seek to please their customers; on the contrary, they are the councils which should make the laws of education and exact obedience to those laws. The greedy parent combines with the anxious reformer to demand that our universities should instruct the young in French and book-keeping. The universities can only make one reply to the greedy parent. Send your son elsewhere, and leave us to do our duty in peace.

For the highest quality of our universities should be their uselessness.

They should guard the privilege of impracticability with reverence. The lamp which has been handed to them from the past, which they will hand presently to a younger generation, burns most brightly when it is least diffused. Even if their *alumni* go forth to the world with their market value decreased, that fact throws no discredit on their teaching. Our colleges have most ably discharged their duty if they have given their pupils a brief insight into the humanities, and have so trained their brains that they may use them intelligently in the enterprises of life. For this purpose the so-called dead languages, with mathematics are the best instruments possible.

The making of scholars is a worthy task which should need no defence. And as for the average boy, who for some reason or other is the pampered favorite of the reformers—he is none the worse if, for once in his life, he is perforce confronted with the most splendid language, the most delicate literature, that human ears have ever listened to. Now, it is obvious that all the boys who go up to our universities cannot grow into scholars. The potter finds broken bits of clay among his pots. And we have known many Englishmen who devoted years to the learning of French and came away from the task with the fine and free accent of Stratford. For the making of one success, indeed, many failures may be necessary, though to fail in the classics is an inestimable privilege; and even Porson and Bentley owed something to the system which it is proposed to abolish. Therefore every encroachment of French and German is a direct attack upon scholarship.

The truth is that if once the modern languages get foothold in our universities, Greek and Latin will be in danger. We have seen enough of reformers, especially university reformers, to

doubt their good faith. To-day they ask that French shall be part of the Little-Go. To-morrow they will explain that their favorite study, if study it may be called, is discouraged, and they will fiercely demand that the highest honors in the university be granted to modern languages. Then we shall have schools and triposes in which marks shall be given, not for sound learning and elegant scholarship, but for facile declamation and the hasty expression of false taste. Papers will be set in Dumas fils, and Heine's influence upon European thought will be discussed by students ill prepared to take a general survey. Even our best scholars may travel along the line of least resistance and find the easy method of obtaining honors the better suited to their indolence.

But, say the champions of French, the average undergraduate learns no Greek and little Latin. Why, then, keep up the farce? Why, indeed? If the average undergraduate be so stupid that the Greek Grammar appals him, let him travel from place to place, and give himself the training appropriate to a *garçon de café*. Let him not use his brain at all; let him be content to patter a foreign tongue, as a parrot learns to swear, by listening to the patter of others. Such a man has as little need of a university as a university has of him. But we do not despair of the average undergraduate as we know him. He may not be profoundly learned; he need not have the keenest appreciation of letters. But under the present system he is efficiently drilled, and at any rate he touches the hem of learning's garment. If he but read one play of Sophocles, if he but scamper through half the "*Æneid*," he may have gained an insight into literature which no modern language could give him; and if he forgets the words and even the characters of Greek, which to the democrat are so blatant an offence, he

has wandered a year or two in the groves of useless learning.

At present Greek only is in danger, but if Greek be sacrificed, what hope is there for Latin? "*Tunc tua res agitur, paries quum proximus ardet*," wrote Dr. Mayor, the witty professor of Latin, when the study of Greek was vigorously attacked. And with the best intention in the world, we do not trust the honesty of those who would sacrifice Greek, and yet hold Latin the foundation of all learning. Wherein is Latin more valuable than Greek? Is it because the chemist and druggist reads his prescriptions in dog-Latin, or because the man of science has invented a hideous jargon, which bears a false resemblance to the language which Tacitus wrote? Surely these reasons are insufficient even for the British parent, who wants to see an instant return of ten per cent. on the money spent upon his son's education. And if one or other of the ancient languages must go we would throw Latin overboard with less regret. For Greek, the more beautiful tongue, expresses the more beautiful thoughts. If the understanding of literature and history bear any part in the study of language, then Greek should be strong enough to resist all attacks, for among the Greeks literature first became a fine art. There is no prose, no poetry, that was not invented by the most marvellous people that ever struck a lyre or went forth to battle in the panoply of youth. Homer devised and perfected the epic; Sophocles made the perfect mould of tragedy and broke it; Aristophanes evoked laughter from the clouds, as the savage king draws rain by his enchantment; Thucydides revealed the true grandeur of history's muse. Whatever the Romans wrote or thought, they wrote or thought in mimicry, and happily the genius of the moderns cannot cut itself adrift from the great tradition. Why, then, to please the

apothecary, should Greek be sacrificed to Latin, as it is to be sacrificed to French, to please the commercial traveller? No; Latin and Greek must stand or fall together, and since our universities have nought to do either with commercial travellers or apothecaries, we may still be of good hope that the ancients will win another victory over the moderns.

But the champions of French are more ingenious than fair-minded. Having declared that their hero, the average boy, cannot understand the rudiments of literature, they instantly turn about and declare that French and German are as fine instruments of culture as Latin or Greek. Their position of course is untenable, and their argument wholly disingenuous. Is Villon a better study for the schoolboy than Virgil? Will the youth who is not fit to read Cæsar and Plato profit his soul by construing the splendid page of Pascal or Rabelais? Will he understand the satire of La Bruyère or the reactionary logic of Joseph de Maistre? Even if he could unravel the secret of these masters it would do him but little good. For they do not teach the great lesson of simplicity, which taught by the classics is a lifelong, if unconscious, reward. And the youth who is set to study French will speedily desert the

academic writers for the blameless amusement of Jules Verne, or the less innocent curiosity of the furtive novel. In conclusion, the acquisition of modern languages is a graceful, and maybe (as we are told) a very useful accomplishment. But it is not the business of universities to teach them. If they are to be a discipline, they must be taught on a system, and as Mr. J. Rees, an examiner in modern languages, and a firm believer in the divine right of Latin and Greek, says, "to teach modern languages as these classical tongues are taught is as foolish as to isolate an infant in a tower to see if his first word will be 'Bekos.'" Our scholars may very well be left to learn French and German in their hours of ease, and as for the commercial gents, they must be encouraged by the County Councils and sent to sojourn abroad. Then, and then only, will they be able to avert what Lord Rosebery's amiable pessimism describes as a "national danger," a near companion of General Mercier's phantom fleet. But once French and German, under Professor Skeat's wily auspices, are established firmly in Cambridge and Oxford, the so-called dead languages will be threatened by the last death, and that shall make them dead indeed.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RECALL.

A DREAM OF THE GHETTO.

So far he led them through the Wilderness,
That not in dreams alone, he saw the Land
Long-promised: his it was at last, to stand
Humbly exalted—free from fears and stress,
And view the Distance without bitterness,
Beneath the Shadow of God's outstretched Hand:
And then, God touched him, making just, and grand
His Sleep, in its consummate loneliness.

Who would grudge death, if he might lead as far
As Moses led his flock, these sore distrest
Outcasts on alien hills? Loveless, unblest,
They prove each halting-place their griefs debar
From yielding rest: but where the fig-trees are,
And palms, Peace whispers,—“*Children, Home is best!*”

The Argosy.

E. H.

THE CHINESE PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION.

BY TAW SEIN KO, M.R.A.F.

The hoary antiquity of the civilization of China is, perhaps, answerable for many things in her dealings with foreign nations. Even now, after the lesson of humiliation taught her by the war with Japan, she has not completely shaken off the trammels of tradition, precedent and sumptuary laws inseparable from the old-world notion of the sacrosanct character of the head of the State. It has not yet quite been brought home to her conviction that, like ancient Greece and Rome, she can no longer play the rôle of being the radiating centre of culture and civilization in the Far East. Hence her attitude of superiority, contempt and superciliousness assumed in her relations with foreign Powers. Of course, such an attitude is resented by the assumed parvenu nations of the West, and vigorous efforts have been made to infuse reasonableness, moderation and justice into the counsels of the Chinese Government. While China's intercourse with other Powers was not so smooth or satisfactory as might have been wished, the bogie of the “Yellow Peril” was presented to the world by the late Mr. Pearson in 1893,¹ and was embod-

led in the famous picture of the German Emperor in 1896. The bogie, however, had too good a start, and made a tour of the Christian world. It could not be overtaken and laid at rest by such thoughtful writers as Lord Curzon, now Viceroy of India, who completely refuted Mr. Pearson's arguments in his “Problems of the Far East” (pp. 396-412). Simultaneously with the discussion of the “Yellow Peril” by the European press, Chinese statesmen began to be confronted by the corresponding bogie of the “White Peril.” Chinese history shows that the aggregation and segregation of States forming the conglomerate entity called the Chinese Empire are the normal law of that Empire, and that the average life of a dynasty in China rarely exceeds two centuries. Chinese officials, thinkers and writers, therefore, imagine that the days of the integrity and independence of their country are numbered. Color was lent to such a supposition by the scant respect shown to China, as a sovereign international State, by the foreign Powers, and by the policy of grab, initiated by Germany, which seized Kiao-Chow in 1897. This seizure was followed by the alienation of Port Arthur and Tallenwan

¹ In his work called *National Life and Character*.

to Russia, of Wei-hai-wei and the territory near Hong Kong to England, and of Kuangchouwan to France. The Chinese Government, as well as the Chinese people, as a nation, felt these losses severely, because Shantung, where Kiao-Chou is situated, is the Palestine of China, being the birthplace of Confucius; because Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei are the Gibralters of Northern China, on whose fortification and armament enormous sums of money have been spent; and because the alienation of territory near Hong Kong and Hainan causes the loss of prestige of the Central Government in the eyes of the people of Kuangtung, which is regarded as the hot-bed of intrigue and rebellion. When Italy demanded the cession of Samun Bay, on the coast of Chechiang, the demand being supported by England, the patience of the Chinese Government had become exhausted, and stringent orders were issued to the provincial authorities to safeguard their territories against foreign aggression.

The state of strained relations between China and the Powers of Europe is primarily due to the treatment accorded to Christian missionaries and their converts. When, as a part compensation for the murder of two German missionaries in Shantung, Germany sent out the "malled fist," and appropriated Kiao-Chou, the Chinese became alive to the fact that the apparently harmless teachers of religion, who inculcate peace and goodwill on earth, are important factors in the problem of partitioning their country; and also to the fact that the conversion of Chinese subjects to Christianity is almost tantamount to the creation of an *imperium in imperio*.

The missionary question is a most thorny subject in China, as it is bristling with many difficulties. The greatest difficulty is the right of residence in all the provinces of China, which is

not enjoyed by other classes of foreigners. This privilege is due to the unauthorized interpolation of the following clause by a French missionary, who acted as interpreter to the French Mission, into Article VI in the Convention signed by France and China at Peking in 1860:

"It is, in addition, permitted to French missionaries to rent and purchase land in all the provinces, and to erect buildings thereon at pleasure."

Professor Wells Williams, the author of "The Middle Kingdom," remarks as follows on the interpolation:²

"This sentence is not contained in the French text of the Convention, but as that language is made, in Article III of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, the *only* authoritative text, the surreptitious insertion of this important stipulation in the Chinese text makes it void. The procedure was unworthy of a great nation like France, whose army envied Peking when the Convention was signed."

By virtue of the most favored nation clause, the right of such residence was also acquired by the missionaries of other countries. It is now no longer a question whether the enjoyment of such a right rests on a legitimate foundation, because the irregularity, if it can be so called, was legitimized in 1894 by M. Gérard, the French Minister at Peking, who secured the formal ratification by the Tsung-li-Yamèn of the Convention of 1865, which contained a reference to the interpolated clause of 1860. In 1871 the Tsung-li-Yamèn made an earnest attempt to solve the missionary question, and presented a statement of suggestions to the Corps Diplomatique at Peking, but nothing practical ever came of it.

The facts related above show clearly that missionaries were, like opium, in-

² Footnote on p. 362 of *The Middle Kingdom*.

roduced into China at the point of the bayonet, and not with the full acquiescence of the Chinese Government; that no attempt was made by the foreign Powers to meet the Tsung-li-Yamén halfway to settle the missionary question; that the Chinese Government was practically denied its sovereign rights in the matter of having any voice in the conversion of its own subjects to Christianity; and that the question whether the Chinese local authorities possessed the requisite machinery for protecting the lives and property of foreign missionaries all over the eighteen provinces of China was never raised or discussed. There is thus little love lost between the missionaries and the Mandarins, because the murder or ill-treatment of a missionary means a demand, backed up by gun-boats, for pecuniary compensation, for the punishment of the offenders, for the degradation of the local officials, including the Viceroy³ of provinces, and for the cession of territory. As the treatment of missionaries is a constant source of political complications, it behooves all the Powers interested to settle, once for all, this most difficult question by means of an international Conference, to which representatives of the Chinese Government should be invited. The preponderance of British interests, commercial and political, points to London, the emporium of the world's commerce, as the most suitable place for convening that Conference.

The recent Anglo-German agreement guaranteeing the territorial integrity of China should lay at rest the bogle of the "White Peril," which has much exercised Chinese minds, and the patent fact that the Chinese are rather a commercial and industrial race, ardently devoted to the arts of peace, than a nation ready to follow the lead of a

Genghis Khan or Tamerlane, should help in burying forever the phantom of the "Yellow Peril," which exists only in the brain of speculative writers. Love begets love; hatred begets hatred; and it is to be hoped that no more suspicion, mistrust or dishonesty will enter into the international relations between China and her foreign neighbors.

The present situation in China demonstrates clearly that, as the terror of the "Yellow Peril" is confronted by that of the "White Peril," so the impotence of Europe finds a counterpart in the inertness of China. The situation as affecting Europe is admirably described as follows by the Graphic of October 6, 1900:

"The truth doubtless is, that the Powers are not a little frightened of the crisis. All of them are anxious to get out of it as quickly as possible, but they are afraid to follow the Russian advice and leave the Chinese masters of the field, because they know that such a course would only be the prelude to a fresh and still more serious crisis; and they are also afraid to formulate punitive proposals, because, if they were rejected by China, they would be compelled to coerce her into acquiescing in them, and this would mean just the very undertaking they are most anxious to avoid. It is a curious illustration of the impotence of Europe. The Powers are perhaps, not so much afraid of the military operations which a new campaign against China would involve, although none of them would enter upon them with a light heart—as they undoubtedly fear the burden of responsibility which victory might bring with it. Were China shaken too roughly, she would assuredly go to pieces, and then the question of partition would arise. Over such a

³ This would be like demanding by Mr. Kruger the decapitation of Mr. Rhodes and the

dismissal of Sir Alfred Milner for the Jameson Raid.

question the Powers would probably quarrel, and this would mean Armageddon; but if they did not quarrel, and partition were arranged, each Power would then find itself confronted by the gigantic task of suddenly taking military and civil charge of a population of about 100,000,000 souls. This is not a prospect which any of them contemplate with equanimity. The embarrassment already caused to Russia by the crisis is shown by the desperate means she has been compelled to resort to in order to meet the demands made on her exchequer, to pay the unexpected expenses of the campaign in Manchuria. She is consequently in no hurry to add to her responsibilities. Germany, notwithstanding the Emperor's flamboyant speeches, is scarcely better off than Russia. Her forward policy in China is so unpopular that the Government is unable to raise a loan of £4,000,000 in the country to meet the expenses, and has been obliged to appeal to the American money market. England, happily, has no financial embarrassments, but she is recovering from a great military exertion, and she has her hands full, with a colossal task of domestic reorganization. Hence, she, too, is anxious to keep the Chinese Question within the narrowest possible limits. Even the United States is afraid of it. Add to these puzzling conditions an international atmosphere indurated with jealousy and suspicion, and we need scarcely be surprised, if a solution of the Far Eastern Problem seems far off. The worst of it is, that there is no safety in inaction. The Powers cannot much longer postpone their decision without risk to their own harmony, or without courting a fresh explosion in the Far East, which would inevitably precipitate the very dangers they are anxious to avoid."

It is just as well not to inquire too closely into the past, to let bygones be

bygones, to turn over a new leaf and to devise efficient and satisfactory safeguards for the future. There have been sins of commission and of omission on both sides, and it would tend to harmony and friendship to erase them from the memory, in order to proclaim to the world that the basis of the teachings of both Christianity and Confucianism is love, forgiveness and charitableness. If this view is accepted, it is scarcely wise to scrutinize the antecedents of the Peace Commissioners appointed by the Chinese Government. Five Chinese Commissioners have been appointed, viz:

- (1) Prince Ching;
- (2) Jung Lu;
- (3) Li Hung Chang;
- (4) Liu Kun Yi;
- (5) Chang Chih Tung;

the last two being Viceroy of the Yangtze Valley. The European press, headed by the Times newspaper, has objected to the first two, as having been implicated in the Boxer rising, and to the third as being too astute and unreliable a diplomat and a Russophile. As the fourth and fifth could not conveniently leave their posts to attend the Conference at Peking, it follows that the Ministers of the European Concert would have no Chinese Commissioner with whom they could properly open peace negotiations. There is too great a tendency to treat China as a negligible quantity, and to assume that she has lost her sovereign rights, and that she is already under the tutelage of Europe. The sooner such a domineering attitude is discarded, the better it will be for the resuscitation of commerce and the peace of the world.

A Times telegram of October 7, 1900, announced that, at a meeting, the foreign representatives agreed on their demands for a basis of negotiations. These include—(1) The punishment of the officials concerned in the massa-

creases; (2) the payment of an indemnity; (3) the dismantling of the Taku and other forts; (4) the establishment of a permanent Legation guard at Peking; and (5) the abolition of the Tsung-li-Yamên. All these demands savor of good sense, moderation and reasonableness. It is by all means necessary that the delinquent officials should be severely punished, that a clear roadway, between Peking and the sea, should be established by the dismantling of the Taku and other forts, and that, for the safety and protection of the Foreign Ministers accredited to Peking, a Legation guard should be permanently quartered at the Chinese capital. An indemnity should also be demanded; but care should be taken that the amount is not excessive, as it is necessary to allay irritation and resentment, and as it is a wise policy to forego present for future advantages. Too heavy an indemnity would cripple China for years to come; whereas her recuperation would benefit not only herself, but also the commerce of other countries. It is hardly wise to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. China is, indeed, potentially a wealthy country, but her resources still await exploitation by organized labor and capital. In the meantime, in order to improve her finances, the Foreign Powers should assent to the doubling of the present Customs duty of 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, if the Chinese Government would undertake to abolish *likin*, which has greatly hampered trade all these years. The abolition of the Tsung-li-Yamên will be hailed as a blessing in diplomatic circles. For obstruction, dilatoriness and incompetence it cannot be compared with any other Foreign Office. It is reputed to have killed, through utter physical exhaustion, the British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, and to have undermined the health of many other Foreign Ministers. As a buffer for keeping the foreign repre-

sentatives at arm's length, it has fully accomplished its purpose, and must now be abolished. In lieu of the Tsung-li-Yamên it would be highly satisfactory, and be conducive to the despatch of international business, if a Foreign Minister, with a capable and competent Under-Secretary of State, was appointed by the Chinese Government. Public opinion would point to Prince Ching or Li Hung Chang as that Minister, and to Sir Chichen Lofenglut, now Chinese Minister to the Court of St. James, as that Under-Secretary.

What is required is a strong, reformed and progressive China, with which satisfactory relations could be established by other nations, instead of that inert mass which is a most monstrous anachronism of the nineteenth century; and foreign commerce and foreign nations will be equally benefited by helping in the carrying out of Chinese reforms. As the foreign Powers are at this juncture primarily interested in the realization of the indemnity demanded, and as the financial condition of a country is always improved by sound methods of administration, it is necessary that the Civil Service of China should be reformed first. The competitive examinations now in vogue should be abolished, and the service should be recruited from the successful candidates trained at a central college established at Peking or Nanking, on the model of the East India Company's College at Haileybury. Each Viceroy should be permitted to nominate about ten candidates a year, and the course of study should extend to at least three years. The members of the service should be graded and adequately paid, and peculation and embezzlement amongst them should be severely punished. Two other reforms should be carried out in order to minimize the possibility of discontent, and riots due to the interference of missionaries with the judicial

and social economy of the country. Proper courts with a well-trained magistracy, should be established; and the methods of eliciting evidence and of dispensing justice should be modelled on Japanese or Western institutions. In the domain of village administration, in order to place all Chinese, both converted and unconverted, upon the same footing, it is necessary that a fixed and periodical tax, according to

Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review.

the means of each family, should be levied, and the proceeds should be paid into a common Village Fund, to be used for municipal purposes, such as education and conservancy, or such other purpose as may be determined by the Village Council of elders. In other words, in evolving a New China out of the Old, financial, judicial and rural legislation should precede all other reforms.

THE PAINTERS OF SEVILLE.

Spanish art, before Velasquez discovered the world, is an art made for churches and convents, to the glory of God, never to the glory of earth. "The chief end of art," says Pacheco, the master of Velasquez, in his treatise on the art of painting, "is to persuade men to piety, and to raise them to God." In other countries, men have painted the Virgin and the Saints, for patrons, and because the subject was set them; sometimes piously, and in the spirit of the Church; but more often after some "profane" fashion of their own, as an excuse for the august or mournful or simple human presence of beauty. But in Spain pictures painted for churches are pictures painted by those to whom God is more than beauty, and life more than one of its accidents. The visible world is not a divine plaything to them. It is the abode of human life, and human life is a short way leading to the grave. They are full of the sense of corruption, actual physical rotting away in the grave, as we see it in two famous pictures of Valdés Leal. And they have also a profound pity for human misery, that pity for the poor which is still one of

the characteristics of the Spaniard; their pictures are full of halt and maimed beggars, rendered with all the truth of a sympathy which finds their distortion a natural part of the world, a part to be succoured, not to be turned away from. But Heaven, the Saints, the Virgin, are equally real to them; and Murillo will paint the Trinity, without mystery and without dignity, with only a sense of the human closeness of that abstract idea to the human mind. Thus we have, for the most part, no landscapes, rarely an indication, even in a background, of external nature loved and copied, and brought into the picture for its own sake, as a beautiful thing. Seriousness, and absorption in human life, a mystical absorption in the divine life, these qualities are the qualities which determine the whole course of Spanish painting.

Emotion, in the Spaniard, is based on a deep substratum of brooding seriousness; some kind of instinctive pessimism being always, even in those untouched by religion, the shadow upon life. In Velasquez it is the intolerable indifference of nature, of natural fate, weighing upon those un-

happy kings and princes whom he has painted, from their solemn childhood to their mature unhappiness. In Murillo it is a tragic intensity of ascetic emotion, the darkness out of which his sunlight breaks. In Zurbaran darkness swallows daylight, and his kneeling monk, contemplating the emptiness of life in the extravagant mirror of a skull, in the midst of a great void of night, shows us to what point this religious gloom can extend. Ribera lacerates the flesh of his martyrs, and tears open their bodies before us, with almost the passion of Goya's cannibal eating a woman. In Goya we see both extremes, the whole gamut from wild gaiety to sombre horror of the Spanish temperament. The world for him is a stage full of puppets, covered almost more naturally than nature, playing at all the games of humanity with a profound, cruel and fantastic unconsciousness. Rarely indeed do we find a painter to whom the idea of beauty has been supreme, or who has loved color for its own sake, or who has passionately apprehended ornament. The moment the sense of beauty is not concentrated upon reality, or upon vision which becomes reality, it loses precision, passing easily into sentimentality, affectation, one form or another of extravagance.

This overpoweringly serious sense of reality, human or divine, to which everything else is sacrificed, brings with it, to Spanish painters, many dangers which they have not escaped, and gives them at their best their singular triumphs. Their broad painting, with so little lingering over detail, except at times anatomical detail, their refusal to pause by the way over the seductions and delicate unrealities of beauty, point the way to the great final manner of Velasquez. Velasquez, we say is life; but life was what every Spanish painter aimed at, and

some surprised again and again, with fine effect. All these painters of Martyrdoms and Assumptions and Biblical legends, painted with a vivid sense of the reality of these things; their pictures tell stories, a quality which it is the present unwise, limited fashion to deprecate; that is to say, they are always conscious of human emotion expressing itself actively in gesture—Spanish gesture of course, which is very different from ours. Doubtless there is no aim so difficult of attainment, so dangerous in intention, as this aim at fixing life, movement and passionate movement, in a picture. Doubtless, also, for the perfect realization of this aim, we have to wait for Velasquez, who sees the danger, and avoids it, as no one had yet perfectly succeeded in avoiding it, by an art wholly untraditional, wholly of his invention.

At Seville, where Velasquez was born and did his early, perfunctory, religious painting, there is not a single example of his work, with the very doubtful exception of the small picture of the Virgin giving her mantle to Saint Ildefonso, which hangs in the private part of the archbishop's palace. But Velasquez, who was of Portuguese origin, and who worked almost entirely for the court, is not properly a Sevillian painter. The painters properly of Seville, those who were born there, or at no great distance, and did the main part of their work there, from Juan Sanchez de Castro in the fifteenth century, to Murillo and his immediate successors at the end of the seventeenth, can be seen very thoroughly, and can only be thoroughly seen, in the Museo and the churches of Seville. Out of Seville Murillo is an enigma, Alejo Fernandez is unknown. And in tracing the course of painting in Seville, we are not far from tracing the course of Spanish painting, so few are the

painters, except the little group at Valencia, who were born out of Andalusia.

Painting in Seville begins with pure decoration, in the three fourteenth century frescoes of the Virgin; the "Antigua" in the chapel named after it in the Cathedral; "Nuestra Señora del Corral," in San Ildefonso; and "S. Maria de Rocamador," in San Lorenzo. All three come from a wise and happy childhood of art, when painters were content with beautiful patterns, the solid splendor of gold, a Byzantine convention in faces, these long oval faces, with their almost Japanese outlines of cheek and eyebrows. S. Maria de Rocamador is larger than life-size, she wears a blue robe and a mantle of dull purple, spotted with golden stars and acorns, and bordered with gold braid; an arched or bent coronet is on her head, against the glowing halo; she holds the child in her arms, and two little angels kneel on each side of her head. The background is all of gold, the Gothic gold, woven into a conventional pattern. It is a piece of pure convention, in which color and pattern are felt delicately, as so much decoration.

With the fifteenth century life comes playfully into this artificial paradise; and the first signed picture in Seville, the "St. Christopher" of Juan Sanchez de Castro in San Julian is a vast, humorous thing, reaching nearly to the ceiling, more than three times life-size, a child's dream of a picture. It is painted in all seriousness, and, so far as one can judge through bad repainting and subsequent rotting away of the plaster, painted with no little power. The Saint fills almost the whole of the picture; he carries the child Christ on his shoulder, leaning on a pine-tree, and the hermit comes out on shore with his lantern, in front of a little

chapel, and looks into the darkness. The hermit reaches just above Saint Christopher's knee, and two pilgrims, with staves and cloaks and pilgrim bottles, are travelling along his girdle, as he wades in the deep water, which just covers his ankles. His face is naïve and homely, with a certain pensiveness in the huge eyes; and the child seems to hold in his hand the globe of the world, on which rises already the symbol of his cross. The whole picture, with its humor and yet solemnity, its childish sense of the natural wonder of a miracle, is a quite sincere attempt to render a scene supposed to have really happened just as it might have happened. It may be contrasted with the other huge "Saint Christopher" in Seville, the fresco of Matteo Alessio in the Cathedral where an Italian painter has done no more than paint an unconvincing picture of a miracle in which, it is evident, he had no more than the scene-painter's interest.

Between Sanchez de Castro and his pupil, Juan Nuñez, there is a wide interval; for Nuñez, in the wooden panel in the Cathedral, a Pietà, is completely but very archaically Flemish, with quite another, more formal, more awkward, kind of childishness in design and color. But he leads, quite naturally, to Alejo Fernandez, and in Alejo Fernandez we have almost a great painter, and a painter in whom Spanish painting in Seville first becomes conscious of itself, and capable of saying what it has to say. In some of his pictures an archaic stiffness has not yet freed itself from the golden bonds of that early Gothic work of which his work so often reminds us; he is profoundly under the influence of the Italian quattrocentisti; but Flemish models showed him the way which he was seeking for himself; and, under that Northern influence, always so salutary for the

Spanish temperament, he makes at last a new thing, profoundly his own.

In the delicious "Virgin of the Rose" in the church of Santa Ana in Triana, we see those early Virgins of the fourteenth century growing human, but in the same embowering decoration of gold and stars. She sits with the child under a golden canopy, in a robe of elaborate pattern, an almost Chinese pattern of leaves and stems, in pale gold on brown, and she holds a white rose in her hand. She holds out the rose to the child, who looks with serious, childish interest into the open pages of a brightly illuminated book. Two angels lean, a little awkwardly, on each arm of her chair; but with a certain charm in their naïve, pointed faces, in their bright gold curls falling over. Higher up two strange figures, probably cherubim, stand, arrested in flight, against the upper folds of the canopy. At the back there is a glimpse of rocky and wooded country in pale blue. A smaller picture in the same church shows another Virgin and Child with the same bright gold canopy, with little flying angels holding a coronet above the halo; and here, too, in the pathetic eyes of the Virgin, in the child's gesture, there is the same humanity, coming not too sharply through a traditional form. In two other small pictures, the "Adoration of the Magi" and "Saint Iufina and Saint Justina," we have this delicate, just a little fettered, sense of beauty; in the Virgin, meek, and with flowing golden hair; in the almost sly, Sevillian smile of the Patron Saint of the Giralda. There is always the same delight in color and ornament; the bright swords and cloaks of the Magi, their golden goblets, the elaborate patterns of gold on brown in robes and cloaks; and it is precisely this quality which we find so rarely in Spanish painters, never, in-

deed, quite thoroughly, except in the pictures of this one painter.

In the church of St. Julian there is an altar-piece in eight divisions (of which one is a copy), telling many incidents in the life of the Virgin; and in this series of pictures we see Alejo Fernandez under a somewhat different aspect, as a painter for whom the visible world exists, not only as beauty, but as drama. Natural feeling, a vivid and tender simplicity, a curious personal kind of sentiment, distinguish these pictures, in which St. Joseph, for the most part no very active spectator in the events of the divine drama, is for once accepted as a natural, prominent actor in them. In one, the Virgin and St. Joseph kneel on either side of the newly-born child, with a serene, homely unity of devotion. In the Adoration of the Magi, Joseph leans over his wife's shoulder, his finger-tips set together, watching curiously. At the Circumcision, both hold the child before the priest. As Jesus goes up the steps of the Temple, to reason with the doctors, Joseph sits reflectively beside Mary. And at the end, after all is over, it is into Joseph's arms that Mary flings herself, her face distorted with sorrow; and it is mainly with solicitude for her that his face is sorrowful. Both grow old together, older in every picture, the hair whitening, the wrinkles forming in the face of Joseph; and in every picture there is a simple, earnest attempt to tell the real story, with thoughtfully and tenderly felt details. Whatever may still be at times conventional in the painting, as in the long oval face of the Virgin, there is no convention in the arrangement of the scene, the way of telling a story.

In the large Adoration of the Magi, and in the three still larger pictures of the Birth and Purification of the Virgin and the Reconciliation of St.

Joachim and St. Anne, of which the first is now in the Sagrario de los Calices, and the three others in almost impenetrable darkness in the Sacrista Alta of the Cathedral, we see united in the same composition the half artificial beauty of the Virgin of the Rose and the dramatic sense and human simplicity of the altar-piece in San Julian. Here there is the same solid gold and elaborate raiment and jewelled magnificence; in the robes of the Magi, for instance, and the elaborately arranged hair of Melchior with its golden hair-pins; but nowhere else has life come so directly into the picture. Jan Van Eyck might almost have painted the sombre and suffering face of Melchior under the golden hair-pins; but it is Alejo Fernandez, now entirely master of his method, who has brought a new beauty into the face of the Virgin, as she kneels, in the very act of life, in one of the pictures done in her honor. Two serving-maids, in another of the series, have in them the whole warmth and brightness of Seville, and might have been painted from models of to-day. And there are grave, bearded faces, the face of Joseph, who stands beside Mary as the angel descends out of heaven, in which life has no less of the exact impress of life. Seeing these pictures as I did, point by point at the end of a candle and a bunch of tow, without the possibility of seeing them as a whole, I can only guess at how much I have lost, in compositions so finely imagined, so truthful and full of tender human feeling, and at the same time so gravely splendid in color and decoration.

Here, for all the influence of Flemish art and of the art of the unknown Spanish masters of the fourteenth century, we have an art essentially Spanish, going indeed beyond the usual Spanish limits in its delicate care for beauty. The Dutchman Kempen-

eer, known in Spain as Pedro Campaña, whose painting is almost contemporary with that of Alejo Fernandez, belongs to quite another world of form and sentiment, and in his attempt, as we are told, to imitate Michel Angelo, he becomes at times almost more Spanish than the Spaniards. His very vigorous, extravagant Descent from the Cross, in the Sacristia Mayor of the Cathedral, with its crude color and powerful sense of action, was greatly admired and extravagantly praised by Murillo. At other times Campaña shows us all his inequalities at a glance, as in the altar-piece in many compartments of the Capilla del Mariscal, where the meek and serious heads of the donors, painted with admirable Flemish realism in the lower compartments, contrast with the exclamatory, spectacular movement of the central scenes. I am quite unable to understand the enthusiasm which still exists in Spain for this painter, as I am unable to understand the enthusiasm which exists for his more interesting contemporary, Luis de Vargas. Just as I am told that Campaña is the Spanish Michel Angelo, so Luis de Vargas, I am told, is the Spanish Raphael. Luis de Vargas had been a pupil of Perino del Vaga, perhaps of Raphael himself, and he brought back with him from Italy many secrets of painting and much of the manner of the men who came after Raphael. Much of his work has perished; the famous frescoes have been washed off from the walls of the Giralda, leaving only a few faintly colored traces of bishops' mitres and the outlines of kneeling figures. I was unfortunate in not being able to see his masterpiece, the Temporal Generation of Christ (known as "La Gamba"), and the pictures of the Altar del Nacimiento, so carefully had they been covered during the restora-

tion of the Cathedral. The portrait of Fernando de Contreras, in the Sagrario de los Calices, is a serious study after nature, faithful to all the details of half-shaved cheeks and the like, hard, unsympathetic, not without character. But the large Pietà in Santa María la Blanca seemed to show me a thoroughly skilful, but an insincere painter, whom Italy had spoilt, as just then it was spoiling all Spanish art. Pacheco, in his "Arte de la Pintura," tells us that Luis de Vargas was "a rare example of Christian painters," that he confessed and partook of the sacraments often, devoted a certain space of every day to religious meditation, "and, with the profound consideration of his death, composed his life;" after his death, a hair shirt and scourge were found, "asperisimos cilicios y disciplinas." His pictures preach, says Pacheco; and indeed in this picture I am perfectly willing to believe in his religious sincerity, but I cannot believe in his artistic sincerity. The painting is flat and smooth, the composition elegant, with a curious mingling of Raphael-esque sweetness with extreme realism, as in the careful anatomy of the dead Christ, ghastly in death, showing the stains of blood, the falling open of the mouth, the darkening of the flesh of the feet. Here, the plety of the feeling, the aim at telling a story, at rendering a scene with dramatic emphasis, have produced only unreality; it is academic, not emotional; we see only an effect that has been aimed at, and indeed skilfully realized, not a story that has been told for its own sake, as it might have happened.

The influence here is Raphael; in *el divino* Morales, a painter in whom religion seems to darken into fanaticism, we see a more personal originality evolving itself from a very eclectic training. In his early pictures, none of which are to be seen in Se-

ville, but of which the Prado has a charming Virgin and Child and a Presentation in the Temple, there is a certain *naïveté*, a pale Italian elegance. Later on, as he becomes himself, the coloring darkens, the composition hardens, the emphasis of expression becomes painful, the anatomical minuteness of this lean, brown flesh is like that of the early Flemish painters, or like that of German wood-carvers; might indeed almost be carved out of brown wood. In such pictures as the triptych in the Cathedral, or as the Pietà in the Bellas Artes at Madrid, in all his figures of the Man of Sorrows and the Mother of Sorrows, everything is sacrificed to an attempt to express superhuman emotion, and, among other qualities, the "modesty of nature" is sacrificed, so that a too intense desire of sincerity becomes, as it is so liable to do, a new, poignant kind of affectation. Intensity of sentiment in these faces is like a disease, sharpening the lineaments and discoloring the blood, and putting all the suffering languidness of fever into the eyes. They grimace with sorrow more violently than the sorrowful faces of Crivelli, or the most violent German emphasis; literally they sweat blood, they have all the physical disgrace of pain; they are no longer persons, but emblems, the emblems of the divine agony, as it appears to the pious Spaniard, whom it pleases to see the stains of blood on his crucifix.

In passing from Morales to *el clérigo* Roelas, the sharpness of the contrast is slightly broken by Pedro Villegas Marmolejo, who, in his pictures in the Cathedral and in San Pedro, works very quietly under Italian influence, not without charm, though without originality. In Juan de las Roelas, who is thought to have studied at Venice, the Italian Renaissance has done all it can do for Spanish paint-

ing. Venetian in his soft warmth of color, in the suavity of his handling, Roelas is thoroughly Spanish in his profound religious sentiment (he was a priest, and died Canon of Olivares) and in his simple and vigorous sense of human incident. There is careless brushwork in his paintings, spaces are sometimes left uncared for, the composition is at times a little awkward or a little conventional. But he has feeling, both poetical feeling and feeling for reality, all through his work, even when he is least concentrated; and at his best he anticipates Murillo. not unworthily, in what is after all only a part of his originality. In the Martyrdom of Saint Andrew, in the Museo, he is a realist; life abounds in those sturdy, deeply colored figures, who work or watch so earnestly, with so little sense of the spectator. In the Death of S. Isidore, in the church dedicated to that Saint, the earnest, homely, expressive people who stand about the dying Saint are thoroughly Spanish people, and they are absorbed in what is happening; not, as in the Pietà of Luis de Vargas, in what we are thinking of them. And this group on earth melts imperceptibly, almost in the manner which is to be Murillo's, into a heavenly group, lifted on vague, lighted clouds; child angels and angelic youths, singing and playing on guitars, and above, Christ and Mary, who wait with crowns of gold and flowers, and calm angels at their side. In one section of an altar-piece in the University Church, the Blessing of the Infant Christ, the same elegant, softly colored figures bring in the same celestial gaiety, in these flights of singing and playing angels with harp, viola and guitar, out of a golden open heaven, a cloud of delicate young faces. And in the picture of St. Anne and the Virgin, in the Museo, there is a singular gentleness and repose, certainly more Italian

than Spanish. The Virgin kneels at her mother's side, reading out of a book, doubtless the prophecy of her own honor. She is crowned with a jewelled coronet, over the flower in her hair, and wears many rings and jewelled bracelets and pearls sewn in the border of her dress; St. Anne, after the fashion of Seville, wearing many shawls, of different colors. Angels crowd the space above them, looking out of warm clouds, as Murillo's are to look, but with less of his celestial atmosphere, less power of distinguishing vision, in painting, from real life. In front of St Anne's chair, over which hangs a crimson curtain, is a little cabinet, the drawer open, showing linen and lace; a dog and cat, a very natural cat, lie together in front, with a workbasket near them. I find myself tiring a little of Roelas, as I see picture after picture representing incidents in the lives of the Saints, always capably, with natural sentiment and natural grace, but rarely with any great intensity; here, in what is after all his exceptional manner, and a manner which gave offence to his contemporaries, notably Pacheco, from the naïve intimacy of its detail, he paints a placid scene with a full sense of its beauty and of its beautiful opportunities.

One of the compartments of the altar-piece in the University Church, an Adoration of the Shepherds, by Francisco Varela, a pupil of Roelas, shows the influence of Roelas on a more sombre nature. It is singularly original in its effects of light and shadow; the stormy background, middle darkness and sudden light above the manger roofed with a brood of angels. There is both realism and a sense of beauty in the earnest group in the foreground, the Andalusian shepherd with a lamb on his shoulders, the inexplicable woman, half undraped and half in

armor, who presents a book of music to the laughing child. Another and more famous follower of Roelas, Francisco Herrera, scarcely chooses what is best in his master to imitate, in his "furious," too vehemently Spanish way. There are two huge pictures of Herrera in the Museo, one on each side of the Martyrdom of Saint Andrew; in the earlier of the two, the St. Hermengild, vigorous as it is, the sincerity and simplicity of Roelas have already gone, the Saint is an operatic tenor, every figure poses; in the later, St. Basil, all is splash-work, extravagant contortion, and hectic light and shadow.

It was from Herrera that Velasquez took his first lessons, before he became the pupil of Francisco Pacheco, an Italianized painter, whose series of pictures in the Museo, the Legend of S. Pedro Polasco, has at least a certain quietude, flat, almost colorless though they are. Pacheco was a better writer than painter, and his "Arte de Pintura," published at Seville in 1646, is full of interesting theory and detail. He is a strict traditionalist, and finds a religious basis for the colors of pictures, the position of Saints in them, and reasons of "the different kinds of nobility that accompany the art of painting, and of its universal utility." He was chosen by the Inquisition as censor of pictures, an office which he held with more impartiality than some of his theories would seem to imply. He even learnt to put a certain *naïveté* which is almost naturalness into his later pictures, perhaps from the example of his pupil, of whose "virtud, limpieza y buenas partes, y de las esperanzas de su natural y grande ingenio" he speaks with such hearty enthusiasm; finding in "his glory the crown of my later years." Pacheco's pictures in the Museo gain from their position, for by their side are the colored lithographs of Juan de Castillo,

the master of Murillo, and one of the worst painters who ever lived. Alonso Cano, architect, sculptor and painter, who studied under Montañes and Pacheco, has been admirably defined by Lord Leighton as "an eclectic with a Spanish accent." There are many of his charming, facile pictures in Seville; and in one of them, the Purgatory in the Museo, he is for once almost wholly Spanish, as he is in the curious half caricature pictures of Visigothic Kings, in the Prado at Madrid. It is a panel representing souls burning in red flames; four men and two children, with others seen shadowily, lifting their hands, not without hope, out of the burning. It is a simple, dreadful realization of a dreadful dogma; it gives, without criticism, all the cruelty of religion.

Francisco Zurbaran, in the thirty or forty pictures of his which are to be seen in Seville, sums up almost everything I have said of the typical characteristics of Spanish painting; and yet, after all, remains a passionate mediocrity, in whom I find it impossible to take any very personal interest. The Museo contains three of his largest, most notable pictures, the Virgin de las Cuevas, the Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the Carthusian Monks at table; yet even in these pictures, I find something hard, unsympathetic in his touch, as he tells his story so adequately, so pointedly, and with singular honesty in its emphasis. They have all his solid, uninspired care for formal outline and expression, expression counting for so much and color for so little; though the Apotheosis has, for once, caught a little of the warmth of Roelas of whom Zurbaran was a visitor, if not a pupil. The monks, like all his monks, seem to be reflected in a mirror suddenly placed in their cell or refectory; they have the very attitude of life, letting something of a burning inner life come

through into their faces; and yet, on these canvases without atmosphere, they are not alive. Zurbaran achieves realism without attaining life. He shows us people, copied from life, in whom we discern a brooding emotion; but he paints them without emotion. His severe and lady-like Saints in the Hospital Civil, in their fantastic dresses, with their fixed air of meditation, are like Gothic statues painted upon canvas. When he aims at an emotional rendering of emotion, a very Spanish kind of insincerity comes in, and he paints pictures like the extravagant female saint in the Sacristia Mayor, seated in a false ecstasy before a book and a skull. His Crucifixions, in which a certain intensity finds precisely the motive which it can render with all the hard, motionless truth of his natural manner, are scarcely to be called extravagant, if the horror of that death is to be painted at all. Here the painter of monks puts into his canvas for once a kind of desperate religious ecstasy.

There is something of the spirit and manner of Zurbaran in the early realistic pictures of Murillo, in the San Leandro and San Bonaventura of the Museo, for instance. Another early picture, an "Annunciation," painted in the *estilo frío*, shows us a precisely Sevillian type in the almost piquant Virgin; black-haired, and with the acute hard eyes of Spanish women. In an "Adoration of the Shepherds" in the Museo, the dark young shepherd, who has come first to the manger, looks at the divine child with a frank, unrestrained, delightfully natural curiosity, fairly open-mouthed, with the honest peasant stare of amazement. In the "Last Supper," in Santa Maria la Blanca, with its passionate energy of characterization, Murillo is almost purely realistic, realizing the scene, certainly, with perfect naturalness. But from the beginning, and through

all his changes, his pictures live. There is not an example in Seville of what is most familiar to us in his work, the *genre* pictures, the somewhat idealized beggar-boys. But, with this scarcely important exception, we see in Seville, and we can see only in Seville, all that it is important to us to see of his work. Among the six pictures which still hang in the places for which they were painted in the church of that Hospital de la Caridad founded by Don Miguel Mañara, the original Don Juan, as it is thought by many, are the large compositions, "La Sed," and the "Pan y Peces," in which Murillo shows his mastery of the drama of a large canvas, in which many human figures move and group themselves in a broad landscape. In the Museo there are twenty-three pictures, and among them the great Capuchin series; in the Baptistery of the Cathedral there is the "St. Anthony of Padua;" and elsewhere, in churches, convents and private collections, I know not how many further pictures, sometimes, like the "Last Supper," in Santa Maria la Blanca, painfully darkened, sometimes no more than a Christ painted rapidly on a wooden crucifix for a friendly monk. But in all these pictures, so unequal, and only gradually attaining a completely personal mastery of style, there is the very energy of life, Spanish life, burning at the points of its greatest intensity.

In Murillo the Spanish extravagance turns to sweetness, a sweetness not always to our taste, but genuine, national and perfectly embodied in those pictures in which he has painted ecstasy as no one else has ever painted it. In the warm, mellow, not bright or glittering, light of the St. Anthony of Padua, vision sweeps back the walls as if a curtain had been drawn aside before the kneeling monk, and the glory is upon him; the child, in all

the radiance of divine infancy, as if leaping on clouds of golden fire, and about him a swirling circle of little angels, burning upwards to a brighter ardency, as if the highest point of their circle were lit by the nearer light of heaven. His color, in these ecstatic pictures, is a color one can fancy really that of joyous clouds about the gates of heaven jewelled for the feet of Saints. And the little angels really fly, though they are otherwise perfectly human, and of the earth. The Virgin, too, has all the humanity of a young mother as she leans out of embowering clouds, or treads on the globe of the earth, which whitens under her among drifting worlds. She is Fray Luis de Leon's

Virgen del sol vestida,
De luces eternas coronada,
Que huellas con divinos plés la luna,

and yet her gestures are full of human warmth; she lives there, certainly, as vividly and with as much earthly remembrance, as at any time on the earth.

The emotion of Murillo, in these pictures, is the emotion of the Spaniard as it turns passionately to religion. In such a picture as his own favorite, St. Thomas of Villanueva giving alms, he has created for us on the canvas a supreme embodiment of what is so large a part of religion in Spain, the grace and virtue of alms-giving, with the whole sympathetic contrast of Spanish life emphasized sharply in the admirable, pitying grace of the Saint and the swarming misery of the beggars. In such others as St. Francis by the Cross and the St. Anthony of the Museo, we are carried to a further point, in which practical religion becomes mysticism, a mysticism akin to that of St. John of the Cross, in which the devout soul swoons "among the lilies." This mys-

ticism finds its expression in these rapt canvases, in the abandonment of these nervous, feminine Saints to the sweetness of asceticism, in one to the luxury of supreme sorrow, in the other to the ecstasy of the divine childhood. It is precisely because these saints of Murillo abandon themselves so unthinkingly, with so Spanish an abandonment, to their mystical contemplation, that they may seem to us, with our northern sentiment of restraint, to pose a little. In desert places, among dimly lighted clouds, that rise about them in waves of visible darkness, they are dreamers who have actualized their dreams, mystics who, by force of passionate contemplation, have attained the reality of their vision; and the very real forms at which they gaze are but evocations which have arisen out of those mists and taken shape before their closed or open eyes. And indeed in these pictures, in which the Virgin appears in a burst of sunlight out of the darkness, treading on the dim world and the crescent moon, or in which the Trinity flashes itself upon St. Augustine as he writes, or in which Christ comes back to the cross for the sake of St. Francis or to the cradle for St. Anthony, all is vision, vision creating vision; and the humanity in them is so real, because it is so powerfully evoked. Thought out of the void, with such another energy as that with which Rembrandt thought his visions, more real than reality, out of burning darkness, these rise out of a softer shadow, through which the light breaks flower-like, or as if it sang aloud.

To turn from Murillo to Valdés Leal is like passing from the service of the mass in a cathedral to a representation of mass in a theatre. He paints, indeed, effectively, but always for effect. His painting is superficial, and has the tricks of modern French

painters. Shadowy figures float in the air, apparitions seen as the vulgar conceive them, as insubstantial things; showy, dressy women parade in modern clothes; worldly angels twist in elegant attitudes, the same attitude repeated in two pictures. Even the picture of St. John leading the three Maries to Calvary, which has movement and may at first seem to have simple movement, does not bear too close a scrutiny: the figures grow conscious as one looks at them. Drama has become theatrical, and his St. Jerome in the wilderness, flinging his arms half across the canvas, with the French ladies about him and a thunderstorm in the distance, is far, indeed, from the honest dramatic sense of Roelas. He is expressive, certainly, but he would express too much and with too little conviction. In his altar-piece in the Church of the Carmen at Cordova, done before he came to Seville, an immense picture in eleven compartments, architecturally arranged, giving the history of Elijah, there is a certain absorption in his subject, which gives him, indeed, opportunities for his too theatrical qualities, fire breaking out of the wheels of the chariot and the manes and tails of the horses, and out of the sword

with which Elijah has slain the prophets of Baal. He did not again achieve so near an approach to spontaneity in extravagance. In his two famous pictures in the Caridad, at which Murillo is said to have held his nose, the Spanish *macabre* is carried to its utmost limits. In one a skeleton with one foot on the globe tramples on all the arts and inventions of man; the picture is inscribed *In ictu oculi*. In the other a rotting bishop lies in his broken coffin by the side of a rotting knight, in a red and gloomy darkness; the picture is inscribed *Finis gloriæ mundi*. Both are horribly impressive, painted brilliantly, and with an almost literally overpowering vigor. They lead the way to other, feebler, later pictures, some of which may be seen in a side room at the Museo, where, for instance, a man in a black cloak contemplates a crowned skull which he holds in his hands, while a cardinal's red hat lies at his feet. Here Spanish painting, losing all its earnestness and simplicity, in its representation of human life or of religious ecstasy, losing direction for its vigor, losing the very qualities of painting, becomes moralizing, becomes emblematical, dying in Seville a characteristic death.

The Fortnightly Review.

Arthur Symons.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

[Not content with Professional Conferences, a spirited body of Public School Masters has chartered the steam-yacht *Argonaut* from Messrs. Perowne and Lunn, for an educative visit to Sicily, Greece, and the Isles thereof. [Information on certain sites of peculiar interest will be furnished by specialists. A Magic Lantern will accompany the expedition.]

O "Isles" (as Byron said) "of Greece!"

For which the firm of Homer sang,
Especially that little piece

Interpreted by Mr. Lang,

Where the unblushing Sappho wrote

The hymns we hardly like to quote;—

I cannot share his grave regret
Who found your fame had been and gone;
There seems to be a future yet
For Tenedos and Marathon;
Fresh glory gilds their deathless sun,
And this is due to Dr. Lunn!

What though your harpers twang no more?
What though your various lyres are dumb?
See where by Cirrha's sacred shore,
Bold Argonauts, the Ushers come!
All bring their maps and some their wives,
And at the vision Greece revives!

The Delphic oracles are off,
But still the site is always there;
The fumes that made the Pythian cough
Still permeate the conscious air;
Parnassus, of the arduous "grade,"
May still be clomb, with local aid.

Lunching upon the self-same rock
Whence Xerxes viewed the wine-red frith,
They realize with vivid shock
The teachings of "the smaller Smith;"
With bated breath they murmur—"This
Is actually Salamis!"

They visit where Penelope
Nightly unwove the work of day,
Staving her suitors off till he,
Ulysses, let the long-bow play,
And on his brave grass-widow's breast
Forgot Calypso and the rest.

In Crete, where Theseus first embraced
His Ariadne, they explore
(Just now authentically traced)
The footprints of the Minotaur;
And follow, to the maze's source,
The thread of some profound discourse.
That isle where Leto, sick with fright,
So scandalized her mortal kin,
Where young Apollo, lord of light,
Commenced his progress as a twin—
Fair Delos they shall get to know,
And Paros, where the marbles grow.

Not theirs the course of crude delight
On which the common tourist wends,
From faith they move, by way of sight,
To knowledge meant for noble ends;
'Twill be among the purest joys
To work it off upon the boys.

One hears the travelled teacher call
 Upon the Upper Fifth to note
 (Touching the Spartan counter-wall)
 How great the lore of Mr. Grote;
 And tell them, "His are just the views
 I formed myself—at Syracuse!"

When Jones is at a loss to show
 Where certain islands ought to be,
 How well to whack him hard and low
 And say, "The pain is worse for me,
 To whom the Cyclades are quite
 Familiar, like the Isle of Wight."

And then the lecture after prep!
 The Magic Lantern's lurid slide!
 The speaker pictured on the step

Of some old shrine, with no inside;
 Or groping on his reverent knees
 For Eleusinian mysteries!

Hellas defunct? O say not so,
 While Public School-boys faint to hear
 The tales of antique love or woe,
 Brought home and rendered strangely clear
 With instantaneous Kodak-shots
 Secured by ushers on the spots!

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

THE POETRY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The English poets of the twentieth century, who will they be, what will they be like, of what will they write? Is it possible to foretell? Hardly; but it is interesting to speculate, and there are some suggestions which may be thrown out. I do not speak, of course, of those living poets older or younger whom the new century inherits from the old, though they have their influence, and a very potent one, in determining the character of the next phase, but of those who will both express and mould that phase itself when it has begun definitely to take shape.

First of all, then, will there be any worthy of the name? The question may seem rhetorical and idle, but when Chaucer died in 1400 England

had to wait not only for one century, but half the next, before she saw or heard again a great English poet or a great English poem. What was the reason? Chance, and the incalculable complexity of human affairs, or the Wars of York and Lancaster? To some extent the former, though that is hardly an answer, but largely assuredly the latter. Certainly not the fact that one century had ended and another begun, for the date with a new initial is merely an arbitrary land-mark in a continuous progress, a pile driven into the bed of the flowing stream of history. Yet it has often coincided with a marked change in human affairs, the beginning or ending of an era, some great war which has made a dividing line, the death and

birth of empires, the rise and fall of dynasties, and when it has so coincided it has emphasized the change.

When Chaucer died no great contemporary survived to be carried over into the next age. When the fifteenth century in turn came to an end it could again hand on no great poet to the sixteenth, for it had none of its own. Very different was the case when the sixteenth century drew to its close. Two of the greatest poets, it is true, did not outlive it, but died on or near the stroke of its midnight hour—Marlowe in 1593 and Spenser in 1599. But the generation carried over Shakespeare and Jonson, Ford and Massinger, Fletcher and Beaumont, Daniel and Drayton and many another. Queen Elizabeth, it is true, only survived to 1603, but the Elizabethan age passed on into and deeply tinged, nay dominated, the Jacobean. The quaint, to us almost ludicrous language of the time reminds us of this continuity.

Those flights upon the banks of
Thames
Which so did take Eliza and our
James.

The Swan of Avon continued his flights for another decade, nor was his death-song heard on his native stream till 1614, while the great Elizabethan impulse under which Milton fortunately fell was felt through him and others more than half through the century. The poetic link between the age of Queen Elizabeth and that of Queen Anne is, of course, Dryden. Like Chaucer, Dryden died in the closing year of his century; once again of poetry there was little to be carried over. Even if we do not subscribe to the paradox of Matthew Arnold that Pope, and Dryden too, are great prose writers, not poets at all, Pope's poetry is certainly poetry of a very limited type, and little true poetry was

heard till Burns in 1786 published his first volume, and the century was waning fast.

The eighteenth century closed fitly enough with the funeral dirge of Cowper. But already the bells were ringing up for the first chimes of the new era, and their music had begun to gather strength. Burns who had come and gone was not strictly an English poet, anyhow belonged to no school and no century. His admirations were of the eighteenth century, Gray and Shenstone. His own genius was of no age, and, therefore of all. But Wordsworth and Coleridge, though essentially poets of the new century, had taken their impulse from the great event which closed and broke up the old, and had published their first books in the eighteenth. With, and following them, there set in, as we all know, something like a hundred years of song which closed only the other day. The truth is that here again the old era ended with the century or a few years before. The change of date coincided with a real transition. Would it have been possible at the end of the sixteenth, of the seventeenth, of the eighteenth century, to predict the character of the poetry of the next age? To some extent it would. In 1600 the new era had already set in. In 1700 it would seem that from Dryden men might have predicted Addison, and Pope, and even Goldsmith and Johnson. In 1800 one thing which actually followed seemed clear to the poets, that the new age would be an age of freedom. The other characteristic, that it would be an age of material improvement, and applied science, was also dimly foreseen. Oddly enough the best prophecy came from one of the worst poets. It is one of the curiosities of literature that Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who published his poem in its complete shape in 1800 and died in 1802, foretold the triumph of steam—

Soon shall thine arm unconquered
Steam afar,
Drag the slow barge or urge the rapid
car.

He did not foretell, however, the triumphs of his own grandson, nor had the author of the "Botanic Garden" any inkling of the world in which the "Origin of Species" would produce so far-reaching a mental revolution. These are the things it is hardly possible to foretell.

Are we now again at the end of an era? Has an old order broken up; are we on the threshold of a new? The answer would seem to be that we are. The expression *fin-de-siècle* on so many lips ten years ago anticipated and discounted the real end of the century, because the era was even then already dead or dying.

When will the new age begin? What will it be like? Two things we seem to see, that it will be an era of Empire, or the struggle for it; an era perforce of larger national aggregations, and an era of scientific discovery, progressing in an accelerated ratio. An age of Empire. But what is the poetry of Empire? Virgil and Horace sang the Roman Empire in. For about a century the provinces reinforced it. Then it sank into stagnation and silence. Will our Empire and its poetry go the way of the Roman? Tennyson, the English Virgil, is its first poet. Will he be the last? Hardly, for unlike the Roman it will have to struggle to maintain its existence. Unlike the Roman it rests not on the compelled obedience of tributary States, but on the spontaneous co-operation of young and growing daughter nations. And Tennyson again—and it is another reason why, as the multitude of books being written about him show, he is still as popular as ever and is indeed, though dead, emphatically a poet of the twentieth century—was the first English poet of science. It was his

view that in the development of science the poet of the future would have new material and more opportunity than the poet of the past. Such announcements as those of Mr. Tesla, even if premature, would have interested him profoundly. Once more he would have felt and sung how

Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and
charms
Her secret from the latest morn.

And poetry, again, like all art, is the expression not only of thought but of feeling—nay, even more of feeling than of thought. And it exists for delectation, even for amusement, yet more directly than for illumination, much less instruction. There are signs that the stage, which so many actors and managers have tolled to lift, has reached a really higher level and that it will bear and even welcome true poetry. There are signs, too, of a general elevation of the standard of literary technique through education. Such works as Professor Raleigh's on Style and on Milton are significant; significant in themselves, still more in their popularity. A new style will go with the new themes and tastes. Here then is much promise and certainly ample scope for poetry as fine, as great, as any we have heard before.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, one of the most gifted of the Victorian Elizabethans, in an ode of much dignity and grace, full of a solemn unearthly beauty, as of night and dream, has endeavored to forecast what the new age will be. Happier, healthier—we shall have no war he tells us, and no death, or rather a death which will not be death, for it will not part us from our friends. But alas! too probably we shall find that his is indeed a dream. Yet even so the reality of the morning may be less but also more beautiful. Happier

times, happier poets; healthier lives, healthier song. Let us hope so. Anyhow the poets will be different and yet similar. For there are eternal canons in every art. The new poets may be different as Dante is from Virgil, Goethe from Sophocles, Wordsworth from Milton, Tennyson from Spenser, or Mr. Phillips, shall we say? from Marlowe; but perhaps not more differ-

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ent. Anyhow, let us hope that they will be yet happier and gentler, not less serious, not more voluptuous, but more "humane" voices of a serener world—

Ah earlier shall the rosebuds blow,
In after years those happier years,
And children weep when we lie low
Far fewer tears, far softer tears.

T. Herbert Warren.

WITH DE WET.

Of the various exploits to the credit of Hoofd Commandant Christian De Wet there is not one that, for historical importance or variety of incident, will ever compare with his dash through the British cordon around Fouriesburg and subsequent march into the Transvaal. He was charged with the escort of President Steyn to President Kruger. Nearly all the members of the Government accompanied the President, and had the British efforts to capture this commando been as successful as they were untiring the war would long since have ended. However, De Wet got through, and one who was there proposes to tell how.

Bethlehem had been taken. We were cooped up in the mountains. News from the Transvaal was discouraging. Something had to be done, and we determined to break through, neck or nothing.

It was in the dusk of a bitterly cold and windy day that we moved forward into Retief's Nek, four thousand horsemen in front and rear; the guns mostly captured Armstrongs, and not much loved of our gunners, in the centre, and a wagon train, fully four miles long, forming the backbone of the column.

When barely in the Nek adverse reports came in, and it was resolved to postpone the attempt until the follow-

ing evening. "Out-span and off-saddle" did not take long; soon fires were twinkling all around, tents were put up, and after a hearty meal refuge from the cold was sought beneath the blankets.

The next evening the real march began. We moved forward out of the Nek at a fair pace, halting every now and then to let the wagons close up. It was a night of piercing coldness, the stirrup irons chilling the soles of the feet. Many wore the warm winter uniforms looted at Roodewal, others hung blankets around their shivering forms, but one and all felt too cold to speak. And the dust thick as treacle, thrown up by the horses' hoofs, and inhaled until the lungs seemed made of mud!

At first not a sign could be seen of the British, and fears of an ambush began to be whispered. The advance was continued in the most cautious manner. Presently, however, the British camp was observed. There it lay in the blackness, not a thousand yards from the road, evidently fast asleep, and ripe for a surprise. De Wet held his hand, for the issues involved were too grave, and our column passed by in silence and secrecy. Shortly after, the moon rose, and by its light we passed and cut the telegraph wire con-

necting Bethlehem and Senekal. At midnight we halted, safely through the cordon.

During the following day's march a British force was encountered, and a detachment was sent to keep the enemy at arm's length until the wagons were safely away.

Steyn and De Wet accompanied this body into action and were under heavy shell fire for some hours. The object was accomplished without much difficulty, chiefly by means of artillery. This engagement was but a foretaste of joys to come. For during the rest of the march hardly a day passed without fighting taking place in rear or flank.

When passing near Lindley seven of our scouts entered that village. "You have come to lay down arms, I suppose?" said the magistrate. "No, to pick up provisions," replied ours; which they proceeded to do in a very thorough manner, leaving the worthy justice to reflect on the cussedness of Fortune.

Another, and extremely tragic incident also occurred about this time. Orders had been given that the loyalty of those along the route should be tested. A small patrol of Theron's Scouts accordingly went one evening to the farm of a "hands upper," *i. e.*, one who had surrendered his arms. When the house was reached the party hid behind a clump of trees, and four men were sent in advance. These men knocked, and upon the farmer coming out, told him they were English scouts. He offered them hospitality and they went round to stable their horses. Unfortunately there were three Boers from De Wet's laager in the house, and they naturally thought the British had surrounded the house. As soon, therefore, as the supposed English were about to enter the house, they were fired upon from within. The night was pitch dark, and in the sheet of flame that lit up for an in-

stant the gloom one man was shown crashing to the ground, and another in the act of rushing blindly away. The remaining two immediately shouted: "Don't shoot! We are Boers." The others came rushing up, lights were struck, and while some lifted up the fallen man, others arrested the men in the house, who, of course, were horror-struck when they heard what they had done. The man who had fallen was mortally wounded, and the other not returning search was made for him. He was found lying sixty yards away, dead. It was an affecting scene when the little procession returned to the laager at dawn the following morning, bearing with them the bodies and the prisoners, the slain and the slayers, and all through a mistake! During the forenoon two graves were dug side by side, the bodies gently borne to the edge, a psalm sung, and then the little band of comrades bared their heads, Germans, Frenchmen and Boers, and stood silent while the bodies were reverently lowered to their last resting-place, where British supremacy is not. May their comrades be given courage to break the news at home some day; even now those who wait know not that they wait in vain.

A few days later we were almost captured. A convoy had been observed to our left, and a commando left to attempt its capture. When they were busily engaged, a large body of English swooped down upon the laager from the right. The wagons were hastily inspanned and sent off, and the men took up positions to keep the English back. The commando which had been drawn off by the convoy got back just in time to save the situation; but so close a call was it that after sunset the British Nordenfeldts could be seen spitting fire on our retreating wagons. A peculiar feature of this engagement was the reckless manner in which several soldiers rode right up to our men,

their rifles still slung behind their backs, and pulling up, sat laughing in a maudlin manner until shot down. They had evidently been celebrating our anticipated surrender. Theron's Scouts again distinguished themselves here, and so did Commandant Piet De Wet, who, aided by one man only, brought out one of our guns from a very critical position. Unfortunately for his reputation he went and surrendered himself to the enemy a few days later, greatly to our regret and the disgust of his brother. He was a brave and courteous officer, but lacked that stamina which is Christian's chief characteristic.

Fighting now slowed down a little, and we began to think more of the problem before us than of the enemy behind. Very few were in De Wet's confidence, but all could see that we should have to cross the railway, and probably at a fortified point. At last we came in sight of the railway.

The long column halted. It was now four in the afternoon. We had started that morning at ten, with the enemy in close pursuit. In the distance was seen the railway line—the line that must be crossed that night, or never. Suddenly a train appeared, steaming slowly along. "Look, look! See the smoke!" "Can they see us?" Of course they could, and a warm reception that night appeared probable. Some became very thoughtful; a few even made their wills. All were determined. While the wagons and carts were being formed into eight separate columns, the burghers, lying in groups on the veldt, discussed a simple meal, and gave their Mausers a final polishing. As dusk fell the word was given to advance. One troop of horsemen swept away to the right, another to the left, while the main body moved slowly forward, President Steyn at the head. De Wet galloped from column to column on his white horse, arrang-

ing, swearing, joking. Under the stars we moved along, a silent, resolute body of men. Presently the wreck of a farmhouse was passed. Its owner was with us. He now saw his house for the first time since leaving for the front, truly a heartrending sight. But on we go. We near the railway. We see a light; it is that of a train, which standing motionless upon the track, appears to us like some giant sentinel. We approach to within sixty yards, and halt. De Wet dismounts, steals forward, and with his own hands places a stone on the track. He returns. The train moves slowly forward, strikes the obstruction and stops. The driver gets down, lantern in hand, and removes the stone, all unconscious of his danger and our presence. "Shall I shoot him?" whispers some one. "No!" says De Wet. He is right. A deep stillness reigns, broken at intervals by the neighing of some restless stallion. Curse the brute. All sit motionless, every nerve at the highest tension, longing for something—anything—to break the spell. The trucks and carriages may be filled with soldiers, and an engagement might spoil everything. De Wet is overwrought. "Back, President, back a little way," he urges hoarsely. Steyn does not stir. Then slowly, ah, so slowly, the train moves on, and we cross the line, drawing a long breath as we reach the other side. Soon every vehicle is safely over, the march resumed, and at two A.M. we halt, after fourteen hours in the saddle.

At dawn the right wing rejoined us, bringing in a hundred prisoners and a large assortment of loot, from chocolate creams to mailbags. One man had hugged a pocket of sugar to the pommel all the way, about twelve miles. It appears they had allowed the train that we had seen to pass unhindered. Another came along however (I don't know what our left wing was doing), and of this they managed

to derail some trucks, but the rest of the train would have escaped had it not been for the resource of one of Theron's men, who, just as the train was moving on again, sprang on the engine and smashed the valve, bringing it to a standstill. Firing was already going on, and after a few minutes the enemy shouted: "We surrender!" Their arms were taken, and the dead and wounded seen to, about six in all. Then the trucks were opened, and every one helped himself to as much as he could carry, after which tar was poured on the trucks and the lot set alight. De Wet, who, after crossing higher up, had ridden down to see how things were going, now arrived. The prisoners were marshalled in the light of the bonfire, and a start made for the main column, which was reached at dawn, as I say. The camp was soon astir to see the prisoners, several of whom were known to their captors. One in particular, James Sinclair, the famous South African cricketer, found in his late opponents many old friends. Needless to say, his reception was marked by quite a sportsmanlike cordiality, to the surprise of the raw Tommies, who began to grasp the relation of cricket to warfare. Had De Wet ever seen Jimmy punish the English bowling, James would have gone free on the spot. As it was, he escaped a few days later, as you will see further on.

After breakfast we started off again, some of the prisoners walking, some riding on mule wagons. On the second day we reached, near Reitzburg, the first range of hills since leaving Foursburg. Boers are proverbially fond of hills, provided there are not too many Highlanders about, and so we pitched camp in exceptional spirits.

The next day we sent a small convoy to bring in meal. A report came in that Potchefstroom was again in our possession; this proved premature.

At ten the next morning a scout raced in with the news that the enemy had captured our convoy, and was coming down on us at full speed. A London fire brigade could not have beaten our cannon and horsemen in the race that followed for the hills lying between ourselves and the British, and no sooner were they reached than a heavy fire was opened on the British cavalry slowly advancing across the plain in parallel lines, under protection of their guns, it is true, but absolutely without cover. It was a grand sight, shortly to be followed by a grander, for presently General Phillip Botha, the brother of Louis, gave the order: "Storm!"

Out from the shelter of the hills the burghers dashed, right in the face of the enemy, who halted at the sight, and fired rapidly. Never wavering for a moment, our men raced along, each anxious to be first. Then the British cavalry turned and sped back to their guns. The scene now resembled a game of chess; at one part a cloud of English retreating fast, closely pursued; another section making a stand, and keeping their particular opponents at bay; a third party lying in a meadow brought a Nordenfeldt into play, driving back those Boers nearest them. Presently firing slackened, and the dashing little affair ended in both British and Boers returning to their respective starting points, with honors fairly even.

Eventful enough hitherto, our march now became yet more intensely interesting. We had been located, the enemy were determined to land us, at whatever cost, and were confident of success. We, on our side, fully realized the gravity of the position, and, knowing that failure meant deportation, perhaps for years, relaxed none of that vigilance, which was our mainstay. Vigilance is a necessity, self-confidence a luxury. As a sample of

luxury, take the tone adopted—or was it habitual?—by some British officers towards one of our cycling despatch riders, who had carried a despatch to their camp. The young sub, who received the message, looked our neatly-clad cyclist up and down patronizingly, and then enunciated: "Why don't you keep all your men as clean as yourself?" Pointing to a Tommy standing by, whose uniform looked very tired of being worn, being desirous and evidently able to crawl by itself, our lad replied: "Ask yourself the question." This sufficed the sub., and he took in the despatch, returning to say the General requested the bearer to stay to dinner. During the meal the General remarked, in that hillclimbing bleat which afflicts the kind: "*Do you really think a great and mighty nation like England would stoop to deceive a little, tiny State like yours?*" "I don't think it," our man replied, adding, with a frankness that must have sounded unusual, "*but I know it.*" The General (could it have been Kitchener?) waited for reinforcements, which came in the shape of a query from one of the officers: "Now, why don't you surrender? You are surrounded, and we are sure to have you one of these days."

"You will be having another little surprise one of these days instead, I think, he, he, he," was the reply. The subject languished a bit after that, and shortly after our man took his leave. Sure enough they got their little surprise, Theron capturing another train a few days after.

The British movements now became more and more vigorous. We attempted to cross the Vaal at a certain drift, but when actually in the water were fired upon from the other bank. With the enemy in front and rear we had to retreat, under shell fire, to another drift higher up, where we managed to cross, losing a couple of wagons in the process. Lord Methuen had marched

from Johannesburg to intercept us here, but after a heavy engagement we forced our way through, and passed the railway near Potchefstroom, meeting a Transvaal commando which had occupied Potchefstroom on the previous day. We now expected a little respite, but our hopes were vain, for the British kept on our heels. Our mules, oxen and horses dropped out dally, and it seemed as if the shelter of the Magaliesberg range would never be reached.

Shortly after passing Potchefstroom, indeed, the British stormed and captured one of our guns. This took place in a more than dramatic manner. The gun was retiring, when a field-cornet, in passing, remarked that the artillerists were retreating too soon. The young Boer in charge thereupon said: "Well, let the English take it then!" and continued firing until his team was killed and two men wounded. He then brought out the wounded men, and with half a dozen volunteers, returned to the gun, which in the meantime had been taken by a party of English. These shouted: "Come on!" and then turned their own gun on them, forcing them to retire. Here also the majority of the prisoners got away. They had been lagging behind all day on pretence of being footsore. Shells were bursting over the rear wagons, and one fell among them, killing and wounding half a dozen. The others were then abandoned, including the cricketer Sinclair. We were not sorry that he had regained his freedom.

That night we made another long trek through hours of freezing cold, and the following afternoon the first outlying hills of the Magaliesberg range were passed. A rearguard was stationed here, the main body halting a considerable distance beyond. At about four the next morning the rearguard heard a cart approaching. Presently some one said: "We've gone about four hours, Tom." To the challenge:

"Wehr da!" came the response: "who are you? Oh, come on, its only the Boers," and on they came, to be greeted by a volley which sent those surviving it back in a hurry. The cart was found to contain heliograph and surveying instruments. One of our men had got too far forward, and was shot by his own comrades. The cart was accordingly put up to auction, and the amount realized handed over for the benefit of his widow. At six o'clock the enemy attacked in force, and the rearguard was forced to retire, losing five killed and wounded. One burgher had his bandolier taken off by a Nordenfeldt shell, quite neatly enough to satisfy the most fastidious. We continued trekking all through Oliphant's Nek, which was being held by a small body of Delarey's.

The passage of our forces through the Nek was a memorable sight. Below, the wagons dammed in a spreading circle, above, a long stream ascending, the drivers tolling and shouting encouragement to the straining animals; behind and all around masses of men holding their horses, and in the distance the tenacious enemy. In the Nek above stood Steyn himself, turning back skulkers, selecting positions and supervising everything. His manner was brief and businesslike. A burgher would nonchalantly sidle along on his little nag, and in an absent-minded manner attempt to pass along the chain of wagons. His peaceful progress would be stopped by a stern "Halt!" followed by the query, "Where are you going?" "My horse is knocked up, President," or "My horse is simply skin and bone." "Nonsense; turn back." Then the gentle intercepted would slowly retrace his road, sadly thinking of the difference between a night in the trenches and one by the camp-fire.

The wagons, safely through, outspanned beneath the tall green trees

that stud the pleasant valley beyond the Nek and by the clear waters of the merrily rippling Hex river, welcome alike to the driver and his team, to the rider and his horse, after long days of dusty trekking. We were now in the land of the orange, sheltered by the high mountain range from the chilly nights and freezing winds that had hitherto added to our hardships in the bleak Free State. All along the river happy-looking homesteads lay shyly nestling in fields of ripening grain. It was only on closer examination that the houses proved tenantless and the fields deserted. The enemy had passed and defaced nature as he went. Boers have sometimes looted farms, but always shamefacedly, behind the backs and against the orders of their officers.

They have never made war on women. They have never burnt a single house, to say nothing of entire villages. They may be forced to do the latter yet, in retaliation, but it will be regretfully, and they will not gush about the "glorious bonfire." About three miles lower down lay rustic Rustenburg, the former home of Paul Kruger. Beyond, another Nek lies, and this we also manned, although no serious attack was expected there. We were wrong, for on the second day the British rushed the pass, forcing us to retire. The whole range had consequently to be given up, and a general retreat followed. The road being clear a hot pursuit was feared, but for some, to us inexplicable reason, the British made no advance, leaving us to recuperate at leisure.

Anxious to meet Kruger and discuss further operations, Steyn now took leave of De Wet. It was a short leave-taking, but significant. De Wet's parting words were: "President, they say the blood now being and still to be shed will rest upon my head. Be it so! I prefer that to surrendering, and there-

by rendering useless all the sacrifices of the past. Should peace negotiations be opened, do not conclude them without my presence. I want no half peace!" The President signified his assent, and after a cordial handshake the two parted, and the little column set out on its perilous way. Kitchener in the rear, in front Baden-Powell.

What will posterity say of the fact that the entire party consisted of barely fifty men? The scouts numbered seven, cyclist despatch riders four, then came the skirmishers, about a dozen (the best young blood of the Free State—here's to you Louls, and Andries, and Penkop, and you all), then the main body, including the President, Government Secretary, State Attorney, in fact almost the entire Government of the Free State. Secretaries, clerks, cooks and servants made up the remainder. The whole was under command of the President's brother, and a Transvaal commando had lent us an efficient guide, whose knowledge of the dense bushveld proved of great value. The President's cart, drawn by six bays, the State-Attorney's buggy, with a pair of chestnut entires, and half a dozen other lightly-laden carts and mule trollies made up the little baggage train.

We pushed on rapidly, and reached Pienaar's river at dawn on the third day. Here we found a commando in hourly expectation of an attack from Baden-Powell, who was bent on intercepting us. Reinforcements were arriving, and everything was in a state

of cheerful commotion. The wagons were being sent to a safe place, and all made ready, although there was no intention of offering a prolonged resistance, seeing that we were practically past the line of danger.

While breakfast was preparing, His Honor took his fowling-piece and strolled into the bush, returning with several doves. After breakfast we set forth again, and just in time, for scarcely had we started than the first scattered shots began to fall, followed by a rapid maxim fusillade, showing the expected action had begun. Time and our charge were too precious to admit of our taking part, however averse to leaving during an engagement, and we continued on our way, listening and looking back till out of earshot. Baden-Powell had missed us by an hour—rather an important hour for South Africa.

A few days later we reached a wayside store. It was amusing to see members of the Executive making a rush to buy a clean handkerchief or a dozen eggs.

We were now heading for Middleburg, but upon nearing it we heard it was in possession of the enemy, so we sheered off towards Belfast. Belfast also taken! It was really getting monotonous, and we lost no time in making for Machadodorp, which was duly reached on the following day, and where a special train was waiting to conduct the President to Waterval Onder and Paul Kruger.

P. Pienar.

VERDI.*

I have been asked to write something on the master who has so lately gone from us.

Verdi is dead! Do not these few words speak to us as no review article can do; and besides, must not Verdi's significance for me personally be without interest to your readers? What, then, is there left? Biographical notices? They are to be found in every encyclopædia. The slight indication of an instantaneous photograph, seen with the eye of a northerner? For this would be required an objectivity of which I am by no means sure that I am possessed. In spite, however, of all these disadvantages, I will make the attempt.

With Verdi is gone the last of the great ones, and if it were permissible to compare artistic greatness, I would say that Verdi was greater than either Bellini, Rossini, or Donizetti. I would go so far, even, as to say that side by side with Wagner he was, on the whole, the greatest dramatist of the century.

But—great, greater, greatest, do not even exist in the realm of art; what is great is great, and therewith a full stop. What we all feel at Verdi's death is how infinitely empty at this moment the world seems without him. Where now are to be found among the younger generations of musicians the new, the unwonted, the strongly personal elements of Verdi's art, and these above all in the domain of drama? In Germany, France, England, Russia, Scandinavia? We see them nowhere nowadays, but there are rumors and signs that these qualities are already in swaddling-clothes, and if the signs do

not deceive us, it will not be long before the great copying-machines after Wagner and Verdi, which are fashionable for the time being, are consigned to an eternal oblivion.

We are waiting for a personality, and that is the reason why Verdi's death fills us with a peculiar sadness. When Gade died here, in Copenhagen, eight years ago, a priest said, at his bier, that his place would soon be filled by another. Such a prodigious piece of stupidity, such a display of an incredibly undeveloped conception of the importance of the beautiful was it reserved for a Protestant priest to give utterance to! A Roman Catholic priest could not say such a thing, least of all an Italian one, for in Italy all classes of society, without exception, stand in strikingly direct relations with their great men. They feel a joyous pride in them, and I shall never forget the breath-bated awe with which the Roman man-in-the-street repeats the name of one of his great ones.

It is this relationship, in which Verdi so well understood how to place himself with regard to his countrymen, which dictates his position towards the land of his birth. What he was to his country we can best estimate when we read that after his death the municipal authorities of Milan met in the middle of the night to discuss in what manner honor should be shown to the deceased; and that in Rome, where all the schools gave their scholars holidays until the funeral had taken place, a sitting of the Senate was entirely devoted to the memory of Verdi.

I mention these facts because they show Verdi as a national hero, and it was in this light that the people were accustomed to regard him. A national

*Translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Hearn.

artist he is to the core, the first and the foremost; as such did he begin, and his great triumphs in youth and in later manhood, among which are the now less known operas "Nabucco" and "I Lombardi," and a decade later the celebrated "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," indicate all a national standpoint. Then came to pass the remarkable thing that Verdi as a fully matured man greatly widened his horizon, though retaining at the same time what was national in his art; he became a cosmopolitan. Even in the "Traviata" he treads—personal characteristics apart—in many respects, in the footprints of his compatriots. He belonged to a school which in the musicland of our century was treated with contumely. At the Leipzig Conservatorium, in the fifties and sixties, a mention of Verdi's music met with nothing but a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders or the smile of superiority. In learned circles his music was considered meretricious because the national element in it was disregarded, and neither Mendelssohn nor Schumann was able to see Verdi's art as a true expression of the emotional life of his country people. It was Wagner who not only saw this, but who also honestly confessed how much he had learned from the Italians, and chief among them from Bellini. Since those days the Germans have gone so far, even, as to acknowledge that the Verdi of this period should be heard in Italy in order that the truly national element in his art may be fully appreciated.

As far as I know there is now a pause in Verdi's dramatic production; and after this comes, in 1871, "Aida." What a marvellous development! What significant years in Verdi's inner life does it not betoken! If any one should ask me what school this work belongs to, I could not answer him. It stands upon the shoulders of the art of all time. The newer masters of both

France and Germany gave him impulses, but nothing more; "Aida" is a masterpiece in which his own originality is combined with a wide and sympathetic view of what is best in musical contemporaneity. Verdi the Italian and Verdi the European hold out a hand to one another; the language he here speaks is the language of the world, and we need not go to the country of the composer to understand it. For this reason "Aida" was a success all along the line. His melodies, his harmonies, his treatment of orchestra and choruses, each and all claim the same admiration—and one thing more: the Egyptian local color. This is not the outcome of a refined technique, but is achieved in great measure by the power his imagination had of transporting itself to the place where the scene of his work is laid. As one example among many, I will merely mention the night scene on the Nile, at the beginning of the third act, in which the flageolet tones of the violoncellos and double-basses, the pizzicato of the violas, and the combined tremolo and arpeggios of the violins accompany an extremely strange flute melody. You are carried away to the solitude of an African night—hear the mysterious and indeterminate sounds peculiar to it. Imagination and technique, in conjunction have succeeded in producing an effect which is entrancing from its marvellous fullness of character.

After "Aida" appear "Otello," in 1887; an interval of sixteen good years, but then this work marks again a new period. In it Verdi is on the highest mountain-top which in his long career it was ever granted him to attain. The long training through different styles of art was a necessity that he might be enabled to create the grand and exalted view which is the distinguishing feature of this proud work.

Tschaikowsky, in his memoirs, regrets that Verdi reached this height so

late in life; he thinks that it might have been attained while imagination still had the elasticity of youth, if he had known the contemporary masters of drama in other countries. Unfortunately I have not the book by me, but I remember that Tschaiakowsky succeeds very happily in putting his thought into words, but all the same I cannot agree with him. It is not given to us to possess at one and the same time youth and the results of a long life. In order to produce a work such as "Otello" it was necessary for Verdi to undergo his long uninterrupted process of transformation; and the capacity for further development, the depth, the versatility which the ageing master here displays is something astounding. Though he may not be young, still he shows a youthful spirit which can juggle with the fiercest passions of unruly matter. Verdi is not our debtor in anything. There is in his music Shakespearian demoniacality; he shrinks not before such a redoubtable task as the composing of Iago's grand monologue with its gloomy god-denying philosophy of life and death—and how high does he not soar in this scene!

Among the many remarkable things in the instrumentation of this opera is the use made, among other things, of the entire collective orchestra apparatus for the production of a *planissimo*, and a fear-inspiring *planissimo* it is. This effect is, I think, new, at any rate I do not remember to have met with it in the works of any other master.

It would seem as if "Aida" and "Otello" vied with each other for the first place in Verdi's production. I mentioned the Egyptian color in "Aida." I used at one time often to go to the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, where this opera was admirably rendered and where the orchestra was conducted by Johan Svendsen, and en-

joyed the glorious work to the utmost. When, however, the first notes of the overture to the last act were played, I always became aware of a pair of questioning musician's eyes, from the orchestra or the surrounding audience, fixed upon me. On mentioning the matter and asking if any explanation could be given of it, I was told that it was thought that Verdi showed here an intimate acquaintance with the newer Norwegian music. How far this is true I cannot tell, but that Verdi did know the Norwegian folk-songs I am prepared after this overture, to say was a certainty. It is a bit of touching, melancholy music, in which the master, in an admirable manner, lets the wood-wind instruments depict Desdemona's presentiments of death.

Were I to embark upon an exhaustive enumeration of the beauties of this work it would be long before I had finished, but there can be no doubt that "Otello" will stand by the side of "Aida" as a landmark, not only in the work of Verdi, but in the whole dramatic production of our time.

His last opera, "Falstaff," is the new Verdi down to the ground, but nevertheless it is evident that the modern ideas in it are preached by an old master. His fancy does not take flight as formerly; there is even something short-breathed about it now and again, but of "Falstaff" on the whole it must be said that it contains a true mine of artistic detail.

It is impossible when writing of Verdi's art to omit the mention of his "Requiem" and his "Swan Song;" sacred pieces for choir and orchestra. They represent Roman Catholic culture at its highest, and are full of the deepest and most beautiful inspirations by which the master was ever carried away; while his admirable quartet for stringed instruments is a proof, not only of his versatility, but also of his fine sense of the intimate in

the world of chamber music. It is a curious fact that both Verdi and Rossini concluded their lengthy dramatic careers by writing sacred music.

I regret that I did not know Verdi personally. I once called upon him in Paris, but without meeting him, and received in return his visiting card at my hotel. I have kept it, and the envelope, on which he had written my—unfortunately not his—name, as a relic. That is all. How willingly would I have looked upon the man Verdi, who

he Nineteenth Century and After.

would, I doubt not, have inspired as much admiration as does the artist. The great home for musicians which he succeeded in bringing to completion just before his death, in its way, speaks as eloquently of his greatness as do any of his musical works.

In conclusion, I must beg my readers to be lenient with this modest *causerie*, which on the spur of the moment alone has fallen from my pen.

Edvard Grieg.

Copenhagen, February, 1901.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrow of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

W. B. Yeats.

ON THE PLEASURES OF TEXTURE.

A foolish mathematician has pointed out that melody is finite. Without agreeing with the corollary, that music must be a vanishing art, the proposition involuntarily starts us on the search for fresh materials from which we may construct artistic pleasure.

The cultivation of the olfactory nerve has already been frequently suggested, and if the expression be permissible, a "concert of smells" at once opens up an infinite vista of future enjoyment. The necessary instrument which would "throw" the different odors into the hall, in succession or simultaneously, in obedience to a keyboard of the customary pattern, is easily conceived. As easily can we imagine a discord of, say, "garlic and boot-polish," or "turpentine and rose-oil" dissolved in the enchanting harmony of "lemon-peel and Moselle-soaked woodruff," and the great pleasure to be derived therefrom. A melody of flower-scents in quick succession, accompanied by booming chords of vintage clarets and burgundies, would also be delightful. In fact, examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

The many objections to a scheme of this kind are obvious but pertinent. I will mention but two.

The first and most important one is no doubt to be found in the climate of our northern countries, which renders the necessary development of the sense of smell practically impossible.

The second, which would tend to prevent the popularization of this art, and therefore threaten its extinction sooner or later if it had any existence, is the impossibility of exercising it privately in an adequate manner. The necessarily cumbersome machinery, the great expense of providing the materials where quantity is as essential as quality, put this beyond question; and where

there are no amateurs there can be no artists.

For the first requisite, in the proper development of any art, is a large intimacy and a growing pronency in those practising it for pleasure, and the consequently increased activity of those following it professionally.

If I cannot read my score at home, or imitate the long-haired lion on my own fiddle or piano, I shall cease to visit opera house and concert hall; if I cannot have my portfolio of etchings or prints, and have no picture to hang over my sideboard, I shall no longer take a duly appreciative interest in the public galleries; and if I cannot read my poet at home, I will never go and hear him recite his verses at the town hall.

The while many people have turned their attention to the nose as a possible art-factor in the future, the importance of the touch-sense as a means of conscious pleasure seems to have been entirely overlooked.

The sense of touch is already much keener than that of smell, and even without any preliminary training can minister to the greatest sensuous pleasure, while it is astounding to what an extent a short period of deliberate exercise augments its power. It is moreover possessed by every part of the body, and the gradations of intensity, engendered by a successive application of the producing medium based on this fact are not the least pleasure of its perception.

Before proceeding to the practical exposition of my subject, it is necessary to investigate its artistic bearings, and the first question to be answered, is: "What is artistic enjoyment?" We look at a good picture or hear a fine symphony; the eye or ear receives an

impression, which it transmits to the brain; the brain reacts on the perceptions of the eye or ear, and thus (the matter coming by the senses, the form from the mind) the elaborate artistic pleasure is constructed. The nearer an art is to its origin, the more must its enjoyment be sensuous and the less intellectual. Every art must necessarily pass through a long period of development before it can properly be so designated; in fact, art is merely a deliberate and elaborated exercise of the various senses. It originates in the simplest employment of the receivers of personal or extraneous productions, taking no count of any resultant reaction of the mind on the notices of these senses. When this is perceived the first step towards expansion of such notices into a means of artistic and intellectual enjoyment is taken.

It is at this point that we now stand with regard to the art of exciting the brain consciously by an impression conveyed through the sense of touch, and starting from which we must go forward to its perfection. It will be said that any further development is an impossibility, that the idea of intellectual form in connection with texture is madness; and at present proof in contravention of such objections can, of course, be only inferential. Did the prehistoric scratcher on bones dream of Raphael or Titian? Can the chanting savage and gong-beating cannibal imagine a Brahms?

The simultaneous enjoyment of many textures will be the first step forward, for although we can notice various touchings on different parts of the body at the same moment, the brain is not yet capable of assimilating these impressions into one organic whole. The careful observer will discover either that the mind receives these in quick succession, or that one single impression predominates to the exclusion of all others. Even should the mass be

dimly perceived as a homogeneous superstructure, it argues the certainty of future success rather than present capability of proper enjoyment.

Having thus defined the goal towards which we must advance, I come to my subject proper; to show how far the present power of the touch sense for recording impressions on the brain can minister to sensuous pleasure.

I shall develop the idea by practical hints only, and, although the degree of enjoyment will naturally vary with the individual, the fundamental truth of what I shall put forward will be acknowledged by all.

The æsthetics of texture present as yet no pressing questions, and must, for the time, "stand over."

I have noticed above that the sense of touch is, although in different degrees, vested in every part of the body, but for the present purpose of illustration, I shall select three only, which seem to me to be the most intimate in their relations with the brain. These are:

1. The mouth (lips, palate, tongue, teeth).
2. The tips of the fingers
3. The sole of the foot.

The ever-fascinating subject of food and the delights of the table has formed the subject of innumerable volumes, but to my knowledge it has never been pointed out how much our pleasure in many dishes is due to the sense of touch. The "feel" of a delicate substance between the lips, between the teeth, or between the tongue and the roof of the mouth, contributes as much to the enjoyment of a good meal as the "taste" of the food consumed. Almost every kind of edible has this property of agreeably stimulating the brain through the sense of touch, and requires only conscious exercise to add an entirely fresh feeling of eager anticipation and subsequent happiness to the feelings of the diner.

In some cases indeed the pleasures of touch far outweigh those of taste; notably in the case of the apple, where the action of biting contributes at least seventy-five per cent. of the joy in eating, and has endowed this fruit with an entirely undeserved fame for flavor. The meeting of the teeth in the juicy flesh of an apple in perfect condition communicates a thrill of ecstasy through the whole system which is unsurpassed by any other fruit.

In much the same case is the fresh truffle, although the proportion of taste and touch in making up the total of bliss in eating it is perhaps more nearly equal.

The acknowledgment of these facts will not in the least lessen the pleasures of the palate, for touch and taste can live in perfect harmony side by side. It will, on the contrary, increase immensely the delights of the table, for in proportion to the knowledge of why we enjoy does our capacity for such enjoyment increase.

I think this part of the subject can now be left to the discriminating investigator for further individual development, but before proceeding I should like to note that what I have said about food applies equally to drink. Especially has old wine—claret and burgundy or fine Rhenish in particular—the power of strongly impressing itself on the sense of touch, although it is more difficult than in the case of solid food to separate the texture from the action on the palate. It is perhaps superfluous to mention that the touch sense of the mouth can be excited with equal success by objects not meant for consumption, *e. g.*, the grape-skin, the cherry-stone, etc., but opportunity, except in the case of a cigar, is of course not so frequent.

We now pass to the tips of the fingers, where the sense of touch is more delicate and acute than in any other part of our body. The hourly contact

of our hands with other bodies opens here not only the largest field of speculation, but also the widest range for individual exercise and research. To extract from the objects handled in the course of our daily duties in the highest possible degree the pleasure contained in their texture, will render an otherwise monotonous and dull calling not only tolerable, but enjoyable, and therefore healthy. It is, of course, not possible in the confined space at my disposal to go into details, but the mine of pleasure here opened is so easy of access, so inexhaustible in wealth, and so readily exploited that every one will find the way to it without trouble, and will never quit it, once he has experienced its supreme delight.

While the ordinary objects of daily life are the most obvious sources of gratification, there are many ways of obtaining a greater happiness in exploring nature for superior founts of inspiration. Thus, it will be found that by gently moving the first finger forwards and backwards beneath the chin of a young child the most exquisite sensation of pleasure is received. Again examples could be multiplied indefinitely; but it is not my purpose to pursue the subject further, not only because individual cases differ, but because the discovery of these extraordinary means of employing the touch sense add a good deal to the enjoyment of their result.

In connection with the use of the fingers it will be well to briefly notice the pleasure of the unexpected, which has so large a share in the elements of every art. It is hardly necessary to mention that in this case, as always when treating of common art factors, the doctrine remains the same whatever part of the body serves to receive the impression. It is only for purpose of illustration that I include the gratification of that which comes upon us

"with a fine suddenness" under the present heading. I again allude to the meagreness of my examples, not in apology, but as a reminder that I am conducting this party as far as the hall only, and that every one can explore the thousand and one rooms of this palace of delights, and whenever he wishes. Moreover, as I mentioned above, personal discovery increases pleasure here as elsewhere, and as I would wish to awaken the interest of genuine explorers in the "dark continent" of my location, it would ill become me to curtail "such joy" as "ambition finds."

Pass, then, your finger along some smooth surface of polished oak or royal satin, where closed eyes cannot anticipate the shock of a sudden obstacle or inequality, and enjoy its abruptness; or trail your hand in the water of a swift stream over the side of a boat stemming the current, and feel the thrill of meeting a whirling eddy, which shall drown the steady, stimulating opposition of your running river, and be happy.

We must now turn to the third, and in some respects most important, receiver of touch impressions on our list—the sole of the foot.

Considering the care we take in preventing contact with Mother Earth, this part of our body is extraordinarily impressionable—a fact for which we must be duly grateful. There is no one of us who does not spend a great deal of time in walking either from room to room, to and from office, or for exercise. Now the pleasure derived from the impression of texture on the sole of the foot will, when duly appreciated, do much towards refining that tedious and savage mode of progress known as walking, and, as such, should be assiduously cultivated. In fact, by concentrating the attention on the messages received by the brain from the ground traversed, this bar-

barous relic, which "the tyrant custom" has, so far, forced us to bear becomes an artistic exercise.

When walking for exercise or straining after a view, careful attention to the texture of the ground covered becomes even more important. By taking our attention off the hill we climb, it minimizes fatigue, besides stimulating the brain, while no amount of "walking dream" will ever interfere with the outlook.

The ideal place, however, for exercising will be a perfectly level plain, where there is no hill or valley that can possibly divert attention from the ground-texture. Such are to be found in the perfect tennis-lawn, the soft springy turf of the "breezy downs," and above all in a long stretch of hard wet sea-sand traversed by bare feet following the ebb tide. This will communicate to the whole system an ecstasy of healthy happiness worth many hundred miles of travel to attain.

Almost an equal amount of enjoyment may be extracted from a short walk over sharp pebbles or flints; but this ought, perhaps, more properly to be considered when dealing with the "pleasures of pain," where an aching tooth becomes a raging joy, than under our present heading, although a strict line of demarcation is difficult to draw. In any case it will be well for those who possess the aptitude for appreciating the delirious transports of physical suffering to experiment in this direction with texture; they will be amply rewarded.

Brief and incomplete as this first introduction to the pleasures of texture must necessarily be, I hope it will prove a finger-post directing many to the right road. There is no doubt that the proper exercise of our touch sense can do much towards brightening and giving new interest to our daily life and occupation, and its cultivation with

this object alone in view cannot fail of showing most excellent results.

At the same time we must not lose sight of the nobler heights to which our sense of touch is guiding us, and, while awaiting the time when intellectual beauty shall crown our efforts with the laurel of art, do all within our power to hasten the advent of that glorious day.

I have purposely refrained from dwelling on the other side of the picture. While practically and theoretically I cannot admit any pertinent objections, there is no doubt that the proper perception and development of

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the touch sense, while increasing the pleasure of pleasant surfaces, will also materially augment the distaste of repulsive ones. The arguments in reply are obvious, and while not entirely surmounting this obstacle, hold good as much as they do in the other arts.

It is at least certain that the employment of the touch sense as a means of artistic pleasure has two great advantages over all rivals:

1. That no expense is entailed in its pursuit.

2. That every man is his own artist. And it will be admitted that we have discovered the art of the future.

Oscar Eve.

THE INNER LIFE AND ITS DANGERS.

The practical materialism of modern life is producing the inevitable reaction to which students of social conditions have looked forward for some time. This reaction manifests itself in two forms. On the one hand a spiritual philosophy is undermining the bases of naturalism and agnosticism; on the other personal devotion and practical piety are reasserting the neglected claims of the inner life. Book after book has come before us dealing with this aspect of life; the latest being a short work by Mr. F. A. Marsh in Messrs. Marshall's series of books of devotion. It does not in any sense make against these works that they are flavored by a distinct Evangelical tinge. As the extreme High Church party has sometimes appeared to lay claim to a kind of natural right to deal with devotional literature it is well to be reminded that the revival of personal religion was the outcome of the Evangelical movement of the eighteenth century, in whose noble, if narrow, school several of the greatest

High Churchmen were themselves trained.

The chief danger attaching to devotional literature and the devotional frame of mind is that introspective tendency which leads to withdrawal from the world and to an unnatural demand for such a change of daily conditions as would reduce life to colorless individuality and man to the status of asceticism. We say nothing against the monastic life, and we think with Aristotle that the respective merits of the life of action and that of contemplation are arguable. We know what monasticism did for Europe, and we know also that all men's lives are not to be moulded on the same pattern. The lonely seer has his place in the vast and complex order of things, whether as philosopher or saint. But it seems to us that just in proportion as human society is in a fairly healthy condition, in that proportion will the services of the monk, hermit or contemplative visionary be less called for. The monastery, the

hermit's cell, were partly a reaction from a corrupt and decaying social order. The visionary in the desert perceived that nothing more was to come from that order, that, in fact, it was disorder, and that the foundations of the society of the future were to be laid on another basis. This, together with the obvious utilitarian services rendered by the Benedictines, is the justification of the monastic system of Western Europe.

Now if ascetism and introspection form the inevitable reaction from a corrupt society, we may expect the converse to hold good; that is to say, extreme devotional tendencies will lead to the revival of corruption and generally pervasive evil. The reign of the saints will be followed by the unclean Comus rout. Luther's simile of the drunken man on the horse who sways from side to side will be fulfilled under these conditions. Unhappily human history seems to confirm this view of mankind, for how rarely is there a clear advance of man as a whole, how often does sense subdue soul, and soul take its ghostly revenge on sense! But we must not be cowed by the past. God gives to each generation a new day, and it is for us to determine that the future shall not be as the past. While, therefore, we gladly recognize the rise of the new spirit of devotion and inwardness, we wish to see that spirit expressed in the actual world rather than its leading men to withdraw themselves into seclusion; and for this there are two reasons, social and personal.

The social reason has been partly stated. An immense overbalancing of the devotional and ascetic spirit leads inevitably to reaction, and so defeats its own purpose. But, apart from this, we think that the new religious spirit should tend to express itself in social institutions as well as in personal life. The motto of the monks, *laborare est*

orare, is largely, if not wholly, true. Had the Benedictine Order in its noble origin contented itself with the prayer in the cloistered cell, it would never have impressed itself on the world as it did. It was also in healthy and honest labor, in the doing of justice, and in the so-called secular pursuits carried on in a religious spirit that it transformed Western Europe and founded a new social order on the ruins of the old. Christianity does not, and cannot, content itself with what is called personal salvation. Without neglecting that, it also aims at a new society, the Kingdom of Heaven, and it labors ardently to bring men into that Kingdom. No personal salvation without social effort conceived in the spirit of the Founder of the Kingdom—such is the program of Christianity. Therefore, while we admit that Christianity has a legitimate ascetic side, we contend that that is for occasional development, but that the growth of a better social order under Christian influences represents the normal tendency of the Christian religion. In so far as Christianity permeates the world, the less room will there be for asceticism, while the necessary spirit of personal devotion will be reinforced by the daily power of active work for others. The work will not be confined to what are usually known as religious agencies; it will express itself in all things needful to a true human life.

The personal argument against over-religiousness (if we may use the phrase without being misconceived) is also vital. Even the most saintly may well realize that life is an art as well as an effort, it has its æsthetic as well as its heroic side. The Greeks understood that better than any other people, hence the supremacy of Greek art and philosophy. We need not waver the least in our allegiance to Christianity if we also admit the importance

for man of the Greek ideal of poise, of balance. The saint, the ascetic, the devotee, must not, under color of saving our souls, prevent us from perceiving how much greater the soul is than they suppose. Is this wonderful panorama of Nature to which Anthony and Bernard were blind, to go for nothing? Is the art, the literature, the law evolved by man in thousands of years to be counted as an empty thing? "He hath set the world in their hearts" runs a significant Bible text, and well that it is so while the world is used rightly, as not abusing it. Not to shun and hate this great world, but to raise it to a higher level, and so to make it correspond to the higher visions of the

soul—that is the true and larger aim which the more expanded Christianity demands. This larger action doubtless has its struggles and temptations—from them we never escape this side death. But what a delusion it is to imagine that the lonely soul is free from temptation because there are no visible agencies of sin around him. The noble life comes from within, and the temptations of the soul come from within also. If, as Marcus Aurelius said, life may be lived well even in a palace, spiritual death may fall on the anchorite on a solitary pillar. John Bunyan saw in his vision that there was a way to hell even from the gates of the Celestial City.

The Spectator.

AT THE LABORATORY WINDOW.

O subtle and secret change, that over the world art sped,
 Wafted out of the South on the warm wind's delicate wing;
 See, my metallic worm uplifts his elated head,
 Crawls in his glassy prison, and throbs with the pulse of
 spring.

Ay, there is something more than the metrical march of days!
 Life, like a drowsy sleeper, is restless and fain would wake;
 And the shy heart leans and listens to hear what the spring
 wind says,

When the low-hung mist dissolves, and the infinite glories
 break.

So to my garden I creep, like a truant boy to his game,
 Snatching a heightened joy from duty that waits to be done;
 And a sudden hope is born, and leaps in my heart like flame,
 Watching my springing bulbs, and telling them one by one.

Hooded and muffled close, they creep, like ghosts, to the day,
 Parting the wind-dried crust, their desolate winter bed,
 And lo, in the shattered urn, so weathered and old and gray,
 A delicate snowdrop pushes, and droops her serious head.

Arthur Christopher Benson.

